

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.



Westfield College Library

Author Mackail, J.W. &
Wyndham, G.
Class No. DA 565.W9 (2)
Accession No. 19468

LECT LIBRARY,
LIMITED.
FORD STREET, W.C.I.
NSINGTON HIGH STREET, W.B.
EEN VICTORIA ST, E.C.4.
SCRIPTION,
ER ANNUM & UPWARDS.



QMW Library



23 0902693 7


WITHDRAWN
FROM STOCK
QMUL LIBRARY



19468
12 7.51

LIFE AND LETTERS OF
GEORGE WYNDHAM

VOL. II



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2023 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation



Photo. Elliott & Fry

The Rt. Hon. George Wyndham.

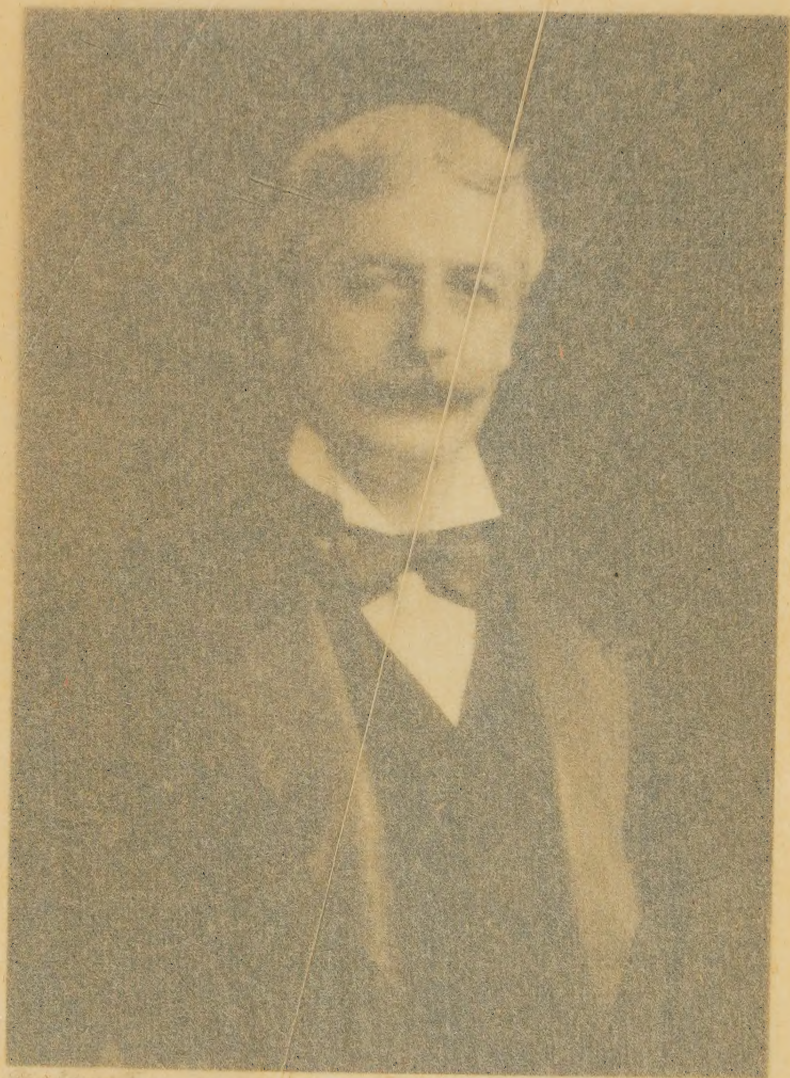
LIFE AND LETTERS
OF
GEORGE WYNDHAM

BY
J. W. MACKAIL
AND
GUY WYNDHAM

VOL. II

LONDON
HUTCHINSON & CO.
PATERNOSTER ROW





The Rt. Hon. George Wyndham.

LIFE AND LETTERS
OF
GEORGE WYNDHAM

BY
J. W. MACKAIL
AND
GUY WYNDHAM

VOL. II

LONDON
HUTCHINSON & CO.
PATERNOSTER ROW



*Printed in Great Britain by
Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ltd., London and Aylesbury.*

CONTENTS

VOL. II

THE LETTERS

	PAGE
Section V. 1900–1903	407
„ VI. 1904–1905	477
„ VII. 1905–1913	507
APPENDIX A	752
APPENDIX B	799
BIBLIOGRAPHY	809
INDEX TO THE LETTERS	811

ILLUSTRATIONS

VOL. II

RT. HON. GEORGE WYNDHAM	<i>Frontispiece</i>
GEORGE AND GUY WYNDHAM, UPWEY	Opp. p. 446
HON. PERCY WYNDHAM ¹	„ p. 470
GEORGE AND GUY WYNDHAM	„ p. 492
HON. MRS. PERCY WYNDHAM	„ p. 582
SAIGHTON GRANGE	„ p. 598
CLOUDS HOUSE	„ p. 630
GOLDEN WEDDING OF THE PARENTS	„ p. 670
PERCY LYULPH WYNDHAM	„ p. 740

¹ In March, 1911, Guy Wyndham, then Military Attaché in Russia, was travelling in Finland when he received news that his father was dangerously ill. He returned to St. Petersburg, arriving early on the morning of the 13th, with the intention of proceeding to England that night. As he was sitting at a writing-table in the window absorbed in thoughts of his father, he heard behind him at the furthest end of his room a slight tap. He crossed the room and found the noise had been caused by the fall of this photograph of his father off a small cabinet. A few minutes later he gave it to his wife to place in a safe place until he could get it framed.

In the late afternoon his wife told him that a telephone message from the Embassy said that a telegram had arrived and would be sent round by a messenger. His wife added, "I am afraid we cannot hope for really good news." He replied, "I am sure my father died this morning. Just before that photograph fell I had an overwhelming sense of his personality, impossible to describe." The telegram was brought and the hour of death that it gave coincided with the fall of the picture.

THE LETTERS OF GEORGE WYNDHAM

VOL. II

SECTION V

1900-1903

292

To Charles T. Gatty

CHIEF SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
DUBLIN CASTLE, 17th November 1900.

I find that the Government of this country is carried on by continuous conversation. I have now been talking and listening for a week. That is why I am so late in thanking you for your congratulations.

I am already intensely interested in my work here.

You simply must come and stay with us in January. Nice house, Phoenix Park, divine view of Wicklow Hills, golden and green glamour over everything, Celtic twilight always on tap—Religion, Comparative Mythology, Ethnology, round the corner.

Come and do Celtic Crosses, the Book of Kells, or what you will, provided you come.

293

To his Sister, Madeline

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN, 25th November 1900.

I loved your dear letter. I am very happy here. Not that I hope to succeed personally. A man who expected personal success in Ireland would be ripe for Hanwell. But the work is most interesting, and the 'call' peremptory. I feel that I was destined to come here. My solitary trump is Mamma. Dear old things remember dancing with her. And everyone in the country says 'at any rate his Mother was born in Ireland.' It is a land of sorcery; false, but so fair that the adventurer

willingly dives beneath the waters to reach the enchanted palace of the Princess Arianrhod. This means that I swim in 'Celtic twilight,' but through the green and golden witchery comes the piercing appeal of grinding and hopeless poverty. I walk like the mermaid in Andersen on pointed knives.

In this country you must never be tired and never in a hurry. You must listen and laugh with everyone and master the land-acts and agricultural returns in stolen moments. But still you get wonderful experience, for all the departments are under the Chief Secretary.

294

To his Mother

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHŒNIX PARK, DUBLIN, November 25, 1900.

I loved your letter and I believe in its ideal. We are the children of the Past, England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and we have younger brothers and sisters by a second marriage, Canada, Australasia, South Africa. Ireland is the daughter about whom the parents quarrelled. She has been Cinderella and is poor and hurt. But now invited back to her seat on the dais she may take a common pride in being one of the first family. But all this is far away and not ready as yet even to be spoken of. She is still too poor.

We will have a long talk in London. I am not only reconciled to being here. I see it was inevitable. A Chief Secretary is like a Ghibelline Duke of the 13th century representing Empire and a larger organic conception in a Guelf republic. Many have failed here because they did not realize that they were not in the 19th century. I always have a difficulty in persuading myself that I am. I really love the Irish and they have been very kind and courteous to me during the last fortnight.

I went round the North of Connaught to Mallaranny by Achill from Tuesday to Saturday. It was of the greatest service to me and a brilliant tragi-comedy all the time. We drove and drove—such a party! Self, Hanson; Wrench, a Unionist, loyal, sensible land commissioner. Father O'Hara, Father O'Flynn who was 'advanced' and is enchanting. Mr. Doran, the other type, a slow pragmatist Irishman, whose eye only gleams when he points out arterial drainage. And so we bumped round, going into the cottiers' wretched hovels. No one knows in England what 'Hell or Connaught' means. And all the Nationalist remedies of confiscation and compulsory

sale would only stereotype an intolerable existence. I wish you and Pamela could have seen Srah, a heap of hovels huddled on to one soppy knoll above the bog level—in effect a simple piggery. One house had a family of five in one room 11 feet by 7 feet. In the other room a family of seven. It was complete and picturesque, stooping to get under the lintel and waiting till your eyes could pierce the peat-haze there slowly emerged to sight—a hand loom; the pig; the cow and her manger; the donkey; the bed; a rocking-cradle with child; the hearth; the spinning-wheel.

Yesterday morning at Mallaranny with its wild fuchsia hedges we had the full rain-laden blast from the Atlantic. Took a special at 12.20 to Westport and caught the mail passing Athlone to Broadstone at 7.15. I drove off and dressed at the Shelburne Hotel and on to a Public Dinner to the Irish Hospital. His Excellency, the Lord Chancellor, Attorney General, Lord Iveagh and many swells and officials were present. I did not speak till twenty to twelve, and then luckily made quite a hit. I was very thankful as I feared, after the long drives and pre-occupation in economic problems and long railway journey, that my brains would not work. I, however, followed my new prescription for oratory, viz.: to sleep like a log all the afternoon. I am glad I did not 'jolly' the fence which was likely with such a take off. I found Sibell on getting here and have spent the morning expatiating on the possibilities of the garden. We dine at the Vice-regal to-night. I am your own son on these occasions and all Ireland knows that you were reared at Athlone!

295

To the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour

Confidential.

CHIEF SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
DUBLIN CASTLE, Nov. 26th, 1900.

Instead of the reasoned account of first impressions which I hoped to write I find myself driven to jot down a midnight scrawl.

1. *The United Irish League*, started 2 and more years ago by O'Brien in Mayo, has spread over the country. Redmond discouraged it; Healy stabbed it, the Priests fought it at the election. It won 'hands down.' Redmond acquiesces. The Bishop of Raphoe, Father O'Hara, and a few more of the abler Priests, are sailing with it in the hope of getting a hand on the tiller. The so-called 'National Convention' to meet whilst our December Parliament is sitting will be composed of delegates

from the League and will—see Dillon's speech at Tullamore of yesterday—construct a Parliamentary Party to the exclusion of Healy and his remnant.

They mean to avoid open breaches of the Law, taught by experience that a 'Ponsonby Estate' sort of fight exhausts their treasury. But they neither can, nor care to, control the action of extremists. These however meet in secret conclave and know the Law of Criminal Conspiracy at least as well as our Law Officers, so that whilst nine-tenths of the League's operations are political and legitimate, the remaining tenth is inscrutable.

2. *Police.* This is due, in my opinion, to (a) the fact that the Police—R.I.C.—and Crimes branch has grown rusty during years of division and consequent peace, (b) to the fact that the County and District Inspectors had evidently got it into their heads that the Government would be glad to receive pleasant reports. There was no true basis for such an inference. But you remember that they expect one thing or the other. Sir Andrew Reed was useless, with Col. Chamberlain and Considine a gradual screwing up of efficiency is going on.

What has happened is this. The local police, to keep up the appearance of zeal, have smothered the Castle with reports by *one* man who overheard something at a window, and by information accepted on the distinct understanding that it was not to be used. They know as well as the Attorney General that such evidence is worthless. And they add to it a pious opinion that the speech made 'would (?) have no effect.' I have discussed this with Harrel, in whom I have complete confidence, and he, in consultation with Chamberlain, is taking the necessary steps to bring home to the Police that their duty is to be efficient detectives and guardians of the Peace and to leave questions of Law to the Law Officers and questions of Policy to the Government. The three things have become somewhat confused.

3. *Agrarian Agitation.* The League began by an attack upon 'Graziers.' Thanks to T. W. Russell they are now doubling this policy with 'Compulsory Land Purchase.' All the 103 Irish Members with exception of Col. Saunderson 'sans phrase' and McCartney, with a minimum of hedging, have committed themselves to that policy. The only material difference between the Unionists and Nationalists is that the former wish to give a fair, the latter an unfair, price to the Landlord.

All, friends and foes, are strangely cut off from British sentiment. They believe that in spite of War taxation and Imperial Politics, Ireland is going to bathe once more in the

limelight. The Nationalist Party, armed with a mandate from the Convention and assisted by Russell, mean, if they can, to imitate Parnell's Parliamentary tactics.

4. *The Ardilaunites.* I hope and believe that when the Parliamentary storm bursts the Ardilaunites will rally for salvation. They are disposed, at present, to run amuck not only against Horace Plunkett and the Agricultural Department but also against the Congested Districts Board.

The C.D. Board in order to do *anything* has bought properties; amalgamated the scattered patches held in 'run-dale' by cottiers, relet at a higher—£15 or £20 instead of 30/- or £3 rent and then sold at 15 to 20 years.

The Ardilaunites are disposed to claim this as a countenance of the League's principles. My opinion, subject to reflection, is that the question of principle lies between free and economic and practical methods and those which are forced, illegal, unsound and illusory. I can hardly develop this in a letter. Briefly, Compulsion apart from all other and prior objections would stereotype the existing and intolerable situation. The family of seven, inhabiting a hovel, and reclaiming 4 acres scattered in from 10 to 15 patches, would be made owners (!) of that 'hereditas.' The rich grazier an owner of a valuable property. The grazier with 200 to 300 acres of poor grass, owner of a mill-stone round his neck.

In a few years the small shopkeeper, the money-lender, the village solicitor would buy out the cottiers and the weary round would begin again.

Are we then to do nothing? In my opinion, subject to reflection, two things must be done, not now, but in the course of the next 3 years.

A. *Land Commission.* This is in a poor state and justifies many of the attacks. Judge Meredith has lost his nerve. Murrough O'Brien is a crank. So long as he can come in *after agreement with Landlord and Tenant*, and cut down the purchase money, the Landlords will not sell. Who would risk going to the workhouse on the decision of one eccentric gentleman with disloyal proclivities? Therefore the Land Commission and procedure must be reformed.

B. *Congested Districts Board.* This Body, or another, must interpose 2 or 3 years of *paternal administration* between the sale *from* the Landlord and the sale *to* the tenants.

A. and B. are speculative and for the *future*. For the present we must enforce the Law and beat the Parliamentary move. But Purchase will remain a farce and become a dead letter unless (a) some security is given to the Landlord that he will not be

ruined and (b) some provision made so that the tenant may buy a holding in which he can live instead of scattered patches of soppy bog.

Remember this is only a scrawl. But it may serve for a point of departure in our conversation when the House meets.

296

To Charles Boyd

CHIEF SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
DUBLIN CASTLE, 3.xii.00.

Your letter was most interesting and very welcome. I have thrown myself into this show. But, at times, the twinge of separation from friends, from home life, from my part in 'the wide world dreaming on things to come,' is sharp within this grey and circumscribed horizon. Yet it is good discipline and grand training. I have my province.

Now as to Glasgow—don't come! I have rarely been so apprehensive. It is too late to talk of Military Defence; too early to talk of Ireland; too foolish to *buck* about the General Election; too rash to prophesy that we shall justify the confidence given by the people under compulsion of the Opposition's accephalous futility.

So that I have nothing to say. And no man says nothing with a more awkward appreciation of inanity. I only wish to say that they are damned fools to have a meeting at such a juncture. From this I am debarred in my capacity as guest.

I like my province. It can be governed only by conversation and arbitrary decisions. To be an affable but inexorable Haroun al Raschid is the only chance.

297

To his Mother

CHIEF SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
DUBLIN CASTLE, *Christmas Eve*, 1900.

This is to wish you and dearest Aunt Emily and all at Hyères a most Merry Christmas and happy New Year.

The tutor sounds well for the present at any rate. But Mr. Perkins¹ must work more than two hours a day. He might

¹ His son, who was at Hyères with his grandmother.

either do exercises and read in preparation or else master the French language with a French tutor in the afternoons. It is a golden opportunity to learn French and to *read* French books. I hope you all talk French !

I have had such glowing accounts of Guy from all sides. His General Brock¹ told me he had told Roberts that Guy would be wasted on a regiment and ought to have a brigade. A man introduced himself to me at Willis' restaurant, because he must tell me about Guy. He had commanded a colonial mounted regiment attached to Guy's brigade. He said Guy had done everything ; was the bravest in South Africa ; had extricated them from many tight places ; had re-horsed the brigade after Ladysmith in three weeks and then his regiment in seven days—was a head and shoulders above anyone in the Natal Army, etc., etc., till I nearly sat down on the floor !

Kitchener gives much better account of the war than you would surmise from the papers. Mountains of love to you.

298

To his Mother

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN, *January 15th, 1901.*

Thanks for your letter. I agree to all that you and Mr. Lancaster settle. Thank him for his letter. Health comes first. But let some French be acquired.

I am delighted but not surprised at dear old Guy's mention in despatches.

I am off to Mount Stewart and hope there to find time for a long letter of all my doings.

I long for you every day. You must come in August or September. Last night I dined at Trinity College. It is so strange to be the honoured guest and to walk up the Hall with the Provost under the gauging eyes of the undergraduates. I sat next the Bursar, Grey, who remembers as a boy seeing your father riding about at Athlone.

I am enjoying my hunts and have made hosts of friends. The Museum will enchant you and remind us both of Wake's² shop and our early prowls after fossils and remains.

I am quite '*diddle*'³ over some parts of my work. If *only*

¹ General Brocklehurst, afterwards Lord Ranksborough.

² A curiosity shop in Cockermouth, Cumberland.

³ A childhood expression for feeling excited.

I can do something that will last. I enjoyed the Congested Districts Board last week. I was in the Chair for six hours on Wednesday, crossed to England by night and went to dear uncle Henry's¹ funeral Thursday; recrossed that night and took the chair on Friday. I gave them a grand *Friday* lunch—oysters, 'Bisque' soup, soles and curried lobster which Father O'Hara enjoyed. We burrowed away at plans for making a new Heaven of Mayo, and had sly digs at each other over the meeting I had proclaimed near his parish.

299

To his Mother

35 PARK LANE, W.,
March 3rd, 1901.

I am well and absorbed in difficult Parliamentary gyrations on uncommonly thin ice surrounded by suspicious friends and flattering foes. Without Public money or Parliamentary time one can make no advance in Ireland, so Lord Clanricarde's skating must for the present be the model of my policy—an alternation of quick turns and quiescence.

I must send you a delightful book, the story of Early Gaelic literature, by Douglas Hyde. A pre-Christian dialogue between Cairbre and Cormac, grandson of Con of the Hundred Battles, gives the truest and fullest instruction for the government of Ireland. Cairbre asks 'for what qualifications is a King elected over countries and tribes of people?' Cormac answers:—'From the goodness of his family, from his experience and wisdom, from his prudence and magnanimity, from his eloquence and bravery in battle, and from the number of his friends.' Cairbre goes on—'O, descendant of Con, what was thy deportment when a youth?' Cormac answers, 'I was cheerful at the banquet, fierce in battle, but vigilant and circumspect. I was kind to friends, a physician to the sick, merciful towards the weak, stern towards the headstrong. Although possessed of knowledge I was inclined to taciturnity. Although strong I was not haughty. I mocked not the old, although I was young. I was not vain, although I was valiant. When I spoke of a person in his absence I praised, not defamed him, for it is by these customs that we are known to be courteous and civilized.' Later he enjoins, 'Be not slothful, nor passionate, nor pernicious, nor idle, nor jealous, for he who is so is an object of hatred to God as well as to man.'

¹ Lord Leconfield,

The Exhibition of the 'British School' at Burlington House is the best we have had for years : all the beautiful Masons and most of the Fred Walkers. Mason's 'Pastoral'—boy piping to two girls who dance, with sea in distance—and Walker's 'Boys Bathing' and his 'Plough' were sights for sore eyes loved long since and lost awhile. Also there are three water-colours by Walker, new to me and miraculous. Also two water-colours by Boyce very good. Some good early Millais, dear B. J.'s St. Dorothy ; some Rossetti and Dyce and not too much of anything. But the Masons and Walkers sing out—'Non moriar sed vivam et narrabo opera Domini.' 'I shall not die, but live, and I will declare the works of the Lord.' That is the artist's true profession of immortality.

300

To his Father

35 PARK LANE,
April 20th, 1901.

I am delighted at Guy's brevet Lieutenant Colonel. This is the best he could have got ; far better professionally than a D.S.O.

If you analyse the list of brevet Lieutenant Colonels, you will see that there are only fifteen in all for the Cavalry.

If you take the Hussars and Lancers, the whole list is :—

Byng	10th Hussars.
*Haig	7th Hussars.
Nicholson	7th Hussars.
*Lawrence	17th Lancers.
Peyton	15th Hussars.
*Guy	16th Lancers.

or six in all.

What pleases me most is that Haig and Lawrence, whom I have marked, are pre-eminently the 'fancy' cracks in the first-flight according to War Office views and general reputation throughout the service, so that dear old Guy at last gets the official stamp on the place which he has hardly won and earned well in the 'first-flight.'

To be one of six out of all the light cavalry in an Honours Gazette is a real distinction which marks the dear fellow for future employment and promotion. Note also that this Gazette is for services *before* the 29th November last, 1900, and that his rank dates from that day.

I am hugely delighted.

301

*To his Mother**May 23rd, 1901.*

This anonymous letter will amuse you.

‘“Their language was an heirloom of the Irish.”’ Bravo !
bravo !! bravo !!!

‘Thank God we have a gentleman as Chief Secretary for Ireland. All difficulties in the way of English dominion will disappear if dealt with in a similar spirit.

‘More power to ye.’

‘Couldn’t you give Sir Alfred Milner a hint——’

302

To his Brother

LATIMER,
CHESHAM, *June 6th, 1901.*

Have just heard of your appointment to column on 9th May. Am overjoyed that, at last, they are letting you come ‘through your horses.’ But, dear old boy, I do miss you *very much*. I am told that Douglas Haig is to command the 17th—not officially but on good authority. D. H. is in Cape Colony with a column, there are ructions there; French has gone there. With luck this should mean that you will be left in Command and I hope with an increased command. Now is the time for those who have stuck it out to reap their reward and—what is far more—to do the job. I dreamt last night that you got another brevet and the D.S.O. and this morning I have the good news of your appointment.

I have had a hard session and an interesting Whitsun. There was a row on the Dillon Estate purchased by Congested Districts Board, so I went off to Ballaghaderreen to settle it, the moment the House rose. The ‘Freeman’ beat up an opposition to me and two agitator M.P.’s—O’Donnell and Cullinan—went to hold a rival meeting at same time and place. All, however, went off well. Their meeting was damped by the rain and I remained in possession of the field. After that I went to Westport, embarked on the Granuaile and visited Clare Island and the Aran Isles; got caught in a gale off Slyne Head but enjoyed myself and did a good stroke of business. House meets to-morrow and I expect a stiffish two months of it. But I’m still in the saddle and got a letter yesterday from a Nationalist telling me to stick to it and not mind the agitators. Nor do I.

But all this is skittles to the terrible grind you have had. K.'s news is, on the whole, encouraging. I believe you will finish the war by September. If not, I expect that we shall begin again and give you all a richly earned holiday. But I long for you and the others who have done all the work to reap all the rewards. I have no doubt but that you and the other few who have seen it all will get what is going. Every time a general comes back I throw up my hat and feel you are nearer the top and nearer—which as I said is far more important—nearer the work you are fitted to do. So buck up and ride the Hell of a finish! All your recent staff work and this command is *since* November from which your brevet dates. It is a separate campaign in which you start as a Lieutenant-Colonel with a command.

303

To his Brother

June 15th, 1901.

Heartiest congratulations! The papers say you marched 40 miles by night and jumped some Boers. The 'Times' mentioned you in its leader. You must have done it just at the time when I was thinking of you.

Well, more power to your elbow!

304

To his Mother

CHIEF SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
DUBLIN CASTLE, August 8th, 1901.

I loved your letter and will certainly call on Amelia Ireland with Sibell. I got through this session with less reaction and 'désœuvrement' than ever before. I must be stronger than I used to be.

Now we are having a regular old-fashioned summer holiday time framed on the model of my earlier exploits. Perf is better than for years and has constituted himself master of the ceremonies. He knows all the polo, cricket, racing and theatrical fixtures and takes care that the Chief Secretary shall make a creditable public appearance wherever the 'Fancy' and 'le Sport' are gathered together.

The day presents a wonderful blend of all the family proclivities. At 8.30 I read prayers to Sibell, the cook, and the butler. At 8.40 I ride—'harsing in the Phanix' with Perf

and Tony Shaftesbury. Perf was very keen to ride and organized it for the first day, last Thursday. His nerve has quite come back and he goes full gallop for an hour every day with his Papa trotting and cantering a quarter of a mile behind. At 9.45 he eats voraciously.

After my breakfast, I have up the Under-Secretary, or Vice-President of Local Government Board, etc., etc., and put in two or three hours of easy-going work. Then Percy takes me to cricket-matches, polo, Leopardstown, etc., etc. And we wind up with frantic lawn-tennis till 7.30. Dinner at eight. Perf to bed at 9.30. Then music as a rule till 12 o'clock.

We have had really good music—Gatty playing accompaniments; Tony Shaftesbury singing and Ian Malcolm working in an 'obligato' on the violin. Last night they 'swept the floor' with the 'Two Grenadiers.' We have had a poet, too, called O'Connor and have debauched over the Museum. The latest theory by a man called Ridgeway—admirably reviewed in 'Quarterly' of, I think, July—fits in with the long bronze swords here and is most exciting.

Also—as Fräulein says—we are contriving a large block of Public Buildings. I fly about with all my secretaries, Chairman of Board of Works etc., etc.

Gatty—who was operated on, most successfully, for carbuncle—(It is only here that such things happen in one's house)—and O'Connor left to-day. There remain darling Cuckoo and Tony, Hilda and Charlie Southampton, Cecil Parker and his daughter, Malcolm, Captain Davenport. That is my Horse-show party. I have lots of transport—sociable and pair, brougham, and two cars at two guineas a day. So we appear everywhere at all hours. To-day we rode, saw a Field-day; did the Richmond Hospital—speaking to every patient, and neglecting not even the kitchen, scullery and laundry. Then on to Horse-show; in the ring with the judges (Parker and Southampton are judging). Back for polo. Perf, as usual, was half an hour ahead of me and when I reached the ground I found him in the members' stand—a little intent silhouette with hat well on the back of its head. He paved the way for entry by introducing us to the secretary. You and Papa would enjoy seeing him. He goes everywhere with absolute composure and unconsciousness and *everybody* is enjoying him. He dined—for once—at a full-fig stars and garters Vice-Regal Dinner by special command. They all say he is just like you.

After that we played tennis. Perf and Malcolm against Tony and self. He plays quite well.

Cuckoo and Tony are regular Paddies too. It turns out that

Tony, through his mother—a Chichester—owns 150,000 acres in Donegal. He and Cuckoo have been dining and lunching the whole of the country-side in Inishowen. On next Saturday they carry me off captive to their 'bow and spear' to Moville on Loch Foyle.

Malcolm, Hanson, Willeby the musician—with piano let down into the S.S. Granuaile, and violin—and Green the Fishery Inspector—join that good ship at Derry on Sunday. Monday, we have deputations and speeches and guarantee prosperity to the entire peninsula of Inishowen. Then we work round the West coast, with Perf, right down to Kenmare River.

It is a grand campaign. I have 'laid on' Glasgow manufacturers, Quarry-owners, County-Councils, Magnates etc., etc., all the way round; I have worked in short visits to Mrs. Adair, Dunraven, Lansdowne, Sir John Colomb and Lady Kenmare. Sibell joins us South by train.

Meanwhile all my Departments are working on lines I have laid down to collect every proposal—whether for railways, harbours, or arterial drainage, and we shall together beat out a policy on my return.

I cross to England with Percy for Eton on 18th, and then will come to you perhaps with Sibell, shoot the following Tuesday and Wednesday as arranged, and return here Thursday 26th to work at my Land Bill.

To-morrow I have a Congested Districts Board at 9.45 a.m. and at 1.30 we all go in pomp with His Excellency, Lancer escort etc., etc., to the Horse Show.

Thursday, we celebrate my birthday and Cuckoo's—an old custom—and Tony's, and have a banquet here of all the Heads of Departments—Sir David Harrel, Under-Secretary, Colonel Ross of the Dublin Police, Neville Chamberlain of the R.I.C., the Attorney General, General Gossett, commanding Dublin District, etc., etc., about 26 of us in all.

What with Horse-show, Cricket, Polo, Racing, Hospitals, Congested Districts, Lawn-tennis, Croquet, Billiards, and Ping-Pong we manage to 'keep the Tambourine a rowlin.'

305

To his Mother

GREENCASTLE,

LOCH FOYLE, September 2, 1901.

The Butterfly was too beautiful. He has 'some taste of immortality in him.'

And so has this spot. . . . I must bring you here somehow

to see it—anyhow I pretend that we shall be here on such a sky-blue, sea-blue, grass-green, sun-shimmering day next year after the Horse-show for which I have booked you, Papa and Dorothy.

I am sitting on a deep-piled grass terrace fifteen yards wide, then a foot wall ; the tops of two wild fuchsia clumps and some rocks showing above it. Beyond, the narrow entry to Loch Foyle blue and vitreous as the Butterfly, stretches between me and the low sandy flat of Magilligan's Point opposite. Behind that rises a transparency of green fields, purple moorlands and basalt scars. To the right the loch sweeps and broadens out and narrows again eighteen miles off to Derry. To the left is the Atlantic, the dim headland of the Giant's Causeway and most faint in the summer haze Islay, the Paps of Jura, Rathlin Island and—yesterday, but to-day lost in the haze—the Mull of Kintyre. Behind this manor house a little sea-wood of Scotch firs and sycamores, and rocks fifty feet high shut it in with a wonderful garden blazing with summer holiday flowers between pergola wall and fuchsia hedges. Three hundred yards off is the huge ruin of Greencastle, built by de Burgo.

At 12 noon I receive a large deputation to talk over a steam-ferry from here to Magilligan's Point.

We steamed here from Derry Saturday afternoon. Yesterday we steamed to Giant's Causeway and back by the Skerries, Dunluce Castle, Port Rush and Stewart, down to Moville. Thence we drove on a car to a bay more to the West and walked back over the mountain. From the col we could see the sea behind us and the loch in front—a breathless view.

After the deputation we start to round Malin Head and anchor to-night in Sheep Haven and go on right round to Kenmare and Killarney.

‘ How fresh was every sight and sound
On open sea and winding shore ;
We knew the merry earth was round
And we could sail for evermore.’

I prepared for this trip by getting out an indexed abstract of every public work for which anybody has ever asked.

I have this on my lap with a good map on which they are all marked. Then I sail round and see the places and the people so as to select those which are most urgent and likely to work in best for both developing fishing and, also, for giving transit facilities to the small congested farms and, also, for working in new industries with Morton.

Our party consists of Hanson, Malcolm, Percy, Willeby the musician, and Green, a delightful Fishery Inspector who knows

all about fishes and all about the legendary and historic personalities whose great names haunt these highlands and islands—De Burgo, O'Doherty, Shane O'Neil, Sorey Boyle, McDonnell, Sir Francis Drake, the McCahan and so on to the country of Granuaile and the ferocious O'Flahertys.

I wish I were an Emperor to do exactly what I please for the people here. But something somehow shall be done.

You can easily see this particular problem from the map. The whole peninsula of Inishowen is congested and the northern part here twenty miles of carting away from Derry. We have made a railway to Carndonagh but the high mountains prevent it from helping the thick fringe of population on this the eastern side of Inishowen.

Tony Shaftesbury, as descendant through his mother from Sir Arthur Chichester to whom the whole country was given in 1612, is head landlord of 150,000 acres about here, and he and dear Cuckoo mean to do all they can—hence my presence and the deputation. But, as ever, there are difficulties and jealousies—mail contracts to Derry, rival railway companies and behind all the grim Treasury. What of it? Something *shall* be done.

306

To his Mother

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
September 15th, 1901.

I got your letter and Guy's three on return here last night. You must not be downcast about Guy. He is having very hard work. But it is a mistake to take one sentence out of a letter—the feeding being a strain—and to base a view on that. The letters show that he is really fit and keen.

The best plan is to note only what Kitchener reports. 'No change in the situation' means that Guy is still pursuing Smit. And now and again, Guy's name is mentioned. He, for example, came up with Smit on August 30th and inflicted some loss on that commando.

A coup such as Scobell's would be pleasant reading and Guy will, with a little luck, pull one off soon. But it is no use to fret over the hitches and disappointments of war. It is made up of them until the moment comes.

I have had a most interesting sail round the west of Ireland from Giant's Causeway to Dunmanus Bay, back to Kenmare

River and up to Drumquinna, winding up with a miraculous drive through Windy Gap down on to Muckross and Killarney.

Percy has thriven on it. He was very plucky when the gale blew and stuck it out on the bridge with me in oilskins like two canaries under a water-spout.

Itinerary Saturday, August 31st. To Derry by 'Granuaile' to Greencastle.

Sunday, September 1st. Out West to Giant's Causeway and back to Greencastle.

September 2nd. Deputation and steamed, stopping at Malin Head to Sheep Haven. A perfect summer day and golden sunset bathing Tory Island.

September 3rd. Drove from Port-na-blagh, near Dunfanaghy, to Glenveagh—Mrs. Adair's deer forest; had talk with contractor of the new railway.

September 4th. Started 7.30 a.m. and drove by mountains Muckish and Errigall, past Gweedore to Bunbeg. Thence sailed in boat through the Islands, to the ship. Called at Gort-na-Sate and anchored at Port Noo some way out to sea. Sailed back to the ship into an after-glow of Japanese reds and old golds. The wind sending us nine knots. Wonderful.

September 5th. On to Kilcar, and on to Killybegs. Steamed across Sligo bay and by night round the Mullet to anchor in morning at Black Rock point. It was very rough—a gale.

September 6th. Landed at granite quarries—trawled in the bay and then round Achill Head. It blew a gale and the 'glory and glee' of the storm were an ecstasy. Achill falls sheer two thousand feet into the sea. The whole surface of the Atlantic was a weaving haze of spin-drift from the wind. The great rollers hit the cliff and roared and spouted up two hundred feet.

Percy had gone below sick. But I carried him up on to the bridge in his oilskins and he began to exult in it. We went from Achill past Clare Island. A sun-burst in the storm threw a rainbow over Achill. It was one of the best moments in my life—holding Percy to the rails with my arms and 'galumphing' over the rollers. We could not trust Cleggan Harbour, so put into Ballynakill, as there was daylight to thread the maze of islands. Then the sky cleared and we watched a divine sunset on the twelve pins of Connemara and Percy shot at bottles and caught dog-fish.

I have forgotten to say that when coming South along the Mullet we steamed for *an hour* at night through mackerel. The sea was full of phosphorus. The shoals of fish were like breakers of blue light and, as the prow overtook them, these

light waves particularized themselves into ghostly fishes bursting away into bouquets of blue rockets.

September 7th. Steamed to Cleggan—Deputation. And then, hardening our hearts, we doubled Slyne Head and made Roundstone. That was the day of real storm. It was ‘past all whooping.’ We all kept going on the bridge in oil-skins and singing at the top of our voices. We were determined not to be beat by the weather; and yelled at Slyne Head as we swooped and staggered past it, ‘If you want to know who we are, we’re gentlemen from Japan’ etc., etc. After that one by one Willeby and Hanson and Malcolm gave up and went below. But Percy stood by. At Roundstone we landed and found the whole place gay with bunting. There, with flags and cheers, I had a capital meeting.

The glass kept falling and wind getting more to the west, so there was no chance of getting into a natural harbour.

We were due at Liscannor Harbour, Co. Clare, at 4 p.m. the next day. So we hardened our hearts again and went plumb for the wind’s eye to get shelter under the lee of the Aran Isles. The wind roared and the rain hit our eyes like red-hot pellets. Nobody but Percy stayed on the bridge with me. At Aran we could not land; so rode it out on two anchors with very fair shelter.

September 8th. We decided it would be impossible to land at Liscannor so steamed before the wind to Olenina near Ballyvaghan on the north coast of Clare and drove twenty miles past Kilfenora to Liscannor.

There we found one thousand persons and had a great time—Speeches, an aldermanic Belshazzar with the Priest and then on to Lehinch, where we did two more deputations and supped at ten o’clock.

September 9th. Got up at five and took the 6 o’clock train to Kiltrush. Sailed from there to the steamer and on to the Fenit River in Tralee Bay.

After that a wonderful afternoon and evening of coast scenery and sunset. Past Brandon Head, three thousand feet, Ballydavid, the Three Sisters and Sybil Head. And so through the Blaskets to Valencia.

I longed for you to be there. The Atlantic was blue with a heavy swell, the headlands changed from peach-blossom to heliotrope, from heliotrope to cyclamen, from cyclamen to violets, from violets to mysteries of green and deep purple. The sun sank like a Japanese lantern. The Blaskets and Skelligs became transparent, obsidian and serpentine. Well! Well! It can only be seen.

September 10th. Sibell and Lady Castlerosse joined us by the Valencia railway. We took them out to the Skelligs but could not land. The great Skellig is a promontory seven hundred feet high sheer out of the Atlantic with its ruins of a fifth century monastery. The small Skellig is the home and breeding ground of all the Gannets.

September 11th. Steamed to Bear Haven and on to Dorneen in Dunmanus Bay and back through Dursey's sound—where Murty O'Sullivan slipped the frigate—to Parknasilla.

September 12th. Landed at Garinish, Derreen and Drumquinna.

September 13th. Drove over the mountain to Killarney.

307

To the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour

Confidential.

CLOUDS, SALISBURY,
September 20th, 1901.

I have come to England for a week and the enforced idleness affords an opportunity for a conversation on paper that needs no reply.

1. I have travelled round the West Coast and visited all the fishing centres, considering them in relation to (a) the aptitudes of the population, (b) the natural facilities, (c) the artificial facilities, whether of piers or of means of transit by railways or steamers.

I am deeply impressed by the amount of money which has been wasted, notably in 1883, and by the results which could be obtained for a modest expenditure of some £40,000.

Let me now 'block in' a few general observations.

1. The Irish believe that we only spend money on reproductive works under compulsion of lawlessness and agitation.

2. This is not the case. The error arises from the fact that we have usually spent money only when Ireland was, for the time being, sensational and interesting to the public. For example you find traces of expenditure on marine works which fall into 3 categories.

(x) Money spent in '30, 31, 32, after emancipation excitement, guided by the report of a Commission of that date. It was the best report, and the works were generally built in the right places. But many of them have perished or even disappeared.

(y) Money spent in 1883—£250,000—after the 80-81 trouble. This was almost uniformly wasted.

(z) Money spent by you and Gerald to the best purpose under the C.D.B. and later, the New Department. This is the only effort that has outlived a 'succès de scandale' of Ireland on the stage at Westminster. But it needs a little fresh capital at certain points.

The pity of it is that at typical spots, such as Teeling, you find the submerged ruins of the '30-32 pier in the right place; the £8000, 1883 pier in the wrong place, 7 miles further from the market and some small, though useful, patchings.

3. In spite of these drawbacks the value of Irish sea fisheries has been raised, mainly in the last 5 or 6 years, from £250,000 to £350,000 in a good year, according to Green's estimate. The best object lesson is in the Aran Islands with a population of 3000. In the last 5 years they have added from £6000 to £8000 a year to their earnings; thus closing the expensive alternation of Gun-boats to collect rates and Relief Works to ward off starvation.

4. If, with the knowledge I have gained, I had £40,000 to spend I know that I could largely increase these additions to the wealth of the worst part of Ireland and so, in part, restrict the area of the Land difficulty and, in part, divert attention from it.

5. I pass to the land question. I am impressed by the fact that Mayo and parts of Galway, Sligo and Roscommon present a true economic problem which, in my opinion, calls for treatment, in a Land Bill. There, a quantity of indifferent land is kept in large grass farms owing to the combined effect of agitation and the Land Laws; whilst around it the population is huddled into 3 acre and 5 acre plots. In Clare, on the contrary, the herds on grass farms have it all their own way. So that, whereas, in the first case, the illegal or illegitimate, or legitimate but disturbing, pressure works for division of grass and reversion to tillage; in Clare the Herds are the League and wield its terrors against precisely the same objects.

I could enlarge on these two themes—Fishing and Land Legislation.

But my spirits sink in face of 8 sheets received to-day from Cadogan. I would gladly devote days to talking to him if I ever supposed that he understood what I am saying. But I know from his remarks that he does not, and I have reason to fear that he, with the best will in the world, misrepresents my views to others. On trifles that might be amusing. He thinks, in respect, let me say, of Rentoul, that I agree with him in opposing the creation of a vacancy under any circumstances among the northern seats. I hold the diametrically

opposite view and devoted hours to expounding it. None the less in his letter he cheerfully observes that he has forwarded our united opinion—presumably his, unshaken by my effort. Sometimes I see the humour of this. But again, there are moments recurring with greater frequency, when, in spite of mutual relations which are always pleasant, our joint relation to Ireland and the Empire strikes me as simply tragic. If this be unfortunately true of comparatively small matters—Rentoul, the northern seats, appointments to Education Boards etc., etc.—what can one expect of Land, Fisheries, Industries and ‘Law and Order’?

It is like speaking through a megaphone with a pudding in its orifice.

I fear from his letter that the Cabinet is to meet earlier than he expected to discuss legislation. And I deduce that, instead of continuing my work which is in good train, I shall have to talk to him for hours with such hope of reaching the Government with my voice as may be cherished by a lunatic in a padded cell. I propose therefore to confine these conversational exercises to the minimum required by loyalty and politeness, and to keep on working away with my subordinates on the problems of Land, Fisheries, Industries, Police, and in the second place, of Railways and arterial drainage. I shall endeavour to construct and formulate a general plan of lasting utility any part of which might be undertaken by itself when occasion offers as an organic limb of the whole. Meanwhile you, at any rate, must not hold me responsible for Cadogan’s views and, still less, for his versions of mine.

P.S.—I do not mention the War news but, none the less, take note of it and fear that it may mean an earlier session. I gather from letters that the strain out there on men and horses is very great.

308

To the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour

Private.

CHIEF SECRETARY’S LODGE,
PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN, *September 29th, 1901.*

Your letter was most welcome. It completed the relief which I experienced from the ebullition that evoked it. I shall not be discouraged; am enjoying my work; and am turning my little friend’s prolonged absence to the best possible account. Meanwhile I take a cheerful view of the University Commission. Butcher is staying with me; Ward lunched to-day and we all

dined at Trinity last night. The Commissioners are pleased with themselves; surprised at the reality of the grievance, and sanguine of finding a remedy embodied in a unanimous report. Bishop O'Dwyer astonished them by a consummate statement of the Catholic case, unshaken during 3 days cross-examination.

I saw old St. John¹ in London and thought him well considering all his work and sorrow.

The War news is bad and I fear open to misconstruction. People jump to the conclusion from the Gough reverse that our officers are irremediably careless. The impression which I have formed is that the subordinate commanders are being urged to produce results at all costs and that for some time they have been running risks with their eyes open against their judgment. I do not see how they can catch these Commandos unless a fresh column follows the pursuing column at an even pace and takes up the running when the men and horses of the leading column are tired out. As it is they strain on week after week and month after month with stale men and starved horses. It must be heart-breaking work.

309

To his Mother

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHŒNIX PARK, DUBLIN, *October 3rd, 1901.*

I am having a steady pull at creative work: have finished 30 pages of quarto on Fisheries; detailed orders to Police in respect of agitation, and am now up to my neck in a Land Bill. I like that kind of 'firsthand' work best but it takes it out of one. Still I must get it all in print within the next ten days. Then I go West to stay with the O'Connor Don: do a couple of speeches in England, and then 'sit down to ride' on the detailed application of created wholes. (Fish: Police: Land:) Even if I succeed in accomplishing little, ideas are immortal. They impregnate the others and ultimately assert themselves over the general inertia of the world.

But I believe I shall win on Fisheries and 'law and order' and go nearer winning on Land than I really thought possible a year ago.

How hard dear old Guy is working. There is a sense of serenity about work which is beyond recompense and even beyond intelligent appreciation by the Powers.

¹ The Rt. Hon. St. John Brodrick, Secretary of State for War. Lady Hilda Brodrick had died shortly before this.

To the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour

Confidential.

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
November 2nd, 1901.

It may interest you to know how I am getting on. I saw Cadogan in London on Thursday and am returning next Wednesday to see Beach on Thursday or Friday 7th or 8th. I cannot say too earnestly how necessary I feel it to be that the Cabinet should decide on a comprehensive Land Policy and place me in a position to speak early in the Session or sooner. Every day that I give to studying the question convinces me that we must accept the 'in globo' principle and announce it soon. It would be a great calamity not to come out with our policy until the agitation has gone further. I am keeping the lawless parts wedged off from the rest of Ireland. But the strain is increasing. On the whole I am satisfied with the working out of the plan submitted to the Cabinet for dealing with lawlessness. I have scheduled for administrative guidance certain 'disturbed' areas (which include the farms around which the agitation is fermented, of which there is a list No. 1) and filled them up with Police charged to the extent of one-half on the district, under selected officers.

Next I have a list No. 2 of notorious agitators who have attacked individuals. My instructions to the Police are that, whenever an 'agitator' on the list attempts a surprise meeting near the house or holding of a person held up to odium in a 'disturbed' district, the Police are to warn him that he cannot be allowed to hold a meeting and, if he persists, to 'move him on' and break up the gathering.

The manœuvring of the agitators has become more refined since the old days. They do not advertise their meetings so that 'proclamation' on my part rarely becomes possible. The Police cannot be left to decide when a meeting becomes an 'unlawful assembly.' But, by the plan sketched above, they have not to decide that point on their own discretion. They obey my instructions, and, when a speaker on List No. 2 attempts a meeting near a holding on List No. 1 act on the opinion formed in anticipation by the Government that any such collocation would constitute an 'unlawful assembly.' Now, assume that their action is challenged—as it will be—I can reply on the particular case by turning up the 'dossier' of the 'agitator' and the 'dossier' of the farm and its occupier. Putting the two together I say that the Government formed the

opinion on these facts, that the meeting would be an unlawful assembly and, therefore, had instructed the Police to prevent it.

The agitators are puzzled for the moment. John O'Donnell has left to 'fire the heather' in England, at least so one of the informants tells us. But Dillon seems disposed to 'try a fall' and force my hand. There is no sympathy with them in the east and south and not very much, so far, in the west. For example, last Sunday they prepared two big surprise Field-days. At Mullinabreenah, they attempted them over an area 10 miles by 8 and were everywhere forestalled by the Police, whose strategic dispositions and communications by bicycle were an admirable piece of work. The agitators did not get in a word anywhere and the people in general who watch the game think small beer of them. At Kilmaine they tried to bring about a crisis. On the 2 previous Sundays, the Police, acting on the plan I have sketched, had stopped John O'Donnell and Regan from speaking. So last Sunday, a Fair-day which brought 6000 people together, these two reappeared suddenly accompanied by Willy Redmond. About 600 people only supported them; the balance went on quietly with their Fairing. The Police did very well: stopped O'Donnell and Regan who are on the List No. 2 and let W. Redmond speak. He failed to 'toe the line' and made a moderate speech. When O'Donnell tried to follow him the Police charged and sent the crowd flying. They then must have told Willy Redmond that he had shown the 'white feather.' So they carted him off to the house of another boycotted man some miles off. But the Police anticipated them on cars and broke them up again.

I understand that Dillon will now have a shot. All the above is only the small change of Irish Government. My heart is set on the Land Bill. In case it may interest you I enclose an early sort of essay on small holdings and grass farms. Now is the time to come on with a constructive policy. Nine-tenths of the people are hanging back from the agitation. The Graziers have had a very bad year and prices for stock are very low. If we can get in with a reasonable constructive policy before the agitation develops and whilst the 'grass' interest is still suffering from past inflation and present low prices, I believe we shall win.

I came across a curious case illustrating the merits of 'in globo.' It could not be used in public as it turned up during researches in the Registration of Titles office. An eminent Peer, Lord Morley in fact, has sold his estate 'in globo' for £40,000 to two persons who borrowed the money in the market in order to buy and expect to make £5000 or £6000 by resale to the tenants.

Cadogan, Wrench and Franks have a new idea for dealing with Judicial Rents. I proposed the bold treatment of saying we would have no third revision, if the State came forward to assist 'in globo.' I admit the danger that the Landlords who *never* know their interests would, if that were done, stop selling and wait for the next collapse or spoliation by the other Party. (That is *bound* to come unless we can help the small-holders to buy, or hire some grass on leases, to be held for their common benefit.)

Their suggestion on which they are very sweet is to say that, in future, when any tenant takes his landlord into court the Landlord may have a price for sale fixed and compel the tenant to buy. They instance the analogy of Free Farm Grants and True Value. But it won't do as it stands. Cadogan means in any case to submit it to the Cabinet. I object, somewhat on the general ground that it will confirm the present vicious view of a contest between the two parties over single existing holdings, but, more strongly, because it is naked compulsion. The Tenant must pay a price to which he has not agreed, or forego his expectation of revision.

It might be made less objectionable with this amendment which occurred to me last night. When either party brings the other into court (it is the Tenant 99 times out of a hundred) the other may demand that a price shall be fixed. Take the usual case of the Tenant bringing the Landlord into Court. The Landlord then has a price fixed. Then if (a) the Tenant refuses to buy at that price, he must go on at the current rent for another 15 years, but if (b) the Landlord refuses to take the price the Tenant gets a revision and the right to another in 15 years.

There is a good deal to be said for this. I know that some of the Landlords' champions would accept it. They fear, with good reason, the revisions every 15 years. And it is a danger that if they were let off them generally they would just drift on to their doom, which is only to be avoided by purchase *including* provisions for bringing some of the grass into the market. My letters need no answer. They are written because I like to keep in touch with you.

311

To his Mother

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN, November 8th, 1901.

Many thanks for dear old Guy's letter.

The work is terribly hard and the newspapers at home destitute of imagination, common sense and dignity.

But 'it really doesn't matter!' Good work well done is complete in itself apart from results and, all the more, apart from recognition.

I squibbed over to London on Wednesday night and put in a record of interviews yesterday. Lord Balfour of Burleigh at 9.30, the Chancellor at 11.30, Austen Chamberlain at 1, lunch with Cadogan 2 to 3 o'clock, and Lansdowne in the afternoon.

I did pretty well and returned in better spirits, not that I can complain on that score! Travelling back all to-day was quite a holiday.

But I wish 'column leaders' here or in South Africa could be left to do their job in their own way. Let us all register an oath that if our turn ever comes we will let our subordinates 'rip' as the man said when he stuck a fork into the cat.

312

To his Brother

DUBLIN, 19th November 1901.

Your letter of October 16th from Piquetberg Road gave me great pleasure. It produced another illustration of the 'Corsican Brothers' theory. Oddly enough I had said a week before to Mrs. Fleming—R. Kipling's sister—who goes in for telepathy etc., that I had dreamed of you several times just before getting a letter or hearing of you in the papers. The night before your letter came I dreamt of you most vividly and the dream was an exaggeration of the turn of events told in your letter when it came. I was talking to you and you were worried and preoccupied. I said 'how well you've done, you'll get another brevet soon.' You said, 'Oh no, they don't appreciate the difficulties and I am only a sergeant now!' Then the dream changed. You got a splendid message from French and three extraordinary decorations and we were both in tearing spirits smacking each other on the back and making silly jokes. When your letter came it told me of French having sent for you and said he was completely satisfied. But you are too busy to bother about dreams. Mamma is overjoyed at the French interview. She has been referring to him in recent letters as 'a poor blind mortal' incapable of recognizing merit.

I am having a hard time of it just now. The agitation in the West is beginning to give me a hand-full. Not that it

troubles me in itself. On the contrary, proclamations, baton-charges and, possibly, prosecutions are simple enough. My trouble is that it complicates my labours with the Cabinet to get a proper Land Purchase Bill. I have been slaving at that. Having fired off five long memos, drafted two Bills and paid three visits to see Beach and others in London, I am still hard at it and have only had one day's hunting. A skurry from 'Turnings' and ride home to Sallins along the Canal reminded me of old days. How I long for you to be here and ride my horses whilst I sit trying to cajole the Treasury.

I mean to make another swoop into the West as I do not intend to let Dillon have 'all the limelight.' I see copies of your letters and all the telegrams to Brodrick, so I know pretty well what is going on. The Government is growled at by everyone. But as there is no opposition and everyone wants the War pushed at all costs if need be for ever, nothing comes of the growling.

I hope two Cavalry regiments will ease the work out there. It is interesting to see the regular Army and, above all, the Cavalry coming out alone as the War goes on. They seem to give you all the most tiresome work. But the War Office and Government have their eye on the young column leaders and nobody else will get nearly such a show at the end. I must now plug again at my work. Best luck to you.

313

*To his Mother*¹

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN, *December 15th, 1901.*

You have probably seen enclosed [newspaper cutting] in the 'Morning Post.' What an amazing 'lingo' they do write:— 'did ample justice,' 'black-feathered visitors,' 'venerable bird.'

I have not seen the book yet but Sibell encountered a pile of it in the book-shop at Chester.

I have been bucketted about a good deal lately owing to the Cabinet being continually postponed. And now I have to cross back again on Wednesday to do business in London with some of them on Thursday and Friday.

I long to see you and Papa and Clouds. It is ages since I was there. I shall try to spend my Sundays with you after

¹ The letter refers to 'The Ballad of Mr. Rook,' some verses written by George Wyndham, and illustrated by his mother, to amuse his boy, Percy.

the meeting of Parliament as in 1900 when I prepared my War speeches in the Smoking-room.

I want a holiday badly and shall try to make one about Christmas with my Perf who is very well and has got up to 10th in school order of his Division.

314

To his Brother

PHENIX PARK,
Christmas Eve, 1901.

I must write to you *first* this Christmas Eve. It is never much use to take aim through the post so that a letter may arrive at Christmas. By writing it we secure an appropriate date at one end any way. And dear old Boy, all my thoughts are with you to-night as ever. The 'Evening Mail' says you had ten casualties on the 20th including two officers wounded. How I long to welcome you back. I am very glad that dear Minnie will be at hand if not with you, when this reaches. I do trust and pray that you are not wearing yourself out. I hear *all* the news for what it is worth. I can only say that your big-wigs are in much better spirits than they have been for months. French seems to be in high fettle and generally blesses all his columns. You must ask Minnie to write and tell me, if there is anything I can send to you or do for you. I will make a point of seeing your little George in January and write a description of him to you.

I have had a chill from cold and over-work not improved by crossing three times in twelve days to see the Cabinet, each time in a gale of sleet. My Irish friends are being as naughty as they dare. I have had to prosecute four M.P.'s and ten or fifteen minor agitators. In short, the agitation storm-cone is hoisted and I am in for a bout of the old, old business. It is a great waste of time and energy which I could spend to better purpose if they would allow me to go on with constructive work. But there it is.

We shall have a hard time when the House meets on January 16th. They will obstruct us on new 'rules of procedure' to jockey Irish obstruction. The Irish will raise Cain over my prosecutions and the Rosebery-ites will try to beat us over the 'Education.' My belief is that we shall stay in till the War is over and then go out with a vengeance. I cannot tell you how blissfully, blatantly, reconciled I should be to retiring for

a space into private life. If only it might be after the War and mean that you and I could lay ourselves out to rest and be thankful for some six months! That will come all right, never fear! You shall bring your whole family here and 'harse in the Phoenix,' and I will spend my Sundays with you at Westbrook, smoking together, as of old, on the lawn and wondering why others are such mortal fools as to work themselves out. But all that is for June or September. Meanwhile 'once more unto the breach.' I want to smash the agitation, introduce a Land Bill, get money for a Harbour-fishing Policy in the West and float a Catholic University. After that any one may be a Minister who prefers missing all the joys of life.

Give my love to dearest Minnie. I shall send you some books and things soon. Perf has grown a great deal and passed into 'Remove.' We had a great gallop in the Park to-day, and afterwards went shopping. But I am too tired to enjoy much now and look forward all the time to rest and being together and happy, and letting things rip. But we must just put in five or six more months.

315

To his Father

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN, *Christmas, 1901.*

I have just got your letter and send you a Merry Christmas and happy New Year.

I feel the separation and the impossibility of throwing off the work here. Nobody tries to delegate work more than I, but here everyone looks to the Chief Secretary of the day and few will take any responsibility. They watch your every gesture as a dog does instead of going in the direction you point out. In the end you must go yourself.

I must carry on till Easter. Then I should very much like to come to Clouds and bring Percy and have him taught to shoot. He is fourteen and ought to learn to handle a gun at rabbits.

I earnestly hope that we shall be turned out so soon as the War is over and I wish Rosebery and his friends joy of 'efficiency.'

316

To his Mother

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
January 20th, 1902.

A splendid letter from dear old Guy about his Convoy fight. Am having it typed before sending it on. He lost 20 per cent. in casualties and was, as he says 'a man on a mouse' for eight hours. I grudge keeping you waiting but want a copy to show to St. John and A. J. B. He is so pleased because all the work was done by the 16th who he 'knew could pull him through.' That reminds me that Harry Bourke had a talk with an Irishman in the 16th, back on sick leave. He said of Guy 'By the Holy I'd go through the fire of Hell for him.'

317

To his Father

35 PARK LANE, W.,
January 26th, 1902.

I am glad to hear your view of Geoff Brooke¹ and the Irish Guards. He saw me for a moment, told me his income and of his Trustees' consent. I said I could not take any responsibility and that he must decide for himself in consultation with you since you had been helping him in the matter. But that if he wanted to know whether it was possible to be in the Guards at that figure I could only say that it was and that many of my friends had done it. This is all the more true of the Irish Guards who will frequently be quartered in Dublin where a man can have more sport, good society and recreation for less money than in any other town in Europe. I then received your first letter and was glad of that as last night at the Abercorns I met Vesey Dawson, an old brother officer, who commands the Irish Guards.

He approached me of his own accord on the subject and asked many questions about Geoffrey.

He was much pleased with my account of him and is bent on having Geoffrey in his regiment.

He told me that there was much less extravagance than in my day and no gambling. They have a good lot of pleasant professional soldiers and I am quite sure that Geoffrey could

¹ Geoffrey Brooke, his brother's stepson, after passing through Sandhurst College, was gazetted to the 16th Lancers.

not do better than go in for them. Hanging about with Crammers and Militia majors is a terrible waste of impressionable years, so that is all for the best.

I had a talk, too, with Lord Roberts and, in the afternoon, with Colonel Ward. The interior news from South Africa continues to be very cheerful.

I am riding a long patient race in Ireland disregarding the excited advice which is showered on me. Nobody knows better than I do the risk of doing anything in that country. But I know that the risk of doing nothing is far greater and that to take the advice of extremists at either pole is not a risk but a certainty of disaster.

The 'parochialism' of the Ulster right wing is beyond belief.

So far all my calculations and forecasts have been justified. My 'Fishing Policy' and 'Land Policy' are ready to take the stage and, in Ireland, arouse a great deal of interest. But you must not be disconcerted if my Land Policy is received with howls from both the extremist sections. It may even be scouted for a time. All the same it is the only sound policy.

Turning to 'Agitation' and 'Coercion' I do not expect to win for eighteen months; but I am winning. The De Freyne Estate Plan of Campaign has broken down, and I know *everything* about their internal disputes. That is why I go on 'riding the race' in my own way and why I hope to win in June 1903.

Even if I am wrong and have not got hold of the best policy it is an advantage to know exactly what you intend to do and, in Ireland, almost a certainty that the person with definite views will succeed in impressing them on that country.

I shall pass a Land Bill, reconstruct the Agricultural Department and Congested Districts Board, stimulate Fishing and Horse-breeding; and revolutionize Education. Then I shall 'nunc dimittis' and let some one else have a turn.

318

To Charles Boyd

35 PARK LANE, W.,
11.ii.02.

Your letter fills me with apprehension.¹ I trust that we may be spared so great a public loss and so keen a private sorrow to those who have known and therefore loved C. J. R.

¹ The letter told him of the serious condition of Cecil Rhodes, who died on March 28th.

To the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour

Confidential.

CLOUDS, SALISBURY,
March 9th, 1902.

I hope you are better. I am slowly recovering a little strength and mental agility. But it is a *foul* disease. The enclosed correspondence between Beach and myself has relieved me of a good deal of anxiety.

I hold most strongly (1) that the Bill should be introduced before Easter in order to give all parties in Ireland something to divert their attention from agitation and wholesale coercion. (2) That a reduction in the Instalment is *essential* if we are to avoid a dangerous disappointment in Ulster and a serious crippling of our work in the Congested Districts. I have been surprised and worried by Cadogan's recent action. I discussed the whole situation with the Inspector General on Sunday, 23rd February. He told me emphatically that he and his police could not prepare a case for partial proclamation in less than 3 weeks and that he would prefer to proclaim deliberately and properly after Easter.

Cadogan seems to have been scared by the 'Times' and the Nobility at his Levée. As he knows nothing about either the Crimes Act or the Law of Conspiracy and was absent from Ireland during most of the Autumn and Winter I am gravely alarmed at his attempt to 'capture' the officials who have worked with me during all that period in complete harmony. His idea of now making a point of proclaiming just *before* instead of after receiving the case for proclamation can only be an Englishman's plan for 'governing Ireland according to Irish ideas.'

If it were not against my principles to resign I should have 'sent in my papers' a fortnight ago. I shall hang on but doubt if I can be of much use either in the House or in Ireland under existing Gilbertian conditions.

To Mrs. Drew

March 1902.

I will first answer the two questions in your letter, adding a very few remarks, and then I mean to indulge myself by writing a short letter to you on my own account. But business first.

I will gladly help to give these letters ¹ a wider life, to bring the Porch into being, and to show that I jump at a chance of doing anything that you ask that can be done.

I find I have answered both questions. Because I would not help to give the letters a wider life if I thought them too trivial. For I should not like any but very foolish people to be in a position to criticize you for printing the letters. Very foolish people may do so as it is. But their opinions do not count.

The letters. They are valuable and delightful inasmuch as they reveal something more of a great man, great in himself and greater because he changed the minds of many. But for Ruskin, much of Carlyle's teaching would never have reached people who, in their turn again, have been allowed to reach yet others. Even if we leave Art, Nature and the philosophy of Science aside, the man who wrote 'Unto This Last' remains a great force which, thank God, is not expended.

The letters are generally valuable because they show that great men may be playful and affectionate. In particular, the references to your Father in No. 1; to Browning in No. 5; to the Land League in No. 17; to the law of landowning in 24; though unluckily not free from obscurity, are all of public importance.

Again, in another category, 'the planes twisted by rock-winds,' and the profound thought on Morning and Evening, Spring and Autumn, in 5; the 'move the shadow from the dial for evermore' in 8; the 'olives, grass and cyclamen' in 28, are treasures which you ought to dispense. The reference to Lady Day in 13, and, to make a quick change, *I* like, at any rate, to possess the Bishop and Pigsty in 33.

I have a doubt about the reference to Arthur Balfour—in 4. It is not clear and might be misunderstood.

And now I may please myself by writing to you. That is a very poor substitute for seeing you at Saughton; there is just a chance I may be at Eaton on Sunday week. I would stay over Monday if you held out a hope that you could come over and take the £5 personally. Sibell and I would meet you on bicycles.

The postscript to your letter stirs the deep and bitter waters of my life. It may be that I am meant to 'break my heart' as a necessary object lesson to others. I can't write about

¹ Letters of Mr. Ruskin to Mrs. Drew. These were privately printed and from the profits of the sale a porch was built in Buckley Church (formerly part of the parish of Hawarden), in memory of the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, father of Mrs. Drew.

that, but I should love to hear you talk of it. I confess that I have been depressed, for me, during the last three weeks. I had to get some things done and to prevent others with a high temperature, from my bed; that is an unusual 'coign of vantage' in my life, and probably I magnified and distorted matters which are quite big and ugly enough in themselves.

But blessings were suddenly *showered* on me and mine on Lady Day, as Sibell was careful to point out. First a telegram from my brother Guy, to say he had three months' leave. He has been through the whole war, away for three years. I have been frightened at the strain this has put on my Mother; now she has three months' rest from anxiety. My boy passed his Trials, in spite of influenza, also on Lady Day. The Land Bill survived a deliberate attempt on the part of the 'Times,' 'Morning Post,' etc., to stab me and my offspring. This means something and may mean a great deal. Last, but not least, you wrote on Lady Day and brought back a flood of Saighon and poetry and gentleness and peace and wisdom and general pleasantness, of which my life has been wholly stripped for months.

So I *thank* you and purposely keep back the £5 as an excuse, at worst, for writing again, and at best for seeing you Monday week.

321

To his Father

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
April 7th, 1902.

I have had some interesting and amusing days since I left the haven of Clouds. It was a rough passage on Thursday but, after testing the force and bitterness of the wind for half an hour, I slept like a stone and arrived very fresh and well. I talked business with Cadogan till dinner. At dinner and after till nearly twelve o'clock I polished off (1) Judge Meredith, head of Land Commission, leaving him assured that the Land Bill was the best possible under circumstances of War deficits and (2) Colonel Chamberlain, Inspector General of the R. I. C. with whom I went at great length into the 'state of the country.'

Friday I galloped a pulling horse from 8.30 to 9.30 and got to the Castle at 10.45. I had a grand morning of concentrated work with Harrel, Under-Secretary, the Attorney General etc., etc., till 2 o'clock. Lunched at Kildare Street Club with other

officials ; took on the Lord Lieutenant and others at 3 o'clock in formal Council till 5.30, wrote and telegraphed till 7 o'clock. I then felt the want of air, so walked on the Quays till 7.30 and dressed at the Kildare Street Club for my Landlords' dinner.

It was a great success and as good as a play. We sat down fourteen : Dermot ¹ in command at my left ; Lords Clonbrock, Rosse, Rathdonnell, Cloncurry, The O'Connor Don, Mr. Bruen, Bagwell, O'Callaghan Westrop, De Fellenburg Montgomery, their Secretary Willis, and Solicitor Moore, with Hanson. The comparative gêne of the start was relieved by Dermot, who ordered in more and more waiters until at one moment they could not wait—it was a small room—for numbers and then, at the next, as a corrective, he marshalled them erect behind our chairs at an interval of four feet like N.C.O.'s on parade. Twenty minutes of alternation between the two manœuvres having led to no one getting 'bite or sup' he resigned the command and the dinner really got under way. At 9.30 we cleared the cloth and 'got to.' They had questions drawn up as points of departure. At first it was rather slow going in sticky ground. But, somehow, I steadily increased the pace. By 11 o'clock we were galloping ; and at 12.15 we separated in reciprocal enthusiasm. Friday I wrote a memo : in the morning. Worked through the other Departments, Local Government Board, and Valuation Office, etc. Caught the 6.45 to Kingstown, dined 7 to 8 with Wrench, the most practical Land Commissioner ; went on Board and had an entrancing passage of stars, sparks and fresh wind ; got to Eaton at 3 a.m. and slept till 11 o'clock.

I found Bendor and Shelagh very well and happy. Benny has won the 14 stone Hunt race himself on Rainbow II., bought from Steeds, and the lightweight with Etona, ridden by young Garnett, a Cheshire Squireen. He bought the mare from Harry Bourke. Garnett was staying with Lady Olivia, Daisy and Hans Pless, Cornwallis, and a South African Officer invalided home—an amazing amalgam. Cornwallis and Hans Pless great on the Income Tax, Compulsory Service, Bridge, etc. Bendor quite sees the fun and sails through intent on horses, motors and Yeomanry.

I welcome keenness at his age in anything and he is delightfully keen. The whole place has been turned into a glorified embodiment of a boy's holidays. In the Park, just to the left front of the great iron gates and Watts' Statue, he has constructed a steeple-chase course with a mile and a half of high tarred rails round it, giving the impression that a railway is

¹ Lord Mayo, his cousin.

being laid down in front of the house. The water-jump is regulation width, puddled, and always full of water from a pipe. The old Deer-house is now the home of badgers whose lives have been spared after digging out to assist fox-hunting. The stables are crammed with hunters, chase-horses, polo ponies, Basutos, carriage horses, American Trotter and two motor cars. He enjoys it all from morning to night and gives unbounded satisfaction to a horse-loving community. In the interval of 'stripping' the horses, which takes from two to three hours per diem, he directs my attention to marked passages in the works of Mark Twain. But it is all very boyish and delightful: no luxury. I was quite glad to sleep in a room like a servant's room, with hard bed and windows blazing into my eyes.

To-day they all went off in motors and waggonettes to Yeomanry Point to Point races. I have just got a telegram from Lettice to say that Bendor won the Open Cup with Etona and the officers' race with Rainbow, riding both himself. So that, given his present object, not even Rosebery could criticize the 'efficiency' with which he pursues it. It won't last, of course, but after all my weeks and months of stuffy intelligence I was frankly delighted to embrace so much of health and open-air activity. As Dizzy said, 'They never read'; barring 'Mark Twain.' But there is nothing 'slang' or 'fast' or 'raffish.' He has laid out a very good Dutch garden, gets up early, takes an interest in the trees and has collected more four-footed companions about him than any of our contemporaries with the exception of Khama King of Palapye.

322

*To Mrs. Drew**April 9th, 1902.*

I must bless and thank you for your letter. Let me tell you one more story of Rhodes.

After the South African Commission on which I brought out facts, not to defend—for that was impossible—but to make some of his actions intelligible, I called on him by appointment for breakfast. He had been riding and was dressing. He was shy, but unconventional always. So he suddenly walked in from his room in a *shirt*, his face lathered all over, a shaving brush in one hand and a razor in the other. With these precautions against any physical exhibition of gratitude, he said abruptly in his high voice, 'Wyndham, I can't embrace you, but you know what I mean.'

323

To his Mother

CLOUDS,
SALISBURY, April 13th, 1902.

Your telegrams have kept us going. Sibell and I are with you and dear Madge and darling little Dick,¹ all the time in thought and prayer.

I have written to Madge about Woodcock [his brother's servant]; also suggesting that I should send our William to help at such a moment. He is all willingness and smiles, full of good nature and resource, based—let me say—on being a Christian of Sibell's persuasion.

Consequently he never gives any trouble and always gives a great deal of help.

I have wandered round our walk, thinking of you and praying for Dick, and hoping that this sunny day is helping the little darling.

I wrote to Madeira, saying *nothing* of the illness but offering all possible facilities to Guy and Minnie on arrival.

Darling, we will hope and believe.

It is not presumptuous to see with Sibell something uncommonly like intelligent and kindly guidance when we consider where we should be if Guy *had* sailed in the Kinfauns! That ship is wrecked near the Needles. So all have been spared embarrassment and further anxiety. Let us then believe and hope.

324

To his Father

35 PARK LANE, W.,
April 14th, 1902.

I must congratulate you on having 'lived to see the registration duty re-imposed on Corn.'

The Budget is bold and honest. I have my doubts of the 2d., instead of 1d., on cheques and dividend warrants. It seems 'fidgetty' for half a million.

You could not have taken the £2,650,000 on corn without putting another penny on the income tax.

To fill the remaining gap of £500,000 I should, I confess,

¹ His mother was at Upwey nursing Guy Wyndham's second, son who was dangerously ill with pneumonia. The boy's parents had sailed from Capetown on their return to England before they could be informed of the danger.

have preferred some attempt by a further stamp duty to get at the people who have large sums to invest and who gamble on the Stock Exchange.

The 1d. on cheques will worry the very people who feel the Income Tax most, i.e. those with from £700 to £2000 a year.

But it is a good Budget; both sound in the revival of a principle and opportune in the moment for applying it.

325

To his Mother

CLOUDS,

SALISBURY, *April 20th, 1902.*

How restful it is to be so much less anxious about little Dick and to think of seeing dear old Guy in *less than a week*!

Tell dear Madge not to bother about bedrooms in view of nurses etc. I can make my own arrangements to sleep at an Inn in Weymouth. Whatever happens I want to see old Guy during the Sunday. I shall insist on *not* having Irish Estimates Friday.

I am hopeful about Peace: not immediately, but surely.

‘ Sumer is i cumen in,
Loud sing Cucu ! ’

326

*To his Mother**April 22nd, 1902.*

Sir Francis Evans says the ship will arrive between 5 and 6 a.m. on Saturday morning.

We all go down by the 4.50 from Waterloo. I expect, D.V. we shall come on—Papa, Madge and I—by the 11.50 Saturday, due Dorchester 1.56 for lunch at 2.30.

I am just off to get a ‘ Cat ’¹ for Guy, a silver cup of some sort with

Crest

Au bon droit

GUY from GEORGE

April 1899 : April 1902

Per tot discrimina rerum

¹ ‘ A cat in a bag.’ A family expression for a surprise present.

which is as who should say, 'Through so many bedevilments of affairs.' It is from Virgil of Æneas—one of the nine Worthies—getting home at last, with household Gods, to the strand of Lavinia after his many notable adventures by sea and land. Hoo Roo !

327

To his Sister, Pamela

WESTBROOK,
UPWEY, April 27th, 1902.

I must share with you, and the others if you think it worth sending on, some little bits of our great experience in welcoming dear old Guy.

But it can only be little bits, for, as you know better than most, the great occasions of life, particularly if long, must be lived. The sluice gates of perception are all drawn up and every minute of long-drawn hours floods your soul with the usual, the unusual, and the unexampled, each sharply defined and preternaturally significant.

We arrived at Southampton about 6.30, Papa, Sibell and self, and met there Madge and Walter. We knew from a notice that the ship could not be in before 7 o'clock next morning and from charts we made out the berth she would take up. But this would not suffice. We reconnoitred—Papa and I—the mile and a quarter of wind-swept desolation to the ocean quay, pursued sometimes by three engines abreast, for the whole extent is one level crossing. The great ships and deep docks, the rubbish heaps and refreshment shanties became then and remain for ever permanent fixtures in the retentive memory of over-wrought expectation.

We reported that at any hour of the night we could find the way at a moment's notice, and gave orders to be called at 4.30 a.m. although told with some insistence that we should be warned an hour and a half before the ship came in, on receipt of a wire signalling her at Hurst Castle. Some of the party, none the less, kept waking all night and at five minutes to four, I bounded out of bed, unable to keep from 'doing.' So Madge, Walter and I fared out at 5.20 and reached the berth, No. 35, at quarter to six. We got up a great excitement on seeing a Union-Castle Liner turn the corner of Calshot Castle at that moment and steam in. But no. She anchored, and was not the Dunvegan Castle. The wind was bitter. We tried three mugs of tea and two ice-cakes for 4d. in the navvies' beer-hall. Then Sibell arrived, having missed Papa. No hope of the ship

before 7.30. So back I sent her out of the wind ; followed, and finding her and Papa at the Dock Gates, back we came again arriving this time at 7 o'clock, with the certainty of having but one half hour to wait. Then suddenly in the offing, mysteriously sharp and magically tall, was the prow of our ship—only twenty minutes more to wait and the prow was visibly, though slowly, growing taller and taller, dominating the tugs and anchored yachts and proving how absurd it had been to magnify the smaller vessels of the past hour and a half with *the ship*.

Then she began to turn. We took up a good position, craning our necks and straining our eyes to scan the long row of faces. No one we knew on the forecastle, or the waist, or the stern, and then again just as the chill began to grip expectation, quite simply Guy slung out of the stern cabin-shelter longer of limb and broader of shoulder than our memory of him ; and Minnie all laughter by his side. We waved, they waved. The crowd on the Quay jammed the navvies with the gangway, feeble handkerchiefs were fluttered by the foolish fond, there were some gulps and nervous little cheers. A lady who had not seen her husband for three years scuttled on board with the luggage porters and seemed about to kiss everybody. And there was Guy ten yards off, tall and big and calm, smiling and finishing a cigarette.

Then we ground each other's hands and grinned and exchanged light pats on the shoulder. And so in two flies to breakfast, with bouquet and Cup of welcome. Hubbub quadrupled by Mai West and Daisy Pless.

Madge and Walter had confided to us that Upwey meant to welcome Guy. They were afraid he would be annoyed, had done their best to restrain the village enthusiasm. But not at all. The villagers had never seen Guy ; but he was coming back from the war to the ' big house ' and they were not going to be done out of proprietary rights in the Colonel ! During a three hours creeping journey along Poole harbour and the Hampshire coast little Walter kept giggling. It was impossible to explain that his ebullitions were due to the promised reception, and we had some difficulty in starting fresh topics to cover these bursts of hilarity. At Bournemouth a porter—ex-soldier—insisted on brushing Guy's khaki coat. As we swung out of the Dorchester tunnel the ' murder was out.' Flags were flying across the streets and from the trees of the straggling village suddenly revealed. We drew up ; and had our first sight of a figure that was to pervade and dominate all subsequent proceedings, giving that touch of

the absurd which is essential to relieve the pathetic. There he was—Mr. Drake by name—once reputed to have been a soldier and anyhow claiming to have a son at the war.

He had been inspired beyond the highest flight ever attained by R. Caldecott, to mount a shaggy black village pony with rope bridle, and for the greater glory, my dear, had armed himself with a large *wooden* hay-fork, to one tip and to the handle of which were tied the two corners of a large red and white flag, like a Giant's Bandana. We saw him mount, assisted by many, to be in the saddle before the train alarmed his steed. Some cheers were given, Guy touched his khaki staff-cap; Minnie grinned over her bouquet, and Mr. Drake took command. Minnie and Guy in seats of honour were ushered into a village landau with one white horse, jogged with difficulty into a shamble by flyman, with hat brushed the wrong way. Madge and I scrambled into a dog-cart. Mr. Drake having held up his banner, called for 'Three cheers for Colonel Wyndham,' and took his post at the head of the column.

Westbrook House is not three furlongs from the station. But you must not think we were to drive there straight. We went up the valley and down again, past every house which could pretend to be included in Upwey.. Flags flew, and bunches of laurel decked the handles of mops ingeniously secured by shutting down the windows on their heads.

Mr. Drake held up his fork in warning and cried, Halt! The old horse was slowly unharnessed and the patriots proceeded to drag the carriage by a rope. We were now complete in our parade for the avenue: Drake mounted and flourishing his fork: then the draggers, then the landau bearing the flyman aloft, whose hat, now that his occupation was gone, seemed twice brushed the wrong way: the Colonel and his lady; all the school-children hanging on behind, and last Madge, straining her wrists not to run over them. At the bridge, in front of the gates, the Chairman of the Parish Council stopped the cortege and made a few appropriate remarks. Guy said nothing, but saluted; and with a cheer in we went through the fluttering flags in the grounds, to look up and see little Dick held up at the window, in a quilt, and darling Mamma with a nurse clinging to each of her arms. Drake, the immortal Drake had saved the situation! The nurses were anxious that the emotion would be too much for Mamma. But when Drake rode in even she could smile and laugh.

We have all been perfectly happy. Guy looks stronger and greater than ever; talks as slowly and contentedly as ever. So let us all thank God, and sing God save the King.



GEORGE AND GUY WYNDHAM.

At Upwey, after latter's return from South African War.

328

*To his Mother*HOUSE OF COMMONS,
April 29th, 1902.

I missed seeing you in the hurry of departure. What a wonderful two days we had. I hope to come again next Saturday.

I have just received a second wonderful gift. Some days ago I was given a beautiful green enamel and rose diamond pin of Lord Edward's. Yesterday an unknown—letter enclosed and please keep it—sent me a beautiful seal that belonged to him. Herewith is an impression of it.

329

*To his Mother*HOUSE OF COMMONS,
July 15th, 1902.

Many thanks for your letter. Dear Lord S.¹ has sloped away with characteristic 'insouciance.'

The papers are very ignorant of constitutional procedure.

What is called a Prime Minister or Premier does not exist constitutionally.

The Sovereign has the right to send for anyone and to ask him to 'form an administration.' If he succeeds he is Prime Minister until he dies or resigns. When he resigns he advises the Sovereign to send for some one else. In the more usual case of resignation after defeat in the House or at the Polls he advises the Sovereign to send for the leader of the opposite party. When that happens everybody realizes that one Government or properly, Administration has come to an end and that another must be formed.

But when, as now, he resigns and advises that one of his supporters should be sent for the same holds good. Arthur could, in theory, appoint new men to all the offices. We only go on by grace and for convenience.

Of course he will do nothing of the kind. His first act was to secure Chamberlain and Devonshire and to try and secure Beach.

Nobody knows how big the shuffle will be or when it will begin: not, I imagine, before the 9th August.

I hope they will do it then as the Press paragraphs and expectant eyes of aspirants are neither of them very pretty.

¹ Lord Salisbury had resigned the Premiership and was succeeded by Mr. Arthur Balfour.

330

To his Mother

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN, *September 5th, 1902.*

I loved your birthday letter. We had a rush of 'diversion' here during horse-show week and, even now, the house keeps pretty full, especially at meals.

It is a great joy to have Dorothy, who wears delightful clothes and wreaths and looks very pretty.

We ride in the morning with a dear collie dog, Chief, who barks and pretends to hunt the cows and jumps up at our horses' noses.

Then people come to lunch and dinner and we talk of nothing but Ireland.

I am absorbed in my work. Ireland is more interesting than at any time since '87. There is more to win and lose in the next six months than ever before. A certain amount of fighting is necessary to prevent them from bullying each other. But with that there are better hopes of a larger peace than I have seen.

I have bombarded the new Chancellor, Ritchie, with memoranda and have boiled down all that can be done into a simple comprehensive policy : that can be stated on a sheet of notepaper.

To-morrow I go to stay on an island near Cork with Penrose Fitzgerald. On Monday to Fota with Barrymore. On Tuesday Sibell, Perf, self and the Lyttons visit the Cork Exhibition and lunch with the Lord Mayor.

Wednesday to Adare and back Thursday. I doubt if I shall get to the West : perhaps for a day to Kin Cassla in Donegal from Baron's Court and Belfast.

We are all very well and occupied. But I long for you to be here. You must come next September. By then it may be that the clouds of Coercion will have broken and that some results of work will begin to be visible.

331

To the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour

Private and Confidential.

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
September 30th, 1902.

The two enclosures from the 'Daily Independent' bear on the prospects of your Education Bill, i.e. on the life of this Administration.

The anticipations on which I ventured in my last letter have been confirmed sooner and more nakedly than I had dared to hope.

Redmond has called a Party meeting at which it is expected that he will counsel his followers to leave the Education Bill in the lurch. The 'Daily Independent' in these two issues at last draws the sword and goes 'bald-headed' against such tactics which are manœuvred by T. P. O'Connor and vigorously conducted here by Davitt.

This is good in itself. It is also good as showing that the moderates and Tim Healy think the time has come. They would not allow their organ to 'come into the open' unless they believed that the tide was with them and against the 'wreckers.'

A section of the Irish Party and a majority—as I hold—of Nationalists in the country wish to support the Government until you have passed the Education Bill and until the Government has passed a Land Bill giving, if possible, larger facilities for settlement than the Bill before the House.

If Redmond, under the influence of T. P. and Davitt in respect of Denominational Education and of O'Brien in respect of Agrarianism, persists in trying to hit the Government by intriguing with the Radical Nonconformists, there will be a 'split.' The fact that Healyites and moderates support you will not injure you with your Unionist supporters for they will do so *against* Redmond and O'Brien, i.e. against those who have played at sedition and promoted agrarian oppression.

If you stick to the present position in the Bill in so far as it favours R. Catholic schools in England and help me by reducing the 'instalment' for purchase you will retain a considerable amount of Irish support, not of a compromising character and you will 'split' Redmond's party.

P.S.—I have just revisited Belmullet and Erris. Do you remember our appalling drive through that desolation in Jan. 1901? They still swear by you in the far West and even lit a tar-barrel in my honour. I can win if allowed to go ahead on Purchase.

332

To Mrs. Drew

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
October 4th, 1902.

I am full of sorrow for much that goes on here, but far fuller of hope for much that will go on; and sooner than I dared to hope. Mayo is, as you say, a 'brick,' and so are many on both

sides, if they only knew how to apprise each other of the fact. Sometimes I almost wish to be out of office so as to speak and *write* all that is in my mind. I wished you could have been with us in the Far West the other day. I took Sibell, Minnie Ebury, Lytton, and Secretaries, by 7 a.m. train to Mallaranny in Clew Bay ; they all behaved beautifully—getting up at 5.30, as of course, preserving astonishing appetite for coarse food, and maintaining the temper of Angels.

Sibell was a revelation to the Cotters in their Hovels, full of beasts and filth. On Achill they said ‘ We have seen many ladies, but you are the first that has been kind to us.’ I took them out to Clare Island, back to Mallaranny, and then at 5 p.m. steamed round Achill Head and anchored at 9.30 p.m.

I had effected a concentration of Chairmen, Board of Works, Fishery Commissioners, Engineers, etc. It was splendid to see them thaw and then glow and shine.

I started 8 next day from the ship ; rowed ashore, drove 7 miles to Belmullet, saw the Priest, set down the ‘ Board of Works ’ on the spot, and then drove on through Erris to the most man-forsaken wilderness God ever continued to remember. If I told one-tenth of what it is, I should be condemned as a sentimental idiot ; there are no fences, no *roads*, and typhus fever most years. I drove and walked all day : they want so much help and *direction* ; they are quite outside politics ; do not know the name of their Member, some of them. I got back to Belmullet at 6.15, and there behold two deputations, and finally a bonfire and a speech (!) to the crowd.

I keep all this to myself as the newspapers are too idle and malicious. We got to the shore about 8.30 and were carried pick-a-back to the boat through 50 yards of water, to go to the ship about 9 p.m. It was a day never to be forgotten, and ought to give me enough ‘ steam ’ and guidance to get something done at last.

The next day was peerless : an opal sea, the sun rising, a crimson sphere, clean out of his bath, and the cone of Slievemore suspended, like Japan’s Fusiyama, high in heaven over the faint mist. So I took a header into the Atlantic at 6.30 and swam through the opal waters. We started at 7.30 and did all we had to do, steaming across Blacksod Bay, and then cruising up a creek for miles in the boat. The sticky Engineer became ecstatic and, one way or another, these people shall get their chance.

Sibell started with me by 7 a.m. train the next morning and visited Foxford for five hours on the way back. Since then I have been immersed in the ‘ Land Question ’ here.

I have great faith and believe the time has nearly come. Archbishop Walsh wrote a Christian letter to to-day's paper and the Landowners' Convention is beginning to help.

333

To Mrs. Drew

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
October 7th, 1902.

Dunraven has weighed in with a fine letter on Land. The pace here is becoming delirious, so that London, even with Cabinet, will seem a stagnant pool.

Nothing permanent can be done here until we settle the Land and Catholic Higher Education. I am up to my neck in both, and up to my knees in the next. You ought to watch a paper here called the 'Daily Independent.' It is beginning to represent the sane men.

No time now for more than thanks from the heart. I should love to see you and talk as on that Spring morning in the Dutch garden at Eaton.

I too have been longing for Kipling. . . . Walter Scott made Scotland.

334

*To Sir David Harrel**Private.*

IRISH OFFICE, OLD QUEEN STREET,
October 22nd, 1902.

Sir A. M.¹ called on me the day before yesterday and accepted unconditionally, stipulating only that I would put him, in so far as I could, in a position to master the administrative and financial conditions of all the Boards.

I propose to allow 10 days or a fortnight to elapse before making any public announcement. I contemplate working, unaided by you, with the deepest regret. I count on seeing you at Christmas and can never sufficiently express my gratitude for the help you have given me and for the friendship which will, I trust and know, endure long after we have both forgotten the difficulties and successes, hopes and disappointments of Irish Government.

¹ Sir Antony MacDonnell who succeeded Sir David Harrel as Under-Secretary.

335

*To Mrs. Drew*PARK LANE,
November 22nd, 1902.

In the midst of O'Brien's uproar I wanted to tell you that the 'hissing' and the rest of it, made no shadow of difference to what I stated in my last letter after my plunge into the Atlantic. I have a conviction—almost superstitious—that from October of this year the change in Ireland has begun.

I hope you approve my appointment of Sir Antony Mac-Donnell? I took that as a test of my superstition. It was a difficult thing to get done. On one night in September I thought I had failed. But I returned to the charge and won. The 'Westminster' and all the Liberal papers are behaving very well.

Sibell and self go to Windsor to-day till Monday with Arthur Balfour; this also will help.

336

*To his Father*CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN, December 17th, 1902.

I was right in my impression of the run on Tuesday. It has already ceased to be the run of the season and become historic. The pundits of the chase, after careful comparison, give it the record, till now held by the Warrenstown run of years ago, of which the track is traced and framed in Harry Bourke's house. They now say that we went $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles as the crow flies and 22 as hounds ran.

I only rode for one hour and persisted for another twenty minutes at a trot on the roads etc. The real point was that we galloped for 53 minutes. After that they muddled on for three hours in all and the fox saved his brush because every horse was stone cold.

It was just like my luck to fall into a historic run at the *first draw* of my season. The legend of it is expanding day by day. Next week it will be a twenty mile point! Luckily I did not know that the third fence was a noted chasm. It appears that we jumped the Ratoath drain and the Sutherland double in the first six fences. That, at the delirious pace we maintained for fifty minutes, with one hover, accounts for the fact that one hundred and fifty people never saw us again.

But, on my bay horse, Martin, I was sublimely unconscious; only realizing that I had attained felicity.

To-day, with the Kildares, we had a fair hunting run ; forty-three minutes from find to kill in the open from Betaghstown Bog, by Clane to Bellavilla.

I rode Michael and he jumped ' like the book of Arithmetic.'

337

To the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour

MOUNTSTEWART, NEWTOWNARDS,
Co. DOWN, *January 11th, 1903.*

Your letter has only just reached me here on a Sunday. The facts of the situation fall into two groups :—

1. The Conference and its Report have been a great success, not only in essence but—and in Ireland this is equally important—in effect also on public opinion of all kinds. Notably the Landowners' Convention have blessed the Report. Londonderry, Barrymore and Erne, all here, are pleased—very pleased—tho' inclined to attribute the result [more] to the folly of the Nationalists than to the wits of Dunraven. I think Dunraven has done very well and have written privately to say so.

2. Ritchie bound me over not to hint at any considerable loan being put on the market until after the South African loan was floated. Per contra, I have a letter from a London Financier—to wit Sir G. Faudel-Phillips—received to-day, who urges me to go ahead now.

It is difficult to 'stage-manage' a delay till late in March. In the light of the slight collision between these two groups of facts, I should, if I were you, acknowledge the Report and congratulate on the way the Conference has handled *many* of the difficulties, adding that there are other aspects, also presenting difficulties, which will receive from the Government the attention which the great importance of the whole question deserves : or words to that effect. The Post is going. I will write again further. We are all very sanguine over here. Note that the 'Times' of to-day has a good helpful leader.

I believe we shall succeed.

338

To his Mother

CHIEF SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
DUBLIN CASTLE, *Sunday, January 25th, 1903.*

A thousand thanks for the beautiful 'Victory.' I could not guess from whom it came and only discovered just before your letter to Sibell arrived. Robertson had written to say ;

but his letter was opened by secretaries who assumed that I knew from you. One wing, alas! had come off, broken. So she is a 'winged' Victory in more senses than one and, therefore, far more like such victories as we win here and more likely to prove a true emblem and harbinger. And, besides, Sibell says she can mend the wing with milk, and this, also, would be normal. She is very beautiful and buoyant: the Niké of Samothrace who stood on the prow of a war-galley.

I began to spell 'buoyant' the wrong way. That reminds me that Dermot [Mayo], when drafting the final Report of the Land Conference during Dunraven's absence, put down his pen and asked, 'How do you spell "grievance"?' eliciting the exclamation 'You're a nice Irishman not to know how to spell grievance!'

I had three days hunting last week and am glowing with health in consequence. This sounds idle. But the fact is I have got far ahead of colleagues in London and leaders of sections here. So I must pull up and wait.

On Tuesday in the hunting-field I saw a stranger whom it was impossible to classify: impeccably dressed in scarlet and leathers, with a port-wine coloured hunting-collar. Yet he was 'foreign'; though with a shrewd clean-shaved face and twinkling Irish eyes. I heard he was an American master of hounds. He rode desperately hard. I got myself introduced and found he was Mr. Collier, master of hounds in New Jersey, staying with John Watson, and buying all his horses from him. I asked him to dine and found he had been a poor Irish boy who, aged twelve, hunted on a donkey with Watson's father in Carlow. He went to America, became the greatest *publisher* (!) there; paying £60,000 a year in wages. He told me that he knew and liked Percy Wyndham¹ and had mounted him.

Percy Wyndham came to stay here yesterday, so I asked Collier too and had an 'Industrial Revival' dinner last night: Collier, the successful emigrant who rides hard; Percy, our diplomatist at Washington; La Touche, the manager of Guinness Brewery; Father Finlay, the chief supporter of Horace Plunkett in co-operative farming, industries etc.; Pirrie, the brains of Belfast ship-building, and Hanson. We sat at the table till 10 to 11 p.m. and I never assisted at a keener symposium.

They are all beginning to catch my optimism. The Chief Justice makes jokes about the Millennium from the bench. The lion frisks with the lamb. The serpent coos from a branch. The dove says there is a good deal of pigeon-nature in the serpent after all.

¹ George Wyndham's cousin.

How long will it last? I hope until I have started other projects to engage everyone's attention, excite their hopes, and stimulate their generous emulation. But, as I said, for the moment I must make a 'check' and give them time to breathe.

Steeds told me a good story on that. A wild young rough-rider in Limerick had been pounding everyone, riding very jealous. The hounds checked. He deliberately trotted into the middle of the pack and began circling round and round through them. 'My God!' cried out the next man to arrive, 'are you mad?' 'No,' was the answer, 'I'm beat, and I'm dispersing the dogs. You'll none of ye go on.'

339

To Mrs. Drew

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
February 2nd, 1903.

'How you do go it!'—that is a quotation from a song about a blackbird. In the rush here your letter only came to me through Secretaries, late last night. To-day I am meditating a revised version of the Psalms: 'O that my friend would write a preface that *I* might correct his proofs and leave no opportunity for revision.'¹

I wired the printers to await my revise. Perhaps it is too late. If so, no matter. If not, I am introducing a fair compromise on your emendations, etc., etc. There is a hopeless misprint—*Parsonian* for *Porsonian*. A playful allusion to a well-known story of Porson, who slipped up and sat down when trying to open his hall door, and said 'D—n the laws of Nature!' Otherwise all may stand, and I think I have behaved very well. Indeed, I am glad and grateful to you for liking it at all.

They have just shown me a joyous passage in to-day's 'Irish Society.' 'Lady MacCalmont has presented a monkey to the Zoological Gardens. It is her son who has inherited the MacCalmont Millions.'

This would have pleased Ruskin *and* your Father.

The blackbird song runs:

'O Blackbird, what a boy you are,
How you do go it!
Blowing your bugle to a star,
How you do blow it!

So we who love Ireland will blow our bugle to a star.

¹ George Wyndham had written a preface to the privately printed volume of letters from Ruskin to Mrs. Drew. Mrs. Drew corrected and altered the proofs and sent them to the publisher with instructions to print, if not hearing to the contrary from the author *within twelve hours*.

340

To Charles T. Gatty

35 PARK LANE, W.,
Sunday, 5th April 1903.

T.'s¹ letter is encouraging. I am looking forward to Wednesday as a real treat and *rest*. You and T. see things and feel them as I do. With all the others—except Arthur Balfour—Irish or English, there is so much else of politics and commerce mixed up.

They are sincere and honest, and so on; but they have not the single desire that men, women and children should be happy and hopeful in Ireland, and the single belief that this can only be by the Grace of God and not by our ingenuity and industry.

It will refresh me to be with you two.

341

To Sidney C. Cockerell

BABRAHAM,
 CAMBRIDGE, 14 May 1903.

My father sent me 'Letters to Ireland'²—given to him by you.

I have been here to 'pick up' after the influenza. In the few minutes that remain before I start to replunge, let me say :—

(1) That peasant-proprietors afford the best, perhaps the only, form of community in which there is now scope for all that you desire. They will receive delight from the processes of the year and return it, during long winter months, in beautiful handiwork, but (2) their handiwork cannot receive, any more than their crops, that due meed of security, food and raiment, unless it can be brought to market by organized transport at fair rates. (3) Unless it is brought to market it cannot influence the world.

No man, or community, can live unto itself alone. If cut off from the Human Race he, and they, wither.

Ireland is going to revolutionize America, and America the World.

¹ T. Healy.

² The pamphlet referred to was written by Lady Margaret Sackville.

342

To his Father

35 PARK LANE, W.,
Tuesday, June 2nd, 1903.

We go to France to-morrow. I am not going to rush about or see things. Our plan is to get away to see leafage in June weather. So we go to Amiens—a short journey—and on to Compiègne. There I shall spend three quiet days in the Forest and simply exist.

I send you a good letter from Perf about the terrible fire at Eton. Sibell went there to-day. Percy says that Kindersley, the master, was magnificent. Arthur Ellis who met Sibell told her that all the boys in and out of Kindersley's house behaved splendidly. Nobody lost his head. But for this many would have been burned. All the bars were taken away to-day. It took the carpenter *an hour* to remove them from one window in Percy's house.

The time has not yet come for me to discuss the Tariff problem fully. My modest hope is to adjourn that time. The worst battles are those in which the advance guard is prematurely committed.

343

To his Son

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
25th June '03.

Your Mamma is much concerned at your Ascot performance. I am very *sorry* that you went after the new regulations (absence at 4 and 6) which make it a more serious offence than in old days, I imagine. You are sensible enough not to do foolish things.

Your Mamma says she has written suggesting that you should tell Mr. de Havilland. You must decide on this for yourself. It may be that to do so might get the others into trouble. In that case it may be right to say nothing. You must be the judge.

But, *of course*, if you are asked a question by anyone who has the *right* to ask it, your tutor or House-master, or other person in authority, you will simply tell the truth about *yourself*.

The Land Bill is going on well. Don't spoil my pleasure in that by doing silly things. But, anyhow, come to me if you ever get into a scrape.

344

To his Mother

MADRESFIELD COURT,
MALVERN LINK, *June 26th, 1903.*

I thought of you a great deal yesterday and we had one surprise in bird-life which you would have enjoyed. Sibell, or Letty, said after lunch 'What an extraordinary bird there is on the lawn. Is it a young pheasant?' We looked and saw that it had a red back to its head, dark cheeks and a long bill which it kept driving into the ground. We got glasses and watched it from a window not twenty yards off. It was the *big* woodpecker! I had never seen one before and there he was on the lawn quite close to us. If only we had possessed a camera we might have won a prize in *Country Life*. He was huge—nearly, if not quite, as big as the white doves on the lawn with him. I stalked him afterwards and put him up three yards from my feet. As he flew away his back was quite green and his head crimson. Then I examined the ground and saw that he had been driving his bill an inch into the earth to eat *ants* in the beginnings of ant-heaps. So there is no doubt about him.

With many, many many happy returns to us all of your birthday.

345

*To the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour**Confidential.*

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHŒNIX PARK, DUBLIN, *July 24th, 1903.*

A slight personal difficulty has arisen out of the great success of the King's visit.

Knollys told me yesterday, confidentially, that the King was most anxious to do something for me and asked me if there was anything I would accept. I said—quite sincerely—that I was touched and honoured but that the King could do nothing for me and that I should consider his 'personal thanks' as the highest honour.

To-day Knollys sent for me again and said the King earnestly desired to give me the G.C. of the new Imperial Service Order, I.S.O.

I pointed out the objections to Knighthoods entertained by Cabinet Ministers in the Commons. (For myself I do not object much except to 'Sir George,' being old-fashioned enough

to prize a personal act of the Sovereign when, as in this case, he has moved me by his extraordinary kindness and appreciation.) I went on to say that it was not possible for me to set a precedent and begged him to convey my deep gratitude for the thought which the King had entertained. Knollys, later to-day, told me that the King was disappointed; that Cross and Bannerman had accepted G.C.'s etc.

So I write to you, as a friend, to ask whether you think it a mistake, on *public grounds*, that a Minister in the Commons should accept an honour. On personal grounds I dislike the thought of being 'Sir George'; care neither way about a decoration; but am troubled at seeming ungrateful and obstinate to the King, who has done so much here for lasting good and has quite won my heart by his kindness to me.

346

To his Sister, Pamela

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHŒNIX PARK, 25 July 1903.

I must begin a letter to you to-day—perhaps finish it—as you, more than anyone else, will appreciate the dramatic and pathetic completeness of the triumph which the King and Queen have won in Irish hearts. You love them because you have a fountain of loyalty in you which must gush out if it is allowed a channel. That is just how it is with the Irish and how it has ever been. But they have hardly ever been given a channel for their loyalty. In all history the only sovereigns who ever tried, even, to be Kings to them were John, Richard II., and George IV.; a sorry trio. But the Irish loved them; the first two, to failure and death; the last, until he turned on them or from them, and threw in his lot wholly with Orange uncouthness. I exclude James II., because he only went to Ireland to fight for his own crown and failed to do that.

To begin at the end, the situation was summed up this morning by a little girl, one of the thousands and thousands of children who for days have done nothing but smile and cheer and wave and yearn towards the King and Queen. She said to the philanthropist who was marshalling them for the last goodbye—'I am so glad that we may love the King now because he spoke so nicely about the Pope.'

I revert to the beginning and the simple narration of things as I saw them.

26 July 1903.

On Monday 20th, I caught the Irish mail (8.45 p.m.) from the House of Commons, found it full of Irish notables, (laid down 4 hours sleep to have it in hand) and was met at Holyhead by a naval officer in a white cap. We climbed across a couple of ships to a steam pinnace and waited for the King's messenger in the second half of the mail. The waning moon hung low with a planet for pendant. The transparent sky paled towards dawn. The iron-clads seemed grey monsters in the distance. At last the second half droned in, a string of lights, and, with our King's messenger and despatch boxes aboard, we ripped through the dawn-tinted glassy sea out to the Royal Yacht, with the grey monsters for her advance guard. My cabin was large, with pretty, clean chintzes and pale blue silk duvet on the berth. It was too beautiful to sleep. I watched the daylight grow, or Torpedo-catchers tear by like nightmares; heard the clock strike 4 and 5, and dropped off to the sound of weighing anchor. I woke at 7 to a sense of discouragement. The fairy serenity of overnight and dawn had changed to grey skies, grey seas, white horses and pitiless, plunging rain. Through the mist and torrents the grey monsters on either side moved on, ignoring the waves. The Kish lifeboat danced foolishly in a flutter of many-coloured bunting, and popped off two two-penny guns whose smoke merged in the mist and surf.

I bathed, dressed in uniform with medals and Patrick badge, longed for breakfast, met Lds. Knollys, Churchill, Admiral Stevenson, Condie Stephens, etc., all more or less in uniform, and all longing for breakfast. The rain still fell, but less relentlessly. I could not forego the entry; so mounted to hurricane deck and watched the greater herd of grey monsters—all the Channel and Home Fleets—reaching in a giant avenue out to sea. We passed between them. Each was manned, and from each a bugle blew as we passed. The rack began to lift. Watery gleams spread and contracted, to spread again through the French-grey and chalky leadenness of the clouds over the Wicklow mountains. Kingstown a mile ahead blazed with bunting, like beds of geranium and calceolaria, with numberless white yachts within the moles. Torpedo-catchers again ploughed by, and, at last, breakfast.

We began this with an awkward mixture of free and easy help-yourself added to attentions from powdered footmen in scarlet liveries. Nobody was at ease. The ladies looked as if it was earlier than usual. Knollys asked me what I thought of the Pope's death. The rain still fell, but now in jewels.

An empty place at the head of the table next me had three substantial silver dishes, covered, in front of it. A hasty signal from Churchill warned me off them and to the sideboard for my food. As I returned in came the King, fresh, happy, most kind, in uniform, and everybody was at their ease. The Pope's death and the weather did not matter so much.

He ate well, looked well, spoke well. 'The Pope's dead, of course we had expected it.' . . . 'A boiled egg.' . . . 'Did you sleep well?' . . . 'Some more bacon.' . . . 'You are my Minister in attendance as well as Chief Secretary, you know.' . . . And so on with greatest kindness, good sense and calm, monumental confidence that everything does go right.

With but 20 minutes to spare before landing, but without a trace of effort or fuss, I found myself smoking a cigarette with him, altering the reply to the Kingstown address under his instructions; getting it type-written, countermanding the Theatre, writing and telegraphing to Cardinal Logue, sending a communiqué to the Press, all as if there was any amount of time and no difficulties and the kindness beaming every moment more benignant and all-embracing.

Off I went in a steam pinnace, landed under an awning of white and old gold in stripes eighteen inches wide. On the wide red carpet were Duchess of Connaught, two little princesses and Lady Dudley in chairs; Dudley and Vice-Regal Court, the Deputation, and beyond State carriages, escort, soldiers, crowds, grand-stands packed, and, to the booming of salutes from all the grey monsters, the King's barge of deep navy blue, with a huge Royal ensign, was pulled up by 12 blue-jackets. It was the first of many moments that thrilled.

We drove, mostly at a walk, through 11 miles of bunting and cheering crowds; growing denser and more vociferous. It culminated in the triangular space bounded by Trinity College and the old Parliament House. My companions of the English Court began to admit that the people were really there and really jubilant. Every window and housetop was packed. The Bands took up 'God save the King' for mile after mile; the colours fell flat in the mud as the Sovereign passed. They cheered me a good deal, and the Land Bill and Wolseley and Bobs.¹ As we reached the Vice-Regal the sun went in and the rain poured down. The King and Queen shook hands with us all, seeming as ever to be in no hurry and only engaged in making every one happy.

This and the prolonged roar, blare, glare, glitter and glamour of two variegated, agitated, sonorous hours, telescoped the

¹ Lord Roberts.

long, grey expectation of the morning, so that Kingstown and the Fleet became old memories, and the moon over Holyhead Harbour an experience in another life. (Aside to Pamela) 'I doubt whether a letter on this scale can be finished—However. . . .'

At my Lodge I found Sibell, Ormonde, Constance Butler, Dunraven and Lady—vague as usual; and Col. Brock, the Queen's Equerry, and many more, then or later, for I have no recollection of the people who have slept and fed here.

Tuesday evening we dined at Vice-Regal Lodge with the King and Queen. I sat next to Princess Victoria. She is good, gentle and sensible and absolutely unselfish. We had great fun; Lady Gosford on my right; the Queen giving us little nods and smiles, pretending to be shocked and being amused at our laughing and chatter. Lady Gosford, wife of an ultra landlord, has made friends with me, and frankly acknowledges that the people do cheer the King more than in Scotland or London. The Queen talked to me after dinner and is delicious.

Wednesday 22nd. Started at 10 a.m., with Ormonde in full fig, sociable and pair, etc. Was cheered on the way. Chaffed Ormonde for being in infantry uniform. He explained that he was Colonel of the Kilkenny Militia, 'a fine lot of rebels, but they fought wonderfully well in South Africa.'

In St. Patrick's Hall, Arthur Ellis and others coached us. I knew my part pretty well, but it is a strain to cling to the King's reply and learn up all the deputations in their order. There were 82 of them. The roar of cheers, 'God save the King,' clatter of the escort, and we process and group ourselves about the Throne. I stood on the steps and presented each of the 82 deputations. *They* were to present the addresses. But they did anything but that; shook the King's hand and marched off with address under arm; were retrieved and address extracted. The last touch came, when the spokesman of the Land Surveyors touched the tip of the King's fingers, shot the address into the waste-paper basket (into which I threw the cards after calling the names) and bolted at five miles an hour. The Queen was very naughty and did her best to make me laugh, so that my next was delivered in quavering tones. Yet the Queen did this in such a way as to make everyone, including the culprit, feel comfortable and witty. I cannot adequately express the kindness and coolness of the King. He coached them in a fat, cosy whisper 'Hand me the address,' and then accepted it with an air and gracious bow, as if gratified at finding such adepts in Court ceremonial.

The only people who approached him in simplicity and charm, were the two carmen who presented an address signed by 1200 jarveys. Only the Irish can do these things. They had not put on Sunday best, but their best ordinary clothes, scrupulously brushed. They never faltered and invented something between a bow and a curtsy that seemed exactly appropriate.

After that a levee of 1500. We all got tired ; for the sun beat in on our eyes. It did, however, come to an end. There was just time to get back, lunch and change into frock coat, then off to Vice-Regal to see the King at 3.30. He, in no hurry and, if possible, with greater kindness, discussed many points which had arisen, suggested emendations in replies, all of them happy and dead on the bull's eye. At 4 p.m. I started with King, Queen and Princess Victoria. He has always made me drive in their carriage. The enthusiasm of the crowd was even greater than on Tuesday. For 3 miles to Trinity one roar of cheers and frenzy of handkerchiefs. Every woman with a baby in Dublin was there to jump him up and down at the King ; every ragged urchin, every sleek shopkeeper—every rough, every battered old Irish-woman with jewel eyes in wrinkled Russian leather face. They do not say 'God save the King' as we do, anyhow. They lift their hands to Heaven to imprecate 'God BLESS the King,' as if adjuring the Deity to fulfil their most ardent desire and His most obvious duty. You may have read of Trinity. The papers did not repeat the drive back. We returned by Sackville Street—the finest in Dublin—and here the people became merely delirious. They worked themselves into an ecstasy and all sang 'God save the King.' The Queen kept pointing to this or that tatterdemalion saying 'The poorer they are, Mr. Wyndham, the louder they cheer.' We went on through the poorest parts by North Circular road, and ever and always, there was the same intense emotion. It brought tears to the Queen's eyes, and a lump in my throat. No one who did not drive in their carriage will ever know how mesmeric it was. It made me understand the Mussulman conquests and the Crusades. For here was a whole population in hysteria. Polo was still going on as we neared the Vice-Regal Gates and—at the end of such a day—nothing would serve but that we should drive on to the grass. The Queen asked them to play an extra ten minutes, for the game was over. And they did play to the tune of 'If doughty deeds my lady please.' Nobody, however, was killed. Though in one charge they drove a pony on to the rail, and turned him and rider head over heels into the spectators. We had a dinner party that night.

Thursday 23rd. Presented colours to the Hibernian School of little soldier boys. And then to the Review. This was the culmination. We rode in a cavalcade from the Vice-Regal, grooms, escort, etc., then the King and Duke of Connaught. He asked me to ride just behind him with Duke of Portland. I wore my Yeomanry uniform and rode a little thoroughbred mare I had commandeered from the 21st Lancers. As we started the royal salute opened. At the Gate a scene, which I shall never forget, began. The Phoenix monument was a pyramid of mad humanity, screaming, blessing, waving hats and handkerchiefs, and so on down an interminable lane of frenzied enthusiasm. I love riding and a row; but never before, or again, shall I witness such a sight. Some people thought it dangerous. But our blood was up and the King paced on perfectly calm among dancing dervishes and horses mad with fear and excitement. Even the horses of the Blues got quite out of control, rearing and pirouetting. It looked as if they must knock the King over. But as they plunged towards him, the Duke of Connaught or Roberts moved between and Portland or self backed up. You must imagine 100 acres of green sward, framed by trees, with the mountains beyond changing under shafts of light between storms that never burst. There were thunderstorms all round; but a sheet of burning sunshine on the review. The horses, maddened by the cheers from a Nation, did knock down the whole of the Admirals and Captains specially invited from the Fleet. We rode away and down the line, my mare just behaved with enough spirit. And now, as I tell you everything, I will tell you two things that pleased me. Yesterday, a carman said to me—‘We knew you in your uniform and watched you all the time with glasses from the wall.’ And that afternoon the Queen said to me—‘How beautifully you ride.’ She knows how to say what will please.

Overnight Osbert Lumley told me that the great point, the ‘clou’ as they say in France, was to be that the cavalry would line the whole route back to the Vice-Regal gates. This nearly settled the business. The stupendous cheering and surging of the crowds drove the horses out of their senses. Groups screamed at us out of the trees overhead, women and children wriggled through the horses’ legs to get nearer. They knocked over Arthur Ellis, who is laid up with the gout in consequence. A Lancer’s chestnut horse put his fore-feet almost on to my shoulders. The King paced on and lit a cigarette, bowing and smiling and waving his hand to the ragamuffins in the branches. That finished me and now I love him. When we

dismounted he laughed, thanked us all, and beamed enough to melt an iceberg. Sir William Ewart said to me that he had never seen such enthusiasm even for the late Queen. It is of no use to try and describe it; but a great possession to have been there.

In the afternoon we went to races, in the evening to dine with the Connaughts. It was memorable. The avenue to the Royal Hospital was festooned with Chinese lanterns. We banquetted in the great Hall of old oak, hung with armour. We sat down at two gigantic round tables, 32 at each, laden with roses. But I begin to tire and so do you. After that we had a court at the Castle. My solace and keen pleasure was to stand near the Queen. Her Garter ribband brought out the blue of her eyes. Her cramoisie train was hung to her shoulders by great jewels of dropping pearls. She had a high open-work lace collar, a breastplate and gorget—you may say—of diamonds and ropes of round pearls falling to her lap. And she is an Angel. We got to bed about 3 a.m.

Friday 24th. This is described in the papers. We slummed together in the most squalid streets. The bare-legged children and tattered members of the submerged, hurra-ed themselves hoarse and, incidentally, smashed Portland's hat, with a hard, heavy bunch of cottage flowers, dog-daisies and sweet peas tied up to the consistency of a cabbage.

But this is enough. We went to Maynooth in the afternoon by train—see papers—and on the way back, with their supernatural kindness the King and Queen came here and loitered and talked and thanked and overpraised and made me love them—just as if they had done nothing and had nothing to do except to please Sibell and myself. 'Kindness like this is genius' and the line as Bossuet wrote it may stand for Her; only it is sweetness as much as beauty.

In the evening we went to a Party. The King kept me after all were gone, showed the most eager desire to understand every twist in the labyrinth of Irish life and was so kind to me that I cannot speak of it.

Yesterday, we saw them off, and I agreed in sentiment with an old Irishwoman on the platform, who just sobbed, saying, 'Come back, ah! ye will come back!' That was the cry that pierced through the blaring of the bands, and the blessings and the cheers. 'Come back' they kept calling in every street. And these are the people whom some call disloyal.

347

*To the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour**Confidential.*CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
July 26th, 1903.

I am deeply indebted to you for your letter which removes my difficulty. I can now write to the King and, whilst taking the full responsibility for refusal on myself, still indicate the weighty reasons which you advance in favour of that course.

Another reason has also occurred to me. It would be most unfortunate, in the event of a very Radical Government coming into power, if members of one party refused honours from the Sovereign which members of the other party had accepted.

I cannot say how grateful I am to you for strengthening my hand. I am very susceptible to kindness and the King's kindness to me has moved me deeply. He wins one's love and respect and makes one feel it a high privilege to serve him. So that it was very hard to cast a shadow on his kind face. He kept me with him late on Friday night and was truly eager to follow every turn in the labyrinth of Irish life. They all love him here. One little girl at the children's feast summed up the situation as far as the Irish are concerned. She said: 'I am so glad we may love the King now because he has spoken so nicely of the Pope.'

I shall see you to-morrow in the House and shall enjoy telling you the news.

348

*To his Mother*CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN, *August 23rd, 1903.*

I loved getting your letter and am truly thankful to think of you safe and sound at Clouds. We are here, very happy together:—Sibell, Perf, Minnie and old Guy—alone till to-morrow when our Horse Show guests arrive. I made a brilliant recovery from my chill and think that it economizes time to be definitely ill for two days after a long session. It rests me and starts me on another scale of easier life.

Darling Minnie and all of us had great disappointment this morning. Guy has *not* got his extension of leave. It is purely damnable. On the other hand, Ned Talbot says 16th will be next for home.

Our party has expanded in the most extraordinary way owing to nice people inviting themselves. We shall be Sibell,

Perf, self; Guy, Minnie, Madge, Geoffrey; Lord and Lady Rossmore; two Secretaries, 'Mr. Ho. and Mr. Ha.'¹ The above are party as contemplated. To which add Leinster and Mr. Victor Corkran asked at odd moments, and Shelagh, Molly Crichton, Lady Mab Crichton who invited themselves by telegram. So we rely once more on the elasticity of an Irish house.

Guy and I come to you on the 1st. We cannot get to you on the 31st without travelling on Sunday night. We could shoot Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

Just off to Church at Hibernian school.

I am *very* happy here and have quite broken the 'wheel of thought' in my old noddle. I hope to cheer Minnie up with horse-show and polo and races, and a fiddler, one evening, for Madge.

The Irish climate is most soothing.

Thank Papa for his letter. The writer in the 'Times' is my friend Street, who knows Pamela. Papa would delight in him. He was one of dear Henley's young men, clean shaved, chubby, rosy-gilled, sedate, literary, humorous, old Tory of 1745; portentously wise in all but making money, a ripe, mellow, preternaturally old young-man of letters who might, for anything you can observe to the contrary, have been staying last week at Crotchet Castle.

Have you ever read Peacock's 'Crotchet Castle' and 'Maid Marian'? Peacock was Shelley's and Byron's 'Creeky-Peekey.' 'Crotchet Castle' shows that we are no more modern and no less convinced of the folly of modernity than were sensible people one hundred years ago. Using electric lights instead of wax-candles makes no difference to good books, good company, good sense and good fellowship, and these, after all,—as Arthur says (very often) in his speeches—are most of life that is worth enjoying. The fourteen professors ought to have stayed at Crotchet Castle with Street.

349

To the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour

CHIEF SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
DUBLIN CASTLE, *September 17th, 1903.*

Irish University Education. *To be read at leisure.*

I hope, as I have said, to stay in Ireland for at least another year. But I earnestly desire that this year may—in Ireland—be turned to account by effecting the last of the Unionist

¹ Mr. Hornibrook and Mr. Hanson.

Reforms which you originally contemplated. The moment is propitious for settling the Catholic Higher Education question. A Royal Commission has reported. In the Irish development Grant we have an *Irish* Fund intact, so that no money need be *voted* for this object. The Hierarchy are in a mood to take what they can get. The Nationalist Party believe that the Liberals will do nothing for them if they win the next Election. It is important to give the Irish something to think about and argue about ; if only to divert their undivided attention from the prices under the Land Act. Catholic Education is the last subject of first class importance undealt with ; all the rest being a question of administration and fair Financial treatment.

I dismiss a Catholic *University* as impracticable. Two other alternatives remain.

(1) A College inside Dublin University with a Catholic atmosphere. That is the ideal solution. But Carson and the Provost object.

(2) A College inside the Royal University. Carson is in favour of this.

I believe that, at this juncture, I could secure the general assent of Ireland, Catholic and Episcopalian, Unionist and Nationalist, Clerical and lay, to a College with a lay majority of $\frac{2}{3}$ on the managing body, including a few protestants.

To make the scheme economical and acceptable to Presbyterians, I advise turning the Queen's Colleges at Cork and Galway into Technological Institutes and working them in with reforms in Technical instruction throughout elementary and secondary education. That leaves me with the Belfast Queen's College. I advise accompanying the creation of a Catholic College by the further endowment of Belfast College. At Belfast they have a scheme for amalgamating the College, in many respects, with the Municipal Technical Institute. £15,000 a year would enable them, I believe, to do all that they contemplate. Allocate £50,000 or £60,000 a year to the Catholic College. The Development Grant is £185,000 a year. The Bill would only have to provide for the inclusion of the New College in the Royal University ; the conversion of the Royal University into a teaching, instead of an examining University ; the exclusion of Cork and Galway.

I have not dealt with the Stephen's Green Jesuit College. The point is that I would do nothing until I had the assent of the Catholic Hierarchy, Catholic Laity and Irish Unionists. I believe I can get them all.

350

*To Mrs. Drew*CHIEF SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
October 14th, 1903.

. . . I re-visited Mallaranny and recalled my 'plunge' into the sea. I looked back upon the vicissitudes—greater than you know—of the Land Act with gratitude for your sympathy of a year ago. The Cabinet crisis convinced me of the stress your Father had in his time to face. The undoubted and growing desire of many interests in Ireland to draw together and treat each other in a more kindly and reasonable spirit, and—though I can scarcely breathe it to you—the resurrection, in all but absolute identity, of the Irish position on Catholic University Education which your Father was prevented from turning to account—all these things bring from day to day a memory of you to my mind and an increasing wish that you would make some sign of friendship.

Even if you are angry with us all politically, that would not make a difference—would it?

Anyhow your Father's Life is the last touch and I *must* write. I wish I could see you. I stayed here to work on at the Land Question and to hope for another miracle over the University Question. That seemed a plain duty. With new English universities in Liverpool, Leeds, Manchester (the old Victoria), Birmingham and now Sheffield, it is madness to leave Ireland once more behind. It is odious to do so out of spite or cowardice. But perhaps one cannot have two miracles in two years.

I find from the note on p. 223, Vol. I., that you are my cousin, my fourth cousin, but still of my kin. For Sir W. Wyndham was my great-great-great[-grandfather], and apparently yours also. That is a pleasant thought.

Be very dear and write to say that, Fiscals or no Fiscals, you hope that I may do something for University Education here. But do not, as yet, say to others that I am off again after dreams. If I fail I shall help the other side when they come in to right this ancient wrong.

351

*To his Father*CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN, October 15th, 1903.

I have been commiserating with you very much. But, as you say, the big political wigs are providing a good entertainment. If anything were needed to expose the folly of those

who cried 'efficiency,' and cried for 'business methods,' it is that they no longer cry for these things, but sit down in the stalls to enjoy a down-right rhetorical hammer-and-tongs set-to between the big wigs. That is what Englishmen enjoy without your excuse of convalescence. The huge blue-book of statistics; the speeches by manufacturers, all that is expert or informed, the rival theories of economic schools, are bundled aside to a general 'Ah' of relief and satisfaction, punctuated by 'go it, Joey,' 'bravo! here's Rosebery in the ring!' Even the War Commission report is used only as a missile. South Africa, the Far East, Morocco, Ireland, the Navy may 'go hang.' Education was all very well; but, with Nonconformists who can't fight well, or won't fight fair, it pales before a classic campaign of renowned gladiators. 'Heavy pounding, gentlemen, and who can pound longest' is the one consideration.

This instinct of Englishmen is probably sound. You must drop building when the battle begins. I prefer building to fighting. But, once fighting has begun, I believe in fighting hard in order to get it over and get on to building again. Arthur's 'little Ministry' is not a bad 'fighting unit.' Arnold Forster and Graham Murray are good men on the platform. Austen Chamberlain carries weight, Selborne is useful. Stanley can rally Lancashire. I mean to 'lift' the Irish division and Kent brigade.

I have written to all my new colleagues welcoming them to the fray and suggesting that, for the present, they should not busy themselves in their offices but stick to hitting the other side. We must out-gun the enemy in the 'Artillery Preparation' during the Autumn; fire two shots to their one, and be careful not to mask each other's fire by speaking on the same day.

If the press backs us the 'little Ministry' will win as, to compare small things with great, Pitt and his young friends won after the collapse of the Rockingham Whigs.

My Edinburgh meeting stands. It is on November 27th. But I feel I ought to give my own constituents the first turn. So Sibell and I come to England on Wednesday *next*, 21st, and on Friday, 23rd, I speak at a Dover Public Meeting. On 28th I take Primrose League Banquet there. I mean also to speak at Cockermouth, or Workington, on my way from Edinburgh.

I shall be careful, of course, but not timid. I have 'cleared the deck,' by hard work, of Land Act administration, etc., and am free to collect ammunition for the campaign.

My Dover friends are nervous and would like me to postpone the public meeting until after the municipal election. I do



THE HON. PERCY WYNDHAM.

not agree. I am all for slow *strategy* but do not believe in dilatory *tactics*. Once within striking distance, hit hard and hit often, and the more so if you have been led within that distance sooner than your own judgment thought it wise.

352

To the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour

Private.

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
DUBLIN, November 4th, 1903.

I do not believe that we should add to our difficulties in England if in Ireland the Presbyterians, Church of Ireland, R. C. Laity and Hierarchy came to a complete agreement for an increase of facilities for University Education to be financed out of the Irish Development Grant.

If they do not agree I should not dream of touching the question.

If they do, I doubt if such a solution, so financed, could be attacked by the most rabid English nonconformist. If all the denominations over here unite in asking that money which is already Irish and, presumptively, for Education, shall be used to make good the most glaring deficiency in Irish Education, with due regard to existing vested interests, without tests, without clerical control, and with proper safeguards for maintaining a University standard—then, I do not see how even Liverpool is to object.

The question has changed over here. It is no longer exclusively—or in the main—a Catholic question: still less a clerical question. The Presbyterians and Catholic laity are the prime movers. They really desire facilities for Higher Education. They see that examining Universities are obsolete and that *Teaching* Universities are being multiplied in England:—London, Liverpool, Leeds, Manchester, in place of the old Victoria; Birmingham and, now, Sheffield. They justly fear that Ireland will on this vital question be left in the lurch owing to the dissensions of Irishmen, fomented in certain English quarters. And they are ready to strain every nerve in order to arrive at an agreement which will do violence to no man's convictions in Ireland. The Catholic Hierarchy do not wish to stand in the way—and, even if they did wish, dare not wreck another scheme. If any section of opinion declines to agree, cadit quaestio.

353

*To Moreton Frewen*CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
DUBLIN, November 14th, 1903.

I am sorry to have missed you.

I am disappointed and chagrined by recent events. Nor can I take the sanguine view that the Land Act will fulfil the objects of the Land Conference if it is to be assailed daily by the 'Freeman,' Davitt and Dillon. My power of usefulness to Ireland is already diminished and may be destroyed.

I had convinced my colleagues, a majority of our supporters in the House, and a still larger majority in the large towns of England, that it was right in itself to foster Union among Irishmen, and to obliterate the vestiges of ancient feuds without troubling ourselves about the ultimate effect of social reconciliation on Ireland's attitude towards the 'Home Rule' versus 'Union' controversy.

And this is set back, you cannot deal with the 'University Question' or the 'Labourers' question if so large and beneficent a measure as the Land Act is to be used only to divide classes more sharply.

Take the Labourers' question. All things, in the end, turn on Finance, the resources for the Labourers' Acts turn ultimately on local loan stock. That stock is interwoven with all the loans of municipal corporations, etc., etc. Our credit is low.

How can I negotiate for better terms, extension of period of repayment—not to mention the allocation of any savings that can be effected in the cost of Irish Government—if the only result of authorizing a loan of £100,000,000 at 2½ with a 68 years' period of redemption, is to produce a pandemonium in Ireland?

The English are very jealous of the Land Act. They want credit on easy terms for many purposes—for their own labourers, for artisan dwellings, for equalizing rates, for municipal schemes.

Unless those who care for Ireland can show that the Conference and Land Act have produced social reconciliation, I cannot get a hearing for using *Imperial* credit and *Irish* savings in accordance with the views of a United Ireland.

That is my policy. It is not heroic. But it would directly be of great benefit; and indirectly of far greater results. There is no scope for heroic finance just now.

If, however, I had a united Irish Party, with leaders not subject to repudiation, prepared to co-operate, to a certain extent, with Irish landlords, scholars and business men, I

could get Irish savings for Irish purposes and equivalent grants whenever England helps herself too freely out of the common Exchequer.

My point is that I get beaten in detail if I am rebuffed by jeering allusions to Irish reconciliation. I am nearly tired out.

I have been slaving away with the Treasury ; with Trinity and the Presbyterians ; with the Chairmen of Irish railways ; and had hoped to be in a position to approach Redmond—preferably to approach not only the leader of the Irish Party, but something like a larger conference—and to secure the united action of Ireland on Education, allotments, housing.

Now—I suppose—it would only embarrass Redmond to meet me, or correspond on these matters. And, in any case, my position is much weaker than it was three weeks ago, because Ireland's position is weaker.

So long as Dillon and the 'Freeman' show that their object is to cut down the incomes of the landlords, it is impossible to deal with 'Evicted Tenants' and 'Congestion,' and still more impossible to take on new subjects.

It is very hard on Redmond that anyone should have made capital out of the sale of his estate. O'Brien ought not to have left him without warning.

But I will not lose heart. There is a bad set back. I cannot be as confident as I was of having much to offer. If Dillon persists in 'wrecking,' the credit for this Land Act will not expand beyond £5,000,000 a year, and the Orangemen, and their allies will criticize my reductions in the police.

To put it shortly : I cannot (1) get Imperial credit, (2) make and keep savings for Ireland, if every action taken by the Government on the advice, and with the assent, of Irishmen, is used only to attack the fortunes and insult the feelings of those classes in Ireland whom the great majority of people in England feel bound to protect.

On the other hand, if the English were once assured of their safety, Parliament would—I believe—be very ready to sanction the development of Ireland on Irish lines. This might take us very far indeed in what I believe to be the right direction.

The two countries are utterly dissimilar, both in their needs and their resources, and above all, in the genius and temperament of their inhabitants.

If the Irish could so far agree as to demonstrate the safety of threatened classes, and to allow them some place in local government, the English would welcome that fact as the discharge of an onerous obligation, and—as time went on—admit any reasonable consequences.

354

*To his Father*35 PARK LANE, W.,
November 21st, 1903.

I am not surprised at your inability to follow the 'exits and entrances' of Irish Leaders. I understand, but it is not easy to explain.

Briefly, there are two fundamental groups in Irish Nationalism: (1) The political descendants of the 'Young Irelander.' They, as a rule, wish to improve the economic and constitutional position of Ireland, in order some day to make what they hold to be better economic and constitutional terms with England. They hate the Union and hate 'British' ideals, but, as a rule, would like to gather up all the personal resources of Ireland, Moderate landlords, the Bar, the Towns, Commerce, etc. into a more harmonious and therefore stronger Ireland, hoping, immediately, to get more generous financial treatment and acquiescence to Irish modes of thought, e.g. Protection, State-aid to Industry etc., and ultimately, to get Home Rule, or a large measure of Local Self Government.

(2) The second group are, primarily, Agrarian Socialists and, secondarily, professional agitators who attack property and sow dissension in order to postpone any solution.

Historically, Parnell belonged to group (1) but, for a time, fused with it group (2) in his 'No Rent' agitation, in order to 'kick up a dust' and collect money in America.

Per contra, O'Brien belonged to group (2) but, seeing the misery and futility of Agrarian Agitation, joined Redmond in signing the Land Conference Peace.

They meant to go for Class Reconciliation.

But Dillon, who is a pure Agrarian sore-head; Davitt, who is a pure Revolutionary Socialist; Sexton, Editor of the 'Freeman,' who has been left out of Parliamentary life; joined together to 'spike' conciliation. The high-water mark of Class Conciliation is represented by the 'Irish People'—O'Brien's paper—of November 7th.

Immediately after publishing that, with an article in it by Dunraven—praise of myself—the substitution of 'shamrocks' for crossed 'pikes and muskets' between the paragraphs, he 'threw up the sponge,' resigned and stopped the paper.

This, on the face of it, is bad. But it has frightened the moderates; and I am re-weaving my web.

The Roman Catholic Church wobbles from one side to the other.

Meanwhile the dynamic finance of the Land Act continues to operate and good sense will win, though not quite so soon as I might have hoped.

Redmond went to Limerick—the city—and was well supported.

His fear, and the fear also of the landlords, is that I may resign in disgust. It is all to the good that they should be frightened. But I have not the slightest intention of taking their antics to heart and hope that, in some ways, all the pother will do good.

Just for the moment the Irish Government is the only popular and powerful force in Irish life.

This shows how right I was to stick to Ireland. If I had gone elsewhere O'Brien would have resigned and saddled me with the blame for leaving him and Redmond alone exposed to the 'Freeman,' and Davitt, Dillon & Co.

I have left all that in train and am concentrating on speeches at Edinburgh, November 27th: Workington, Cockermouth, a luncheon, and Liverpool.

355

To his Father

35 PARK LANE, W.,
November 22nd, 1903.

Are you reading Morley's 'Gladstone'? Vol. i. chapter 8, and especially pp. 254 onwards will interest you in connexion with 'Fiscals.'

It seems to me that we have paid the penalty of a historical muddle.

Peel did do a great thing.

Finding (i.) a deficit for three cumulative years, (ii.) indirect taxation on 1200 articles, (iii.) a corn tax *prohibitive* at 70/- a quarter, (iv.) stupid aggravations from the wooden operation of the sliding scale, (v.) the operatives in the towns at the mercy—in the age of sailing ships and undeveloped continents—of our own harvest; he:—

(a) imposed an income tax.

(b) worked towards a fixed duty on corn at 8/- (or 10/- no matter).

(c) revised the taxes intelligently on 750 out of 1200 articles. That is great, intelligent work.

We want to get back to a like intelligent and comprehensive

handling of these questions in the light of new conditions—developed continents; steam instead of sails; reaping machines; national competition; bounties; trusts; dumping.

We—in a sense—are Peelites. See specially Morley's 'Gladstone' on p. 262.

356

To his Mother

ROSSMORE,
MONAGHAN, IRELAND, *December 23rd, 1903.*

This is to wish you a most happy Christmas. I loved your letter about Bassenthwaite, and Withup Hill.¹ I felt it intensely too and was in mind a boy of seven to fourteen. I think, now, that I should like to go there with you some August or September. I do not believe that either you or I have changed much inside, if at all, in the last thirty years. Anyway ghosts ought not to be unhappy. The fact that there are only a few ghosts at all, apparently, discontented about trifles seems to show that the great majority of ghosts are very happy and too absorbed in iridescent recollections when they revisit immemorial scenes to trouble about manifesting themselves to the living.

I enjoyed being a ghost all the way from Penrith to Workington with a kind of inverted home-sickness. And, in the evening, I went to a political meeting instead of a play with Mr. Holland.² Otherwise it might have been the last day of the holidays in 1873, -4, -5, or -6.

¹ When the family lived at Isel Hall near Cockermouth the children used frequently to celebrate their birthdays, etc., by expeditions to Bassenthwaite Lake.

² Mr. Holland spent several of the autumn holidays at Isel as tutor to the boys.

SECTION VI

1904-1905

357

To his Father

BELVOIR CASTLE,¹
GRANTHAM, *February 28th, 1904.*

We came here—Saturday to Monday—on a family visit of ceremony to the Duke; ‘uncle John’ as Sibell calls him. It is rather hard to follow the relationships owing to the length of some of the generations. The Duke’s *sister* was Sibell’s grandmother. It is curious to stay with anybody whose mother was married in the XVIIIth Century. Yet so it is. His father and mother married in 1799. My host is the great-grandson of *the* Marquis of Granby, Commander-in-Chief, and the great-grand-uncle of Percy!

I have been by way of coming here ever since I married seventeen years ago.

358

To the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour

Labourers Bill.

IRISH OFFICE,
OLD QUEEN STREET, S.W., *March 5th, 1904.*

I am much concerned by the opposition of some of my colleagues—Ashbourne and Londonderry—to the Labourers Bill.

It is very difficult to run my policy in Ireland—which is your policy and that of the Cabinet and Party—if we are to revert to the view that the Irish County Councils are unfit for the duties which devolve upon them.

By including appeals and safeguards which have not been included in England for 10 years, I break the understanding that the Land Act was to be taken as marking a new departure. The Landlords cannot combine the advantages of Peace and War.

We got the Land Bill through by, *inter alia*, promising a

¹ Seat of the Duke of Rutland.

Labourers Bill this year. On financial grounds we cannot give money, lower interest, or extend the period of repayment. I do not propose to increase the allotment to 4 acres, as in England. I do not propose to increase the limit of 1/- rate. Nothing is left but to shorten and cheapen procedure. I ardently desired to adopt the procedure which has obtained in England for 10 years.

Objections are taken which would have been valid before the Land Act. If embodied after the Land Act they tend to discredit that measure at the hands of its authors. I am prepared, with the greatest reluctance, to meet those who object part of the way; although I do not disguise from myself that this will go far to destroy such influence as I have over the Irish Party and to supply an excuse for declaring that I have closed the experiment of conciliation over agrarian problems. Selborne has another point which I do not grasp. He wishes to repeal a Labourers section in the Land Act of last year. This would lay us open to the charge of having secured the passing of that Act by false pretences.

359

To his Sister, Pamela

IRISH OFFICE,
OLD QUEEN STREET, S.W., 1st May 1904.

I am glad that you spread yourself over quarto on St. George's Day. I have since then been contracted by the Royal Visit to Ireland, but, arrived this morning, I now in turn bulge out.

It was a blow to miss you and the children at Easter. I am undergoing a phase—always a welcome sign of life. It took the form of nausea at Politics, nostalgia for poetry, and a lurch in that direction; a pious, ghostly and regretful return to 'fallen places of my dead delight.' For the moment it seemed less empty than asking of the Irish 'Why does one Punch-and-Judy beat the other Punch-and-Judy?'¹ It feels like falling in love again with the same person. I say to poetry, as Catullus to Lesbia:—

'Ut liceat nobis tota producere vita
Aeternum hoc sanctae foedus amicitiae.'

'O that it may be vouchsafed to us to draw out and on through the whole of life this eternal compact of holy affection.' Instead

¹ G.W. quotes the exclamation that expressed his outraged feelings when as a child of three years at his first party he saw 'Punch and Judy.'

of which . . . but avaunt ! I must get the life of Haydon ; must see you ; and meet Margaret ;¹ and soon. Now, my dear, the only day I can propose in any near future is Saturday the 14th May. Next Saturday, the 7th, is also possible, but probably too near. I should like to meet Margaret very much.

For Whitsuntide I go to Paris to be 'busted' by Rodin in ten days. I desire to keep touch with letters and sculpture during these divine days of spring leaves and sunshine and so keep an escape way open from the dustiness and fustiness of politics.

The Queen was as beautiful as ever in Ireland, and the King as kind as ever. I love being with them. You would have appreciated the 'Command' night at the theatre. The audience, 4000 in uniform and tiaras, with a gallery packed from the streets, stood up in one wave towards the Royal Box. And then the Gallery sang 'God save the King' for two minutes, without a note from the band ; in the same key.

But I wish it meant more for Ireland ; that they were not such 'Punches and such Judys' ; that the English were not so fulfilled with the rubbish of the moment ; in short, that people would think and feel and dream more, and fuss and scold less. Let me obey my own precept and refrain from scolding anybody.

I hunger for someone to arise and write a very beautiful book, at once restrained and lyrical. 'How all impoverished and fallen from renown' are these days ! whilst April laughs above us through her tears. Will no one shine again above the little arts and devices of a day ?

' Urit enim fulgore suo qui praegravat artes
Infra se positas ; extinctus amabitur idem.'

'For he burns with his own splendour who presses down the arts beneath his excellence ; when his light has gone out he is still loved the same.'

Well, well, I shall go out and see the green leaves and come to you by glassy waters. And the Past shall sing to us of the Future.

360

To his Sister, Pamela

PAVILLON DE BELLEVUE,
24 Mai, 1904.

I came to these parts—as you know—to be 'busted' by Rodin, and, at last, have struck a perfect 'pitch,' here at Bellevue. We went first to the Hôtel d'Iéna and I hated it :

¹ Mrs. Mackail.

darkness, filled with other people's conversation through their partitions, and mainly in the American voice. I pined for three days apart from Rodin, who was perfect, and two dinners at Paillard, at one of which I saw a really beautiful French woman, and learned from the waiter that she was Madame Letellier, wife of the Editor of 'Le Journal.' We dined also with Alphonse Rothschild; saw a beautiful Raphael, which I remembered in Rome, anno 1887, and there, too, I had a capital talk with a Marquis de Dulau; the witty, well-bred Frenchman of the past, who make the best companions for most evenings. In politics he is a disenchanted Orleanist. We déjeuné-ed to-day with Duchesse de Luynes, our Legitimist friend. They are children, arrested in intelligence and so narrow that you couldn't put a knife into them even if you wanted to. They hate us (as a nation; love us as friends), hate Jews, Americans, the present and last two centuries, the Government, Rodin, the future, the Fine Arts. Apart from an arsenal of dislikes, they are unconscious of the Universe.

You may imagine how I delighted in Rodin for four or five solid hours a day. I stand for $\frac{1}{4}$ hour and then talk for ten minutes. We have run over the whole Universe lightly, but deeply. His conversation is something like this:—

La beauté est partout; dans le corps humain, dans les arbres, les animaux, les collines, dans chaque partie du corps, aussi bien dans la vieillesse que dans la jeunesse. Tout est beau. Le modelé n'est qu'un. Dieu l'a fait pour refléter la lumière et retenir l'ombre. Si nous parlons images, c'est ainsi qu'il s'est exprimé en faisant la terre. Je ne lis pas le grec; les Grecs me parlent par leurs œuvres. . . . Eh bien, oui, voyez . . . (prenons un moment de repos) . . . (Showing one of his groups) . . . C'est la main de Dieu. Elle sort du rocher, du chaos, des nuages. Elle a bien le pouce d'un sculpteur. Elle tient le limon et là-dessus se créent Adam et Ève. La femme c'est la couronne de l'homme. La vie, l'énergie c'est tout. . . . Ces portes? Oui, elles seront bientôt finies. J'y ai travaillé pendant vingt ans. Mais j'ai beaucoup appris pendant ce temps-là. D'abord, je cherchais le mouvement. Après, j'ai su que les Grecs ont trouvé la vie dans le repos. C'est tout ce qu'il faut. Où la vie circule, la sculpture plaît!

All this is Greek to Madame de Luynes; so 'nous détestons Rodin.' Meanwhile he is there all the time, and perhaps, for all time. In any case a very great man and the greatest Dear.

So here we are near his house at Meudon. This, Bellevue, is a French Richmond. We came to it, 20 minutes in a boat, and up 100 yards in a funicular. We are on a height, amid

tree-tops, in silence, with the forest of Meudon behind us. We drove in it before dinner, heard the cuckoo; smelt the damp woods, saw the sun set and dined on a terrace as the stars came out. It is an ideal spot, 20 minutes from picture galleries, and any friend you want to see—such a difference—and two minutes' walk from a forest. Our rooms are large, light and clean and look out over the void into the stars. It is just like Cliveden. The site was chosen by Madame de Pompadour, and the ruins of her 'Brimborion' are next the terrace, overgrown with ivy.

That is all there is to tell you.

I met Ian Malcolm and his wife. They reminded me that I had promised an inscription for the cup I gave them as a wedding present, so I wrote this:—

‘I gave this cup, Love filled it, drink and prove
How everlasting is the fount of love.’

—excellent advice, given in the manner of the Greek Anthology.

The bust is going to be very good; not in the least catastrophic or Demiurgic, but just simply—Your devoted brother,

GEORGE.

P.S.—Not ‘in his habit as he lived,’ for there are no clothes.

To his Sister, Pamela

PAVILLON DE BELLEVUE,
26 *Mai*, 1904.

I must just add to my letter that nightingales sing here all night. I listened to them at midnight and again at 2 a.m. this morning. It is much to be on a height amid tree-tops, with nightingales, six or seven, singing between you and the river below, and beyond the river, a deep violet gloom, picked out by the tearful lights of Paris. The nightingales are singing now—10.45—terrifically. I wonder what they thought of the Band which played Faust and Tristram among their trees till an hour ago?

There are soft scarfs of cloud against the stars, and sapphire darkness overhead. The acacias are Japanese in blossom. The roses ramp up old stocks. The band—thank God—has gone to bed, a dog is barking in Auteuil, over the river I hear the whistle and pantings of trains. And these nightingales

go it—jug-jug-tu-whee-whee-reu-reu-reu-whee-tu-tu-tereu, jug-jug-whee-whee, pissle-pissle-rew-too—and so forth.

As Rodin says—it is curious that with all our Art, our sculpture, our painting, our theatres, we have done nothing so good as Nature. What an irony it is of the Aristophanes of Heaven that we labour, with our Imperialisms and our Nationalisms, our gold-mines and transits, our Education (may God forgive us !) to make more people who shall see, and be able to see, the beauty of the World. And yet all the time we destroy it.

Here, for how long ? for a year or two more, the old road reaches in zig-zag up a forbidding ascent of cobble-stones to forests as they were in the 13th century. The river flows 100 yards below. And beyond the dog barks, as when he guarded savages in their wattled forts. But further the trains pant and rumble and whistle and 'tout Paris' asserts itself in points of electric light.

362

To Wilfrid Scawen Blunt

35 PARK LANE, W.,
11 August '04.

I shall try to meet you at Clouds September 1st. I should enjoy immensely some riding with you and a Squire's Partridge shoot, with time-honoured keepers, untrained dogs, cider for lunch and recitations from the 'Idler's Calendar.'

Am very much overworked and disposed to hum

' In Summer when the shaws be sheen
And leves both brode and longe,
Full merye hyt is in faire Forest
To hear the foulys songe.'

363

To his Sister, Mary

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN, 19th October '04.

I thought Arthur's Edinburgh speech perfect. It has rallied all 'bien pensants' Free Fooders and yet enabled Imperialists like your little brother to pursue their mission which has nothing in common with Protection, and very little with Retaliation. I am working in the Castle to-day for a change.

I finished the MS. of my Address yesterday: after two 'smashing' days. So am tired and happier. Of course that is only the first stage; there follow, (1) typed copy, (2) proof in 'galleys,' (3) proof in pages. And these are the critical stages. I do more work in them than when writing, but they do not tire me. It is the mental strain of *composing*, of avoiding committal to blind alleys and excursions over 'illimitable veldts' of interesting, but irrelevant, matter, accompanied by the—to me—physical weariness and 'nausea' of driving a pen for 9 or 10 hours that sickens and kills. I retch from nervous abhorrence of the task. But as Dr. Johnson justly observed, 'any man can write if he will set himself doggedly to do it.' I 'dogged' it for 48 hours and feel to-day serene and buoyant. I should like to give the address the day before Arthur's Glasgow speech and stay for that. He speaks—I think—on November 23rd.

Nobody 'stage-manages' for Arthur. I used to when I was his P. S. And it *is* important. It does not do—as the proverb goes—'to let the Devil have all the good tunes.' A. J. ought to have Cabinet Ministers and fair ladies, and many M.P.'s, on his platform when he makes a big speech as P. M. and leader of our Party.

364

To Mrs. Drew

MADRESFIELD,
October 30th, 1904.

I have waited until the North Sea crisis is over—as I trust and believe it to be. So I too am here with the Saints, Sibell and Lettie, between Friday's Cabinet and another at 12.30 to-morrow. I feel as if balm had been poured all over me. Lettie's attitude towards imminent maternity is a pure joy. One almost expects to find haloes hung up on the hat-pegs. It makes me feel that the family, and above all the Mother and Child, constitute the central fact and final end of human life and *politics*, as they were the origin.

Are you, by chance, following Oliver Lodge's pronouncements? They interest me deeply. He is a sage in the front of modern science. A year and a half ago, he was at the point of saying to me that Christianity and the Church had made Faith unnecessarily hard to thinkers. But at Babraham the other day, after Arthur's Address to the British Association,

he said suddenly, 'I begin to see that the Church was right about the Incarnation.' I am not, therefore, surprised to find Ray Lankester and other Weisinann-ites pommelling him in the Press for, I imagine, subconscious betrayal of this change in his lectures and addresses.

I shall try and interpolate a bit of Lord Acton in my Address. The Address is, I hope, suggestive, but I know congested. I ought to blow it to bits and build something more modest out of the debris. I do not quite agree with his (Lord Acton's) views on Nationality. But the difficulty of agreeing, or even of dissenting, in these matters, is partly due to the fact that we all mean different things when we speak of Nationality; and that the word once meant, and still suggests, a number of other things all differing from any one thing which any one of us may mean now.

And this is the tangled skein which I am proposing to unwind! If Switzerland—as he declares—is a Nationality although its inhabitants speak French, German and Italian, are undoubtedly descended from all three, and most probably also from a non-Aryan, round-headed Race which took refuge in the Alps, where—I ask myself—are we? Why is Nationality to stop at Switzerland, or at France, hammered together out of Bretons, Gauls, Franks, Burgundians, Basques, etc.?

My inclination is to say that the process which produced these complex politics will continue to act, and that you cannot say 'halt!' at the stage of development contained in your own epoch. Things are going to proceed as they have proceeded. But—and here I agree with Lord Acton—if that be so, there must be reverence for the liberty of Individuals, and also for the local and traditional 'patriotism' of various races. And so on. . . .

I do not think that Devolution is practicable or wise, until we have had the pluck, or the luck, or both, necessary to settle the last stage in Catholic Emancipation. After that, in conditions which we do not know, something may present itself which we cannot now foresee.

At present there is a darkness that can be felt in front of us all—a general tendency in Home politics and World politics to mistake fishing craft for torpedo boats. 'Shoot first,' is the Bismarckian message to mankind. To me it seems hysterical and carries the incidental disadvantage of reconstructing Christendom on the model of a mining-camp bar-saloon.

I rejoice at Hawarden's propinquity to Saighton, and *insist* on seeing a great deal of you next Autumn.

365

To his Father

35 PARK LANE, W.,
November 23rd, 1904.

I have written a long letter on the Address¹ and the students. The leader in the 'Glasgow Herald'—the *Liberal* paper—is the most interesting and fair, to the point of generosity. For all that, I could begin arguing it all over again. For example the 'Westminster' cites America as a State which exhibits a complete solution of the 'race' difficulty. Of course, I had America in my mind through every denunciation of 'cosmopolitanism.' The 'polyglot restaurants and international sleeping cars' and 'shoddy' Universities, and Carnegie bribes give the classical example of all I detest. But, then, I could not attack America.

Glasgow University has existed for 453 years. Among my predecessors who have delivered Rectorial Addresses are Burke, Adam Smith, Brougham, Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Macaulay, Bulwer Lytton, Palmerston, Derby, Disraeli, Gladstone, Bright, Balfour, Chamberlain and Rosebery. Their 'shades' were close and menacing when I faced the audience.

Burke 'broke down' for the first and only time in his life during his Address.

366

To his Mother

35 PARK LANE, W.,
November 23rd, 1904.

I loved getting your letter yesterday morning before 'going into action.' I acknowledge that I was nervous. And nobody said anything to make me less nervous. They harped on the rowdiness of Finlay's function last year; advised me to be popular and humorous; talked of Disraeli's marvellous exhibition of memory in 1871 when he declaimed his Address on 'The Spirit of the Age' without a glance at the paper before him; and so on. I had gone through a hard week—State Banquet at Windsor, Wednesday; speech of hour and five minutes Dover, Thursday; Cabinet in London and speech at Dover, Friday; three speeches Saturday and kick-off at a Football Match; desperate journey through blizzard on Monday.

¹ George Wyndham's Address as Lord Rector of Glasgow University was called 'The Development of the State.' The next letter (366) is the one here alluded to.

But I trusted the students, absolutely, because, like you, I belong all the time to the secret society of youth—and they guess it. Well, nothing could have been more delightful than the students. They were all things by turn; noisy and solemn, warm-hearted and respectful; showing the fantastic high-spirits and preternatural seriousness of extreme youth. They looked on me as their own property; treated me with the mingled awe and familiarity with which a boy treats his first gun or hunter—a thing that is his own property with two aspects; partly the last and best toy of his boyhood, partly the first talisman of his manhood, instinct with mysterious prophecies of unknown possibilities.

But you can't analyse youth and I must just write down a few facts for, unless I do so now, I never shall. The old bothers begin again to-morrow.

The blizzard had cleared and there was a full moon shining on the frost when we arrived. Sibell went off with my 'Assessor.' I was taken for an hour's torchlight procession by the students. They were—many of them, say two hundred—in fancy dress, Zulus, policemen, clowns, etc. They leapt with excitement, cheered, sang songs and dragged me up a steep hill to the Principal's House. There I had to make them a short speech. I had only twenty minutes to dress for a big dinner of dons, M.P.'s, bishops and so forth, all very gracious. And Mrs. Storey, my hostess, was a mother to me. After that a party with introductions to many and a smoke with two professors. The next morning I felt like Marlowe's Faustus waiting for the Devil to take him at 12. But on these occasions one becomes an automaton. I put on my Rectorial Robes, signed a Latin Declaration in a hall of the University and drove off with the Principal and my Assessor, preceded in another carriage by the Bedellus (Beadle in fact) with 15th century mace, and followed by a procession of open flys filled with dons in robes. So we reached Hengler's Circus. It was bitterly cold. The auditorium held between two and three thousand, and all the students were there raising Cain! We marched in, preceded by the Bedellus. They gave me a great reception. The Lord Provost and Corporation were there in robes and ermine. I found myself on the stage. Saw Sibell in a box. Heard the students interrupting a long Latin prayer with nasal Amens, penny whistles and trumpets and, introduced only by the words 'The Lord Rector,' plunged into my Address. It was a strain. I had put up a great deal of weight. It seemed interminable. I had one or two panics—that it would last two hours; that they were only suffering me, not gladly;

that they would lose patience and break out. This was borne in twice by organized shuffling of feet. Afterwards I heard this was a protest against two people who left the hall. At the words 'entrenched in a medley of' there was a wild outburst—afterwards explained by the fact that the name of one lecturer is Medley. But I did not betray any qualms and declaimed away, to a death-still attention, broken rather often by loud and prolonged applause. At the end they cheered again and again. By a miracle the trick had been done. They nearly pulled my arms out of my body clutching my hands, in powerful and frenzied grips of enthusiasm. They took the horses out and dragged me the whole way through the town. They made me speak again out of the landau. Then we had lunch. After lunch I made almost, if not quite, the best 'after dinner' speech I have ever made, just to show that I could be playful and speak without preparation. A brief interim of tea-drinking at the Principal's house and, lo, there were the students outside to take me to the 'Union'; evidently there, to judge by wild echoes of 'For he's a jolly good fellow.' I went out and was at once picked up and carried shoulder high to the 'Union.' There I made the Liberal leader speak, by replying to the now familiar cry of 'Speech' with a retort 'Debate.' We resolved ourselves into an informal smoking-concert, at the end of which I had to stand on the table and make another speech in which I pleased them a great deal. So they carried me all the way back, shoulder-high, singing 'And will ye no come back again?' Some of the nicest professors, specially Ramsay of 'Humanity' which means 'Latin' up there, called and were very kind. I then slept like a stone for an hour, dressed and dined with my Assessor, Baird, to meet students and dons. One don, Jones, a Welshman and lecturer on philosophy, came in and we had a splendid discussion on the themes of the Address which they had all got hold of. The University Magazine, 'G. U. M.,' had a verbatim report on sale in the streets the moment I left Hengler's Circus. (I had given the Editor a copy and they printed it in the night.) So they had read it after hearing it. I slept well and the students saw me off at the station with the old songs, etc., etc. Altogether a memorable experience. It proves once more that 'grand jeu' is the best game. They took the 'steepness' of the Address as a compliment. It confirms my conviction that you should *never* play *down* to an audience. Still—I will own that when I got up to deliver the Address, and once or twice during its delivery, I felt like poor old 'Manifesto' the steeple-chase horse with fourteen stone on his back.

367

*To his Father*35 PARK LANE, W.,
November 26th, 1904.

I am waiting to send a respectable copy of my Address to Clouds : bound in vellum and printed on paper instead of the wood-fibre and porcelain cement of a 'shilling shocker.'

But the publishers are 'slow dogs.' Meanwhile I send you, as an advance copy, a specimen of the shilling edition.

The three Latin quotations on the fly-leaf state the 'themes' of the symphony. The first from Ennius says, 'The Roman state stands on ancient customs and on *men*.' That is Tradition. The second from Claudian—'floruit' 430—says, 'This is she who alone (among nations) accepted into her embrace those whom she had conquered . . . after the manner, not of an Empress, but of a Mother, and called those to be her citizens whom she had overthrown, and bound to herself by a chain of love the uttermost parts of the world. All of us owe to her peaceful practice that each guest enjoys her hospitality as if he were at home ; that it is easy to change your residence.' That is Transit. The third, from Virgil, says, 'A greater configuration of the State is borne in upon me ; I am suggesting a "bigger business." That is :—I am asking you to consider an ideal of the State, which embraces both Conservative tradition and modern intercommunication with its consequences : but is newer and larger than either taken alone.

The address has been well received ; but it has puzzled everybody. That is just what I aimed at. I wanted to make them think : an unusual enterprise in our day.

368

*To Wilfrid Ward*CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
DUBLIN, December 6th, 1904.

The Catholic church does, for a Catholic, fulfil my ideal. I am, consequently, deeply interested in the second chapter—Oxford, Cambridge and Rome—of 'Aubrey de Vere.' I *shall* write on the whole book ; but not yet. I want to muse after browsing.

The period of thought—among young men—depicted in chapter 2, is most interesting to me. I believe that between

that period and our own there has been no original thinking. But you are thinking and writing, what others think. The men who were young in the first period have died off, leaving, until now, in recent years a void of which I would say, in the words applied by Wordsworth to France, that it

‘Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then.
Perpetual emptiness ! unceasing change !
No single volume paramount, no code,
No master spirit, no determined road ;
But equally a want of books and men !’

369

To his Sister, Madeline

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHŒNIX PARK, DUBLIN, 22.xii.04.

I simply loved my evenings with you during these last weeks of gloom and racket. Here all is serene, inconsequent, graceful, warm-hearted,—Irish, in short—and I feel at rest.

Everybody here knows me, and Sibell and Percy. Their kindness is beyond words. The less one can do for them, the more loving they are on a common basis of congenial, congenital and patriotic futility. There is nothing like the swing and lilt with which they pursue the rainbow; and nothing like the comfortable consolation, as of ‘a mother of many,’ with which they surround a ‘horizon-catcher’ when—just for once—the horizon is still beyond him. These people are worth all the half-penny papers in the world; and I am off on Wednesday to the worst parts of the West to hear them say, ‘It’s not so bad after all, and, indeed, it’s very kind of you to take any notice at all of it.’ That is their way of facing ‘Distress.’ I prefer it to Trafalgar Square.

370

To his Father

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHŒNIX PARK, DUBLIN, December 22nd, 1904.

This is to wish you a merry Christmas and happy New Year. Perf arrived last night about 9.30, having ‘pushed through’ from Frankfurt. He is very well and strong. The Attorney General was dining to play bridge with two secretaries and self.

But Perf kept us amused and laughing for an hour and a half with the account of his travels, the life at Frankfurt; and a hockey match between Frankfurt and Mannheim. Owing to Geidt's establishment Frankfurt won by eleven goals to one, amid frenzied plaudits from the crowd and waving of handkerchiefs from German ladies. He tells me that none of them are good-looking enough to pass muster. They, the German ladies (though not up to his standard), are apparently all 'anglomanes.' If the hockey is fixed for 2.30 p.m. they parade the town all the morning in short skirts, brandishing their sticks.

He explained some difficulties he encountered at the frontier—not having registered his luggage—by interjecting that the custom house officer 'spoke very bad German.' The Attorney General said he ought to be 'an expert witness' or a member of Parliament. Such resource of debating reply would be wasted on the Army.

A plaster 'épreuve' of my Rodin bust has arrived. It is very good even in plaster.

371

To his Mother

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN, *December 22nd, 1904.*

This is to wish you a merry Christmas and most happy New Year! It is much to have Guy back and, I add, Percy with us, tall and strong and well. I am sending you a vellum 'Address,' just as a gift, and just as I gave you a translation of Ovid's 'Arion' at Hyères in 1873.

Amongst all the botherations of Ireland, priceless things occur. This will amuse you and Pamela and Gatty and 'Uncle Tom Cobley and all.'

In the London evening papers you read of desperate symptoms of intimidation; 'black spot' etc. I plaster on Police Protection; chiefly for Parliamentary purposes. But this is what really happens.

Casey, in Templemore, Tipperary, says he goes in fear of his life from Kennedy. Casey is given two policemen to protect him from Kennedy. They stay at Casey's house, escort him to fairs, and are fed by Casey. Coming back from the fair in the dark, Casey, with two policemen in his cart, says, 'Wait awhile' and disappears over the bank of the road; for no

purpose but to cut cabbages for the policemen's supper. He selects the garden of *Kennedy*, the man who is supposed to be terrorising him. Kennedy catches him, calls the two police protecting Casey (from Kennedy) and tells them to arrest Casey. They do so, and resume their drive to Casey's house—minus cabbages. Casey pleads guilty. Kennedy, instead of charging the policemen with being accessories to the attempted theft, charges them with 'being drunk'!! Well! Well! can I expect the sub-editor of the 'Globe' to unravel that skein?

Perf arrived rather late last night from Frankfurt, *very well*. We had a good gallop together this morning and then went off shopping and to see pictures. To-morrow we have a hockey-match on the lawn here. The men and maidens bring 'shoes' to dance afterwards in the ball-room to a 'pianola.' Now that Perf is back as master of the revels, all the candles will be lighted. On Saturday we hunt at Celbridge. Next week I shall take a run on motor and 'Granuaile' round the worst part of the West to see the potato failure.

372

To his Brother ¹

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN, *Christmas Eve, 1904.*

Perf and I are just in from a capital day with Kildares: galloping and jumping all the time. Met Celbridge: (1) Demesne hunt, with good scent and bad fox, one loop out and out to ground at the end. (2) Grofton's Rath, a bright burst, fast but not racing, over good clean big 'leps,' check after fifteen minutes; slow hunting, again to ground. (3) Taghado (Tattoo) fox and pack away within two minutes of putting in; hounds a field ahead as we galloped round the corner; breast-high scent, racing pace straight for just under fifteen minutes, check—but only just time to breathe; on again very fast, check; on again and to ground in fifty minutes all told: a fine hunt: the best so far this year. The 'going' is perfect. We went over the cream of the country, Perf and I both well carried, and no falls. There was any amount of grief. Did not see much of it as kept a good place, but at each check five or six loose horses came up. I had about the best of the first burst,

¹ His brother's regiment had remained in Africa for two years after the conclusion of peace, and returned to England in October 1904.

with Turrell and Cub Kennedy. Perf was close up—having been stopped by a man falling in front of him. He beat me altogether in the last part, as the fox turned a good deal at the end and I got too wide on the left crediting with a better point. I rode with Perf the second burst, but he finished four or five lengths in front of me, even then. The pace of the first burst from Taghado was terrific : have not seen hounds go faster.

We are looking out for hirelings to fill up with when you are here. Scent has been good all last week and I believe we are in for a spell of good sport.

373

To Mrs. Drew

35 PARK LANE,
February 24th, 1905.

You are an Angel ! Sibell will tell you how grateful, and almost necessary, to me at this moment is such a letter from such a friend. My brain is rather weary and I take gloomy views ; which is absurd.

So I'm off for two days to Clouds, to

' Fade far away, dissolve and quite forget
What *Thou* among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the *Fever*, and the Fret—'

Yours gratefully and affectionately,

G. W.

P.S.—I underline Fever because, just at moments, I have felt like Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego rolled into one.

But that's all nonsense—I really had nothing to do but to say everything.

374

To his Father

FRANKFURTER-HOF, FRANKFURT A. MAIN,
St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1905.

Percy will have given you a good account of us. I am making steady progress and hope earnestly that neither you, nor Mamma, nor Mary, nor Madeline nor anyone will be in the least anxious about me or doubtful of my being quite myself at an early date. I want to ' potter ' for a time. Then



[Photo : *Waller Barnett.*

THE RT. HON. GEORGE WYNDHAM.
Chief Secretary for Ireland.

COLONEL GUY WYNDHAM
Commanding 16th (the Queen's) Lancers.

I will do as much Veightly etc. as anybody may desire. But, at present, I want to *stop* introspection of mind and body. Distance and the Spring will heal me up to the point at which Doctors may begin.

If I were in England I could not rest. I should want to help Arthur at every turn and fret because that would be impossible.

We mean—as at present advised—to go on to Lucerne. The English papers come here and I can't resist reading them. So I am going further afield.

I can never say how much I realized and appreciated all you were to me at Clouds. When I get there again I shall be another person.

375

To his Mother

HOTEL MONOPOLE & METROPOLE,
LUCERNE, March 18th, 1905.

I must send you one line of great love. Sibell will have told you that I am much better to-day. My plan of aimless travelling suits me best. As I get farther away the impossibility of answering letters becomes a physical fact and, by degrees, I let the ropes that bind me to the past slip away. We paddled peacefully in a steamer up the lake to Brunnen and back from 2.15 to 6 this afternoon. I enjoyed it and felt much healthier after the air. Air is what I need. I shall not hurry back.

We are quite idle, except that Sibell writes letters. I don't.

I have read the second volume of Creighton's Life and enjoyed the theological hair-splitting. He was too clever. But I read very little. I don't want to spoil any poetry by reading it now. It is sufficient to see the wild duck swing in pairs over-head, and to watch the tame ducks and coots squabbling for bread under the old bridge.

Sibell is reconciled to Lucerne because it reminds her of Earl's Court!

The contests in Parliament over estimates and Jam look very small from here, as reported in the 'Daily Telegraph.' So I turn back to the Ducks and Coots; their squabbles are more interesting.

I see that my dear Congested Districts Board passed vote of thanks to me.

Now I am going to bed 9.45.

376

To his Mother

HOTEL ANGST,
BORDIGHERA, Friday, March 24th, 1905.

We are much happier to-night. We got good telegrams about darling Lettie¹ at 3.15 and Sibell's temperature was down almost to normal when the doctor came at 5 o'clock. Also she has had four 'goes' of milk and 'San Gemini' and one of Brand's Essence since 1 o'clock. So we are much happier.

The blatant picture of this hotel on the writing-paper strikes the grotesque note, never absent from crisis. And the perfect beauty of the sun-lit day whilst we waited and waited for news also seemed familiar. These moments reconstruct one's life. In the evening there was a fine thunderstorm in the hills; but the sunset beat the storm, enveloping its edges and piercing its ragged rims with a rosy-copper-golden suffusion and long gleams of light across the sea.

Taking care of Sibell has cured me. We are not like 'buckets in a well,' but like acrobats who alternately support each other.

I avoid the Table d'hôte and dine, with a book, in the deserted Restaurant. Across the 'dead waste' of the waxed floor the Grand Duke Cyril, who went down in the iron-clad at Port Arthur, dines with an Aide-de camp. So, like the two shipwrecked mariners in the Ballads (who had not been introduced), we 'consider ourselves' apart. Yet that is not quite it. Men do *not* moralize in breathing spaces after a storm—or between storms? They wonder like children at a world which is new to them and full of little things and big things of surprising interest. 'Cœli enarrant'—'The Heavens declare the Glory of God' in sunlight and storm: and, then again, to think that each sheet of this paper is covered with a bit of flimsy to protect the engraving of the Hotel Angst! Such are the artless Heavens; such is ingenious Man in the XXth century. A piece of the flimsy paper has—you will observe—adhered to the engraving.

I, now, read the Psalms to Sibell. The first one for to-day—CXVI—is the one set apart for little ladies saved from danger of death. We took it for an omen—a good omen—whilst we waited for news of Lettie: 'Quia eripuit animam meam de morte,' 'because he has snatched my darling from death.'

I have been writing for company as Sibell is dozing. The night is lovely from our balcony. A cool wind is shuffling the

¹ His stepdaughter, Lady Beauchamp, had undergone an operation.

palms. The cadence of the frogs' chorus rises and falls. A light is leaping from a far-off promontory. I can hear a train coming the whole length of the Riviera with a moaning noise. And, so, *really* Good-night and love to you all.

377

To his Sister, Madeline

HOTEL ANGST,
30th March, 1905.

This is to wish you many, many happy returns of your dear birthday, to-morrow. It will reach you too late. For I took a long walk on the hills yesterday and missed the post. But I have been remembering your birthday for several days past and often thinking of you. I am so full of thankfulness for darling Lettie's escape that I am not troubling to think of anything else. This is a good place when you get up into the hills behind it. The little Duchess of Leeds lives up in the hills at the back and Lady Paget and Lady Windsor have been staying there since Friday. So I have been two expeditions with them. At other times after taking care of Sibell I just go up a hill and pretend to read some little *old* Italian books which I bought at Milan. I 'pickle away' occasionally at Virgil's Georgics and enjoy the Psalms in Latin. My theory is that when one is tired it is restful to read in languages one but half understands. You can't race through and it reproduces the pleasing ignorance of childhood to wonder what things mean exactly. We are going on, I believe, to Florence to stay with Lady Paget. Her conversation has the same feature of being partially unintelligible, so that I need not dispute propositions which I do not understand and—without sacrifice of truth—give a tacit assent to Vegetarianism, Metempsychosis and the virtues of the German Emperor. Sibell is really resting and quite 'chirpy' again. Give my love to Charlie and the Poussins. I am longing to see you, Beloved. I hope to be very free from work and care this summer, and so to have time to enjoy you.

378

To his Mother

TORRE DI BELLOSQUARDO,
April 7th, 1905.

I had a great time all this morning in the Laurentian Library with the Director Biagi. The illuminations are wonderful.

A Psalter for Corvinus¹ King of Hungary is most beautiful. I had out all the MSS. of Virgil, Boccaccio, Alfieri, a Jarrow Bible of 680; Tacitus and so on. We had a great talk about Castiglione's Courtier and I promised to write him a short article on the influence of that book in England through Hoby's translation. I am trying to learn Italian and can read the newspaper and old poetry pretty well, but nothing else between those extremes so far.

Lady Paget is excellent company, full of scandal, forty years old, which, like old wine, gains in strength and loses in acerbity. The Spring here is divine. I am rather idle about picture galleries. I remembered them all too well. The buildings, sculptures and illuminated MSS. are my principal joys. One of the latter had days of creation that B. J.² would have loved, rather, no doubt, did love. I long to look at these illuminations with you. They are better than any I knew at the British Museum and they gain enormously by being where they are, in the library of the Medici, to whom they were brought by the earliest humanists. One gives me a great thrill: a beautifully illuminated MS. of Aristotle in Latin, written by Argyropoulos, the Greek from Constantinople, and given to Lorenzo with a picture of Argyropoulos on the first page. That *is* the revival of learning with a vengeance. And there it is in his library. There is also a fine Latin Bible of 680 with gold letters on purple vellum for the front sheet and excellent illuminations. It was written at Jarrow in Northumberland and after many adventures is here. The name of the Northumbrian Abbot has been erased and an Italian name substituted. What you would enjoy with me is the picture of the life at Jarrow in 680 proving—as I always maintain—that people were just as, or more, civilized then. The bookcase might have been made by Morris from a design of Webb—*i.e.* the bookcase depicted in the illumination with lovely books bound in red lying side by side in the shelves and the table would do for tea in our gold room at Park Lane. It is by looking at these illuminations and reading in the *fresh handwriting* Latin which might be written to-day, of an easy-going simple, modern kind, that you can dispel the false conceit of archaism of age. It is all fresh and full of new life as the Spring. The people who wrote and painted it might 'ha died o' Wednesday' or meet one

¹ Mathias Corvinus was elected King of Hungary in 1459. He defeated the Turks in 1474, and waged war successfully as an independent sovereign against the Empire, laying siege to and taking Vienna in 1477. The Psalter was ordered by Lorenzo il Magnifico for the King, but Corvinus died in 1490 before the book had been delivered. Lorenzo himself died two years later and the Psalter remained in Florence.

² Burne-Jones.

to-morrow. This gives the sense of Eternity and makes Time and Age and Death the accidents they are. 'I am not Time's fool.' The old book-shop of Franceschini would have proved as tempting to you as to me, with our love of rubbish. I bought an old Decameron, a Plutarch's *Morals* in Latin and a Bembo : glorious rubbish. The old books were piled four feet deep on the floor and the aged, very dirty, enthusiast encouraged me to wade in them and take what I liked.

379

To his Father

TORRE DI BELLOSGUARDO,
FIRENZE, April 11th, 1905.

I was amused by your postcard and subsequent letter to Lady Paget. I am so idle and contented as to make me lazy about writing. The after-momentum of high-pressure maintained through years has expended itself. I am in a state of passive and peaceful enjoyment, detached from any immediate purpose. Some people lunched here on Saturday, the Humphry Wards and Placi, a dilettante Italian, who remembers you all at 4 Lung' Arno and pretends to remember me. I had a pleasant talk to him about modern Italian poetry and walked with him in the afternoon. On Sunday I took a slashing walk of nine miles beyond the Certosa and back by a westward loop along the valley of the Greve river. After four o'clock Lord Halifax called and I walked with him for another two hours. I called on the Stanhopes one evening and was made very welcome as a cousin. Yesterday the morning was divine with a hot sun and air like champagne. I took Sibell to San Marco, the Annunziata, Perugino's fresco in St. Maddalena de' Pazzi and the Belle Arti. We met May Talbot and Lord and Lady Wolseley. But I have not slaved at sight-seeing. I care much for only a few pictures and prefer to receive general impressions. Lady Paget and selves lunched formally with the Stanhopes, talked of B. J.¹ and Morris and Rossetti. Afterwards I called on Lady Airlie who has been very kind to me. We returned at 4 for Lady Paget's 'day.' There came a delightful old Princess aged 80 with whom I conducted an animated conversation in French, several Italian Princesses or swells of sorts, and Lady Mabel Howard, a sister of Lord Antrim. I have read a good, gossipy book in two volumes

¹ Burne-Jones.

about La Grande Mademoiselle, Lauzun and the Court of Louis Quatorze. I learn a little Italian. I have also been reading Lady Paget's *Memories*. They are very interesting on Diplomatic Society in Copenhagen, Florence and Rome for 1860-1872. I am trying to get Sibell rested. For myself, the general plan of the day is, breakfast with Lady Paget in the garden at 8.30; lunch in the open loggia upstairs at 1 o'clock, dinner at 8, conversation to 10 o'clock and then to bed reading *Memories* and so forth till 11 or 12 o'clock. Lady Paget is a most agreeable companion. Between-whiles I walk, spend a good deal of time in the Laurentian library with Biagi and enjoy the general architecture more than the pictures with a few exceptions. We do not change much. The pictures and statues which I picked out in '87 and '95 are still the only ones to me. I have learned little since then except about literature and history. Art belongs to no particular date or place. A little of it is very good, eternal and universal. The rest is unimportant. In a way—though it takes longer to discover this—only a certain number of people and books are important and these, also, have always been the same; just like the thrushes that are now singing, and the ilex trees on which they sing. I enjoy it all, art, books, people and nature and—in my present mood—do not want to change anything. It seems simpler to appreciate what is good and ignore the rest.

The 'Guards' plan of which Percy writes exists—in common with all Army plans at present—only in embryo. I shall not oppose his wishes if the plan is ever defined and adopted; and I have written to Codrington. Meanwhile he cannot do better than read for Oxford. He is counting the days to his Easter holiday and longs to be at Clouds. I look forward to being there again in good health and taking long rides.

I should have preferred the Oxford method of entry, for it would have allowed of travel abroad with Percy. I want to bring him here. He must learn to speak French also.

380

To the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour

Private but unimportant.

35 PARK LANE, W.,
May 14th, 1905.

I cannot resist writing a line of profound admiration for your speech on Imperial Defence.¹ From the points of view of personal affection and political devotion it is an immense relief

¹ Thursday, 11th May, 1905.

to feel that none of the attempts to defeat your Government earlier in the Session succeeded and prevented that speech from being made.

But beyond all personal and party considerations, there it stands, a monument, as I believe, for any period of history which we can foresee. It will, no doubt, be attacked. Those who want a 'continental' Army and conscription, on the one hand, and on the other the 'Blue Water' school, will continue to work the Press in favour of extravagant expenditure without condescending to look at the problem of Defence as a whole. But in every debate raised by one set of extremists or the other, your speech will dictate the lines of successful reply and by degrees attain to universal and axiomatic acceptance.

It will stand also as a Declaration to Foreign Countries and an Instruction to our own Colonies, and to India. I like to dwell, philosophically, on its larger and more lasting domination over Foreign Affairs, Colonial relations, Indian policy, Naval construction and Army organization. But, of course, I cannot, and do not wish to ignore its more transient but still very great importance from a personal and political point of view.

Indeed these two points of view are really one. For your unquestioned leadership of the Party is necessary to the Party. I believe that everybody, including the extreme Tariff Reformers, do see this when they think. And I feel sure that Chamberlain both sees and wishes it.

It follows that your speech must be dinned into the ears of the country. It ought to be published, it ought to be dilated on. It ought to figure in every platform speech. It stands in no need of explanation but, like all political utterances, it stands in need of re-iteration. And there is this also to be said. The Opposition, or at least a section of them, will draw false deductions from it. They will say, quite untruly—that it points to the possibility of effecting *large* reductions in the Army. It does not. To supply 8 divisions of Infantry with the due complement of other arms and equipment necessitates the maintenance of a regular Army, of 'cadres,' of trained officers.

The Opposition will also say that a great deal of money has been wasted 'because we kept up a large army for Home Defence.' That is also untrue. But it shows the 'cloven hoof' of Party, or rather partisan criticism. *Directly that is done—as done it will be—I hold strongly that you should make your scheme of Defence a living, fighting issue before the electorate.* Otherwise the Opposition will acquiesce—ostensibly—in your scheme and claim, on that score, that they are imbued by

Imperial and not by Party consideration. But, then, they will prepare to whittle it away.

On that issue, so soon as it is raised, I think you ought to fight.

I think that we ought all to fight on that issue, using three arguments :—

(1) That the Opposition have debased an Imperial issue to Party ends whilst claiming to have sunk the chances of Party advantage ;—

(2) That whilst pretending to welcome your scheme they would cut it down dangerously ;—

(3) That you are the more entitled to fight them since you have guarded the Empire against the extravagance of both the narrow Military and the narrow Naval extremists. It is only by the shock of argument that vital truths survive. I should ‘pick a quarrel’ with the Opposition the moment any member of their front bench either draws an illegitimate party inference from your speech to pave the way for unwise retrenchment, or bases on your speech an illegitimate party attack on past expenditure.

381

To Mrs. Hinkson

35 PARK LANE, W.,
May 14th, 1905.

I am grateful to you for having written and for what you have written. I was glad to get your book and thought that, perhaps, you would write. And now we have only got to wait for the next chance of helping somebody, whoever he may be, to get something done. You must never for one moment allow yourself to believe that Ireland is unlucky, or that she brings ill-luck. It is because people allow themselves to believe this that things sometimes go wrong in Ireland or, rather, that it is harder to set them right when they do go wrong ; in Ireland as elsewhere. The great thing is to be quite sure that :—

‘ All we have hoped of good shall exist,
not its semblance, but itself. . . . ’

If enough people believe that a great many will live to see it. Your books help me to believe this. That is why I want you to go on writing books in the same vein of charity and it is one of the reasons why I am—Yours gratefully,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

382

To Charles Walston

35 PARK LANE, W.,
May 17th, 1905.

When I left England for the continent I was too ill to read the many, many letters written me by my friends. They were kept from me till my return, and then my first duty was to attend to arrears of work that called for immediate attention.

But now it is a great solace to me to read such letters as the one you wrote.

This is not yet the time to say or write anything of my work and hopes in Ireland. Yet the hopes are not extinguished. I dare to believe that these vicissitudes will have their uses for many. For me, at least, they have brought friends nearer.

383

To the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour

Private and Confidential.

35 PARK LANE, W.,
May 20th, 1905.

I will gladly look into your room for a talk on Defence and Fiscal position.

It may save time if I jot down my ideas on the latter. It is no longer a case of what this, or that, man wants. I want, for example, retaliation and the *Imperial* side of Chamberlain's original propaganda, without protection. But the question is now 'How to save the Party and for what objects?' I want to save the Party for Imperialism, for Religious Education, for the avoidance of Class conflicts, for the maintenance of the Union (negatively as against constitutional experiments and positively to improve the condition of Ireland and the relations between the 2 countries) and to make Imperial *Defence* at once scientific and economic.

The danger which threatens the Party is the confusion in men's minds on the Fiscal question. That danger becomes immediate when stated in terms of the relation between a Conference and an Election.

It is said that Tariff Reform is the principal question before the country, and that you have not spoken clearly upon it.

The second proposition is untrue and may be dismissed: the first is misleading and requires examination.

Turning, first, to Parliament.—This Parliament is pledged not to deal with Tariff Reform and is practically debarred from modifying even the custom and routine of Budget-making. It cannot, e.g. reimpose the 1/- on corn; it can hardly embark on any new tax; it cannot Retaliate. Its attention *ought* to be engrossed on matters in hand and—if it continues till next year—will be engrossed on Redistribution and alleged ‘clerical disorders.’ Its continued existence postpones any attempt to consider the Fiscal question as a whole.

Turning, next, to the constituencies.—Three separate questions, which are distinct, which cannot be easily adjusted, and which may prove irreconcilable, have been actively canvassed on the platform in a somewhat confused manner :—

1. Protection of British Manufactures of a character indistinguishable, in kind if not in degree, from Continental or American protection.

2. A tax on corn and food-stuffs.

3. An aspiration towards closer Union with our Colonies, including commercial union.

As I understand the matter :

On (1) *Protection*. You are opposed, but, with due notice before an Election—(already given)—you intend to resume in another Parliament the right to Retaliate, subject to House of Commons control, for two purposes : (a) to combat, or prevent, hostile tariffs framed to injure this country or a colony, (b) to combat, or prevent, ‘dumping.’ This subject is almost exclusively domestic and specifically incapable of being dealt with prior to an election. Consequently it clashes with the project of a Conference, prior to an election, on the Imperial aspect of Tariff Reform.

On (2) and (3), *Food Taxes* and *Preference*, you have said (a) that the people at home, who look to the past, have a traditional aversion from any tax on food, (b) that our Colonies, who look to the future, exhibit some desire to protect their nascent manufactures even against the Mother Country though, no doubt, in a lesser degree than against foreign countries.

The aspiration towards closer Imperial Union remains, beset, however, in respect of commercial methods, by these two difficulties.

That being so you have advocated a Conference at which all concerns common to the Empire and all methods for increasing Imperial Unity, including Tariff methods, shall be freely discussed.

The Party as a whole agrees on what shall be discussed. It may split on the date of discussion in relation to the Election.

I think it *was* understood that you promised the electorate two electoral opportunities to decide on two questions—

(1) Yes, or no, will you refer all matters of Imperial concern, including Preference, to a Conference ?

(2) If the Conference recommends, *inter alia*, preference between the parts of the Empire then that recommendation may be accepted, modified or rejected *only by a second Election*.

It may be said that 'circumstances alter cases'; that this Parliament has lasted longer than was expected; that a Conference might, in any event, reasonably be called for 1906; that Preference was discussed at the last Conference and could not be excluded from the next etc., etc. I doubt the force of these arguments and fear that they may lead to a disruption of the Party.

Let us assume, for the sake of argument, that this Parliament continues till the Autumn of 1906. What would happen ? You could not deal with Retaliation. The terms of reference to the Conference would be bitterly discussed. A section of the Party would complain that they had misunderstood the point of the 2 elections. Preference, in respect of the Conference, would become *for the first time* a question before *this* Parliament. The discussions at home would react unfavourably on the Colonies. And, with the Fiscal question thus revived, this Parliament, in order to continue, would be forced to *carry* Redistribution and discuss the report of the Commission on alleged 'clerical disorders.' Confusion would, I fear, become worse confounded.

In order to stay in, you must proceed with Redistribution, you must postpone the question of Preference. Otherwise the free-fooders; the wobblers who seek safety in Redistribution alone; and the Opposition, will wreck you on the terms of reference. But, on the other hand, if you do postpone Preference, Chamberlain and his followers will, naturally, complain. In either event, one section, or the other, of the Party will—I feel pretty sure—say that it has been misled.

I can discover no workable middle term between (a) staying in for a year or more solely to *carry Redistribution*, and (b) having an election in the Autumn on Conference, Defence, Retaliation, Home Rule, Religious Education, our Licensing Reform, readjustment of Local Taxation to Grants in aid and ultimate Redistribution.

The first plan will give offence to Chamberlain and only please the bulk of the Party until Fiscal inroads make it fail.

The second, though not very palatable either to Chamberlain

or to the bulk of the Party, cannot be repudiated by either. It saves everybody's face and is truly applicable to the situation and probable results of any election. For it points to another Election in 3 years when views are matured on (1) Preference, (2) Redistribution, (3) Local Taxation. It fits the facts and all reasonable forecasts. But to mix up (1) A Conference *prior* to an Election with (2) Redistribution and (3) a new Fiscal concordat tending towards mild protection of Home manufacture and away from Imperial aspirations, spells ruin and shelves *Defence*.

All the shortsighted people who desire *separately, protection, or only one Election before Preference, or Redistribution in order to postpone both*, may unite on a middle course of mere delay for a time. But when the smash comes, as I think it will, they will turn round and say that you ought to have foreseen it and that you were the only person with the power to avert it.

I have no personal predilection for a speedy appeal to the country. I want the Conservative Party to continue as a force with you as its only and unchallenged leader. And I dread a confused middle course.

384

To the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour

Confidential.

35 PARK LANE, W.,
May 27th, 1905.

I have received a letter from Linky¹ which shows that he is upset over the Fiscal situation. He asks me to convey this to you 'in a moderate way' because he finds that his own expressions are too vigorous. I feel bound to do this as, otherwise, I should be open to blame.

His point is, or his points are, that what he calls the recurrence of alarms and rumours is more trying to people like him than open rupture, but, he adds, 'no doubt a rupture *would* be worse if it came.'

Apart from Linky I fear mischief.

That 'wing' has clung to 'Sheffield.' He says 'of all things I am most afraid of a modification of "Sheffield."' I do not myself see how a Conference in 1906 could meet, and report, in time for their recommendations to be before the country for a sufficient period to make them a real factor in a General Election. It is an academic and remote contingency.

¹ Lord Hugh Cecil.

On the other hand it rests—as I understand the Constitution—with the Prime Minister *alone* to advise a dissolution. That sole responsibility is his and he must jealously preserve that power in its integrity. And it may be said that he cannot so preserve it if he undertakes to give that advice *before* one contingency occurs and irrespective of other known, and unknown contingencies.

In all human probability there will be no available recommendations from the 1906 Conference until *after* six whole sessions of this Parliament have been completed and, perhaps, not until later by some months. Apart, therefore, from the fact that the 1906 Conference cannot be directed by Government, I hardly see how an Election on its recommendations could be satisfactory to Chamberlain. But a step which would be called a departure from Sheffield would, no doubt, be attacked by Free Fooders. Is the point that you cannot limit your discretion on the *time* for advising a Dissolution (or, of course, of resigning) one of any value?

I fear that it would be attacked as a device for staying in for 7 Sessions.

Chamberlain did want an Election this year. I do not know whether he *now* wants Parliament to sit till October 1906 or—if the Report of the Conference is delayed—till the Address of 1907. Yet I cannot believe that the second course is a good one from his point of view.

Many people would contend that the recommendations, if any, had not been before the country long enough. Many people—if the Government were defeated—would claim—in the opposite sense—that the Election had given the *coup-de-grâce* to all Chamberlain's views and to your views as well.

The issue of an Election on a 'full-fledged' Conference with India represented would—I really believe—be better for Commercial Union with the Colonies and would not be open to attacks based on an alleged departure from Sheffield and Edinburgh.

Again, whatever is said on Tuesday, will not the Autumn Campaign turn, inevitably, on whether Preference is, or is not, to be before a complete Conference?

And, if so, will it be practical politics for the 1906 Conference to meet imperfectly equipped and without direction from our Colonial Office?

It seems simpler—to my mind—to say (1) that you desire and expect to lay (a) the project of a full and free Conference; (b) Retaliation; before the country prior to an Election: but (2) You cannot as P.M. undertake that, under no circum-

stances some of which are necessarily unforeseen, will you prolong Parliament if the public interest demands that.

It would be a tactical advantage to throw the onus of limiting discussion on the Opposition.

Forgive this long letter. I am exercised in my mind over these conundrums.

SECTION VII

1905-1913

385

To Wilfrid Ward

35 PARK LANE, W.,
May 28th, 1905.

I have read your article with great interest. It is a fine piece of psychological analysis. In an ideal world no one would be expected to say 'yes' or 'no' to a project for closer commercial union with the Colonies. You cannot do so 'without prejudice.'

During the Boer War when the French press was outrageous to our feelings, no sensible man would have declared for or against an understanding with France. In theology many express an aspiration towards the reunion of Christendom. But they do so at their peril. And their peril is extreme if the aspiration is connected with some concrete questions as *e.g.* the validity of Orders.

386

To the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour

Private.

35 PARK LANE, W.,
June 3rd, 1905.

I rejoice over 'Albert Hall' and only hope you will rest enough after the effort.

It was, absolutely, a great success and, relatively, the maximum success possible.

I discreetly collected opinions at Londonderry House from the favourable position of one who had not heard the speech. I feel convinced that all is as well as it can be.

Amery—of the 'Times'—thought that the Tariff Reformers were disappointed because—as he put it—they expected a more definite lead in respect of the Future. But your audience comprised—among Tariff Reformers—those who have been advocating cut-and-dried details with a protectionist tinge.

They will only slowly see (1) that your policy gives them the only tactical position that will not doom *all* their hopes, (2) that its tactical value disappears if they announce that it is tactical only for *their* purposes.

The Policy is—as I fully believe—coherent and wise on the merits. Any other policy in view of (1) the reluctance here to tax corn and (2) the predilection of the Colonies for protecting their manufactures must fail probably altogether, certainly so far as Imperial aspirations and Party Unity are concerned.

That is what most people in the Party think. My point is that those Tariff Reformers who do *not* think so ought, from their point of view, to accept it as the only tactical means to save them and that it cannot achieve that result if they insist on its insincerity. I think they will see this in time.

Meanwhile Amery—who, I take it, is with them—seizes on the ‘no double Election if we are beaten at the General Election.’

He was pleased with that. If he is representative of that section they will ride off on that horse. Conversely, the extreme Free-fooders will ride off on the strict adherence to 2 Elections as they understood from the Edinburgh speech, *i.e.* that they can stand for the next Parliament without disclaiming their objection to a tax on corn. What happier result could you have obtained? All the happier since, as so often is the case, the sincere counsel of deliberate wisdom turns out to be the only sound tactical expedient.

All that is required of your friends is that they should dwell on the first aspect, rather than on the second, and use the second only to reconcile extremists to the good sense of the first.

387

To his Mother

OAKMERE CAMP,
NORTHWICH, *June 13, 1905.*

I am very well. We have the first sprinkle of rain this morning. Till now it has been as dry as a bone here. The nights were cold; but I thrived on them. At first I put on long drawers under my pyjamas and many blankets and a fur rug. But as that almost crushed me on a camp bed and as I became rapidly acclimatized I now sleep with only a couple of blankets. This is a lovely spot—a long upland glade one

and a half mile by a third of a mile with the forest on each side, Scotch firs, birches, chestnuts and bracken. We are on the high ground on the further side of 'High Billings' from Saughton. I spent Sunday there with Sibell and felt quite keen to get back to my books and the garden. The Yeomanry has made a good transition from Ireland back to Cheshire. Everybody is so pleased to see us and all the old hunting and camp stories carry me back ten years. All the young officers are good fellows. We drill, or manoeuvre in the Forest all the morning and—in the afternoon—stimulated by our C.O. Lord Harrington we cut at heads and posts and shoot children's coloured air-balloons as we jump, à la Dick Turpin. As I am always really only sixteen years old inside I enjoy this as much as Percy could. My new horse, Terence, takes to soldiering well. He is very fond of me already and wise. Horses are immensely proud and self-conscious when they find themselves with hundreds of other horses. They think that the uniforms and the Flag-staff and the Trumpets are all there in their honour. Personally I know no better amusement than commanding a squadron on a good horse. Arty Grosvenor and Bendor are in the squadron and all the young riding farmers from round Saughton. Our Sergeant Major—from the Blues—weighs 20 stone and we have a horse in the ranks over 18 hands high. He is called 'Dick' which amuses me and is a general favourite. Now the sun is bursting out and I am off to 'umpire' at the fight—a canter out of five miles through the Forest. We shall lunch out and be six or seven hours in the saddle.

388

To the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour

Private and Confidential.

IRISH OFFICE,
OLD QUEEN STREET, July 8th, 1905.

I have read Chamberlain's speech. Certain features in it—declared to be cardinal—will revive discussion and precipitate conflict. Those which strike me most are :—

(1) There is to be a *general* Tariff. This is stated to be a necessary part of the policy.

(2) This General Tariff is to be used 'at a moment.' That can only mean a power of increasing taxation on particular items—already taxed in the general Tariff—by Executive action, released from *existing* Parliamentary control. Some other form of Parliamentary control may be contemplated.

But, obviously, departures from the Budget of the year by the executive are contemplated in the first place.

(3) This general Tariff employed as a 'datum level' for increases against unfair competition and decreases for benefits received, is in itself to be of such a character that it will provide a *large surplus*.

(4) That surplus is to be used for experiments in social legislation, for the relief of rates and specially for relieving rates on Agricultural Land.

This programme is highly contentious.

Other members of the Party will be struck, rather, by the renewed emphasis on the necessity of taxing wheat. Nearly all will deplore the militant tone; the reference to offers of co-operation having been made to the other side; the unfortunate phrase 'we fell back' on the Unionist Party; the gibes at 'ambiguity' and 'shilly-shally.'

Proposals (1) (3) and (4) have never been advocated in any speech which you have made, and the taxation of wheat—to which I attach less importance—has been made specifically conditional on the result of a 'Free Conference.'

The speech seems designed to draw the maximum of fire from all quarters.

The cumulative argument against the proposals may be stated thus:—Employment is more important than cheapness even at some cost. Imperial Unity is vital even at some cost. Retaliation is necessary, even at some cost. Yet the machinery for effecting these objects, at the risk of three separate occasions for cost, is, in addition, to extract surplus millions. And these millions are to be dispensed by a future Chancellor of the Exchequer in promoting social experiments and endowing Agriculture by relieving it from Rates.

When this is understood I am convinced that the Middle Classes will rebel. Yet all are invited to accept the proposals in their entirety at the peril—if they demur—of being stigmatized as timid timeservers who seek the Palm without the Dust: unless, indeed, for the purpose of blowing into the eyes of the Public in the form of ambiguous evasions.

Chamberlain, quite possibly, does not mean all he says. Yet this is a different matter from Retaliation and a Free Conference.

It will be called Protection of Manufacture *plus* doles to Agriculture. It will be defeated in the towns by reference to the second proposition and in rural districts by reference to the first.

The adjustment of Rates to Taxes is, in itself, a huge question.

It is now thrown in as a component part of a Tariff Reform which is to be 'bolted whole'! Even Gargantua might prove squeamish on such a regimen.

389

To Bertram Windle

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE,
July 14th, 1905.

Your 'Wessex' is a delightful book to read at any time and in any place, but, above all, in London and mid July. I am most grateful for the gift. I admire Mr. New's illustrations. Am I right in believing that he illustrated one of the Kelmscott books? At any rate the combination is a most effective one.

Wiltshire, Dorset and the Cotswolds are my favourite tracks in England. Some day I hope to do a little Wiltshire with you from Clouds, my father's place.

I shall press Education on Mr. Long. It is the thing most needed and the only thing that can be done under existing circumstances.

390

To Charles T. Gatty

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 18th August '05.

It was delightful to see your handwriting in a letter to Sibell, and to know that I shall soon see you. But I insist on more than one day's visit—that is absurd—and I propose that you come on, or as soon after, September 1st as you can manage. I have invaded the upper room in the tower—the 'girls' school-room'—*cheu fugaces*! There I feel like the Greek tyrant who slept in the top storey and pulled the ladder up after him through a hole in the floor. The room is cleared and whitewashed. I retain my own, old, lower room also. I started to sort my books on the broad principle of poetry, literature, books of reference, upstairs; history, politics, philosophy, science, downstairs. I found that nine-tenths of the books in each class were *not* in the storey of their ultimate destination, but in the other. So I spent 2½ days on the turret stairs, perspiring freely, with 10 volumes on each journey clasped between my hands and chin. Now order reigns, and it is mighty pleasant.

Hugh Cecil spent some five days with me. We discussed most of the Centuries and Continents, read Poetry, mapped out the future of the Church, and assigned their provinces and ideals to novel combinations of parties in Home Politics. Also we attended, day by day, the Polo Tournament organized by Bendor on a basis of 11 teams and 92 ponies.

I wrote a lecture on Ronsard and delivered it at Oxford in my Doctor's gown.

Now I perpend and wait for the Seven Devils to occupy my swept and garnished life.

I have two offers to write on Shakespeare; an inclination to write a few essays on my own account, and a determination not to join this Government whatever happens.

391

To Philip Hanson

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 25.viii.05.

Your letter is conclusive on the theory of telepathy. I thought of you a good deal yesterday; realized that I had not heard from you for quite a time; and determined to write myself the first thing to-day. Then—pat!—comes just the letter I was missing. It is very welcome, every line of it. When do you take your holiday? and can you look in here on the way?

Sometimes Politics surge up from the back caverns of thought and memory. But I put them aside. I read 'The Seething Pot' in Florence. It is good. The other aspect of Ireland, what I may call the Polo-Ground aspect is more insistent. I loved the Phoenix Park, and the Lodge, and am haunted by memories of people who were kind. Yet I agree it is 'all nonsense really,' as you say. Nevertheless, give my warm remembrance to Lady Thomson and Sir T. Myles and others.

The 'erraticke sterres' are not in it with Percy. He called on you the other day, being at Leopardstown, etc., returned to have a tête-à-tête with the Dean of Christchurch, and, after settling to read hard for another 'shot' in December, looked in here yesterday, and was off again to Dublin! It is jolly to be as young as all that.

Ronsard was good fun. I lectured in crimson glory of D.C.L. robes, the perspiration dripping from my brow, to a large audience—about 1,200—mostly composed of lean and

earnest ladies. Need I tell you that I had to throw more than a quarter overboard, although speaking pretty fast for one hour and ten minutes ?

Macmillan wants to publish and make 'something rather nice of it.' But the Devil has tempted me to 'finish' the section I omitted,—influence on Elizabethans. You ought to be here to take it away from me. I *will* send it off to-day : and finish on the 'proofs.'

I made a great effort after austerity and only break out once or twice. The structure is of Spartan simplicity : (1) The Age and the Man ; (2) Sources of Inspiration and Aim of Art ; (3) Achievement and Influence. So far, so good. But when I said to Walter Raleigh as I left the platform, 'I'm afraid it was three lectures,' he answered 'No, a book.'

Sidney Lee in his 'Elizabethan Sonnets,' published only last year, forestalled a good deal that I had worked out 10 years ago. But no matter for that.

'B-o-o-k, Book,' and then go and write it—as I must now. Be really happy, write soon ; let us meet.

392

To Wilfrid Ward

August 26th, 1905.

I did not refer to your proposed 'notes on Ireland,' because—as you rightly judged—I do prefer not to offer any opinion.

Much that I said has been so misconstrued that, for the present, I maintain silence.

It is not the case that I tried to construct a moderate party, *i.e.* a body with an organization, leader, programme, etc.

What I preached in season and out of season was that all, no matter to what parties they belonged, or what extreme views they might hold, should endeavour to agree on practical proposals of a moderate character.

393

To his Mother

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, *September 1st, 1905.*

The Mallaranny Picture is quite beautiful : a beautiful picture and a beautiful poem, in one. It is a work of genius. You must paint some more sketches from recollection. They

are worth many enamels. The mind selects what the imagination has received. Louis Stevenson, in one of his essays on travel, says that he can only describe a country properly after he has left it and then, only if he has no notes or contemporary letters to refer to. These, he argues, interfere with the process of natural selection in the mind which, if unembarrassed by notes, leads up to a 'survival of the fittest.' Your sketch of Mallaranny proves that this is true of painting also. It gives vision.

Lavery, the painter, told me that he painted in that way sometimes and could best give a landscape in that way.

394

To Wilfrid Scawen Blunt

SAIGHTON,
September 3, '05.

I have been thinking of you constantly, during long stretches, day after day. Your presence is strangely insistent. The last two nights I have spent in reading your poetry. Your poetry touched me first when I was very young and turned me into what I am. But, reading it again, I receive two vivid impressions : that you are a Poet, without any shadow of doubt, destined to great praise in years still long distant ; and, again, that the stuff of your poetry is linked very closely with my life. I feel coerced to write this to-night. I have left everybody downstairs to do it.

September 4th.

I was interrupted by Charles Gatty, who is here. We often talk of you. Please ask Cockerell to write and tell me how you are. I expect to go south at the end of September, in order to visit my constituents, and I shall come to see you early in October. I enjoyed my lecture on Ronsard at Oxford. I delivered it in my crimson D.C.L. robes. Macmillan is publishing it. I stayed with the Dean at Christchurch. His lawn between Cardinal Wolsey's library and the Cathedral of St. Frydeswyte (I am not sure of the lady's name) is a perfect spot for meditation. The remains of St. Frydeswyte's shrine are very beautiful and were much admired by Burne-Jones. The adventures of her corpse give an epitome of the English Reformation. When Edward VI. came to the throne, Somerset disinterred St. Frydeswyte and buried, in her place, the wife of Peter Martyr, a nun who had broken her vows.

When Mary Tudor succeeded, Mrs. Peter Martyr was removed and St. F. replaced. When Elizabeth reigned in her place she put them both in together, and there they are—just like the Communion Service in the Prayer Book.

I have been riding with Percy and long for the day when I shall ride with you again.

395

To Charles Boyd

35 PARK LANE, W.,
10.X.05.

My plan of campaign is simple, viz. : to remain young, to make Dover doubly secure, to entrench myself politically—for some months—in Conservative principles as a base from which to operate towards closer Imperial Unity. Incidentally I attend at Dover, Chamber of Commerce Banquet, Mayor's Dinner, Primrose League Dinner, etc., etc.

I spoke for one hour and twenty minutes at Dover on the 27th to a large audience. But just now no one must start new plans.

The Government make a mistake in staying in. They are boring the country and tiring out their army. All the more reason—say I—that those who mean business should keep within their lines of Torres Vedras. After that Imperial Organization by all means. But don't touch compulsory service for the Army. The proper plan—as I informed the House of Commons 4½ years ago—is to have Militia in all parts of the Empire, receiving a small Imperial retainer and all coming on to a uniform rate of Imperial pay in the hour of Imperial Emergency.

That is part of Imperial Organization. Conscription at home—by whatever name you like to call it—is Insular. Our Empire is Oceanic. That fact is the test stone of every plan for Imperial Organization.

396

To Bertram Windle

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, November 1st, 1905.

Your letter has given me something more than pleasure. It makes me hope that you will achieve some of the projects for which I worked. And, being human, I cannot but be glad

to hear from you that some remember that I did work and guess, perhaps, how deeply I cared.

I tried very hard to get a Central Committee for enquiry and advice on questions of commerce, transit, manufacture and handicraft. I know the political rocks and shoals, and can estimate the considerable measure of success which you have attained. The list of speakers for November 21st and 22nd proves to me that much has already been accomplished. It is most encouraging to see that, in addition to the Chairmen of the Cork and Dublin Chambers of Commerce, the New Department, and the Bishops of Cloyne and Waterford, you have also secured politicians representing so many divergent sections of political opinion. Messrs. Boland, T. W. Russell, William Field, Sloan and Captain Donelan, with Lord Dunraven, comprise almost every shade. I regret that, excepting Mr. Russell and Mr. Sloan—whose usefulness I would by no means minimize—Belfast is not yet, apparently, ready to throw in her lot with the general prosperity of Ireland. Her Captains of Industry hold back. It is slow work, demanding infinite patience. It may be that Belfast will always stand aside. If so, there is all the more reason for closer communion throughout the centre and south.

I also read with pleasure and relief that you 'find plenty to do and never have an idle moment.' That reconciles me to having lured you into such troublous seas.

I shall read your inaugural address with keen interest. Some day I shall pay you a visit. But, for the present, I cannot help Ireland. Any action or words of mine would be misrepresented, and serve only to embarrass those who at—I am sure—considerable risk are willing to take up the task of assisting Ireland 'to find Herself.'

In the long run it may prove that my failure to secure support in Ireland and financial assistance from Parliament, is not to be regretted.

If Irishmen come to understand how little English politicians—Conservatives, Liberals, Free-Traders, Protectionists and Labour men—know or care about Irish interests, they will discover that they cannot afford to imitate the worst features in our Party system.

It is all to the good that no one can say of the 'First Irish Industrial Conference' that it is promoted or engineered by a Chief Secretary. That makes it easier for Irish politicians to co-operate, and easier for them to defend their co-operation from malicious attacks.

So, as a private individual without any political 'arrière

pensée,' who merely cares for the well-being of Ireland, your Conference and your attempts to improve the opportunities for Higher Education, have my heartfelt good wishes.

397

To the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour

Confidential.

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, November 8th, 1905.

I began a letter to you, ten days since, and tore it up ; feeling that I had written very often on the relation of Fiscal Reform to the continuity of our Party, and that you were fully in possession of all my views. On reflection I now feel that the very frequency of my earlier correspondence during this year might give a false significance to silence now.

I wish I could talk to you instead of writing. But let me put it in this way :—dismissing Asquith's formal attack—'Free Trade versus Protection' etc.—and dismissing all such incidents as Londonderry's substitution of a 'break-down' for an 'egg-dance'—much remains that exercises my mind, and, for *the first time* since Chamberlain's speech on the Whitsun adjournment of 1903, makes me uncertain whether the Party can be saved.

Let me touch on 4 themes :—I. Chamberlain's propaganda ; II. Theoretic Fiscal Reform ; III. The Party Programme ; IV. Party Prospects.

I. Chamberlain 'opened' at Birmingham in 1903, with a pure Imperialist speech for closer Unity with our Colonies. He spoke, next, in the House on the Whitsun adjournment still on that theme, but saying that in practice 'you must tax food' though not raw material. Some of us, including myself, declined to shut the door on Preferential Trade with the Colonies as an integral part of attempts at closer unity. But, whilst assuming that attitude, I demurred *then* to confusing an attempt at Imperial Union with vague promises of a surplus Revenue to be lavished on Socialistic adventures. I, *then*, advocated no definite repudiation even of 2/- on corn on the specific ground that if we scouted such a tax in respect of Canada the Fiscal Reformers would slue off towards mere protection of manufactures. Now, that is precisely what has happened.

When Chamberlain spoke last Summer at the Albert Hall

I wrote to you because, (1) he insisted on the employment, i.e. *protective* argument, and (2) revived in the baldest manner the illusory idea of a surplus revenue to be expended on conciliating classes in the Electorate who are not interested in manufacture.

When we met at Clouds last Easter you showed me, confidentially, the proposals drawn up by him for the private meeting of M.P.'s who are supposed to accept his policy. They were, practically, protection of manufactures plus a surplus revenue to be devoted to conciliating Agriculture by *doles*, and fostering advanced Domestic legislation. Chamberlain's last speech is an exaggeration of those proposals. The Imperial aspiration scarcely appears, and is no more than an aspiration, quite irrelevant to what he actually puts forward. We have, instead, almost naked protection of Manufacture plus the surplus revenue to be used in bidding for agricultural votes and the votes of highly rated Urban Districts.

To this I, and I believe many Conservatives, are opposed. I feel more than at liberty to write this because I have communicated my objection to Chamberlain. He asked me recently to join in 'an agitation for Tariff Reform' and, in his letter, used these words: 'I have, I hope rightly, always counted on you as one of the strongest supporters of my proposals while you were in the Cabinet, and now that you are free from administrative work you may be inclined to take a prominent part with myself and others of your old colleagues who feel that this question is going to be the great question of the future, and the one on which Party divisions will ultimately settle themselves.'

The operative part of my reply was as follows: 'I am loth to adopt, even in appearance, the attitude of one who waits on events, holding himself free to advocate any opinions which may, in the long run, prove popular. I am anxious, now as in 1903, to work towards a closer unity throughout the Empire, embracing, if that should prove feasible, some measure of Commercial unity. I deprecate now, as I did then, any actions or words which may repel our Colonies or hinder such a consummation. But, on the other hand, I am no more persuaded now than then, that anything in the nature of a general Tariff imposed for the double object, (1) of giving employment to those engaged in manufacture, and (2) of providing a surplus Revenue of some millions for the relief of agriculture and social legislation, is expedient.' Briefly, I should have to oppose a 'general Tariff' advocated—as it is—on these two grounds which seem to be incompatible; and, the more so, since it gives

a complete 'go-by' to closer Imperial Unity—the sole inducement originally extended.

II. *Theoretic Fiscal Reform.*

(1) *Retaliation* is a sound economic policy in harmony with Party traditions, *provided that* it is not confused with the protection of manufacture and the raising of superfluous taxation; two objects which are incompatible *inter se* and of which neither can be readily adjusted to a scientific use of retaliation.

If, for example, France were to exclude certain articles of our manufacture we could retaliate scientifically by threatening (a) luxuries, e.g. wine or silk, or (b) food, say eggs or chickens.

But such retaliatory duties would be quite distinct from a tax on French Manufactures to protect our manufactures, and that tax, in turn, would, if effective for that object, fail to raise revenue for the relief of Agriculture. It is nonsense to speak of these three things as if they were one, and indivisible. They are disparate and almost antagonistic.

(2) *Commercial Unity with Colonies.* You have said the *last* word. Until a Free Conference has met and reported and we have considered its recommendations it is absurd to pledge ourselves for, or against, any proposal.

(3) *New Sources of Revenue.* It may be that we must some day broaden the basis of taxation. But that is a pure Exchequer matter. Possibly, it may prove necessary to do so either for (a) Defence, (b) Education rates—though I hope not, or (c) surplus income wherewith to 'grease the wheels' of some such readjustment of rates to taxes, with respect to local needs and capacity, as was contemplated by Balfour of Burleigh's Royal Commission. But if that should prove necessary it could not be carried unless it had been kept distinct from the protection of manufacture.

Chamberlain confuses these issues. His followers ask for new sources of Revenue *in order* to give Protection. I submit that we must draw the distinction clearly.

III. *Party Programme.* The Party Programme is (a) Retaliation, (b) Free Conference. If that be insisted on in such a way as to make it clear that we *repudiate* protection and relegate the creation of new sources of Revenue to the speculative Future—we may pull through, otherwise the Party will be split. It is—as I wrote on J. C.'s speech at the Albert Hall—for him and the Tariff Reformers to 'save their faces' by accepting the Party Programme. It is *not* for the Party to connive at their ambiguities. I would add this: Fiscal Reform, if we eliminate the confusions of Tariff Reformers, is somewhat remote and speculative. But we, the Conservative Party,

stand for much that is always urgent and permanently important: sound Foreign Policy, adequate Defence, Imperial Unity, The Union, Religious Education, opposition to Socialistic nostrums and the accentuation of Class divisions. On these questions 90% of our Historic Party are agreed. Our opponents are distraught on most of these and several other questions. We have the chance of fighting a magnificent rear-guard action.

IV. *The Party Prospects* depend on our fighting such a rear-guard action and resolutely declining to confound the unascertained hopes of Colonial preference and remote need of new taxes for Revenue with the protection of manufacture eased by *doles* to Agriculture.

If that confusion prevails we shall not only be beaten; we shall also be broken as an Historic Party. Some Tariff Reformers may ally themselves with the Labour Party. Some more Free-Feeders may drift to the regular Opposition. Some Tories will abandon politics and but a remnant will set themselves to the uphill task of reconstructing the Tory Party all over again. I must apologize for the length of this letter and its gloomy close.

Two things have alarmed me; Chamberlain's invitation to join in a separate campaign is one. The other is that—to my surprise—I gathered from Alfred Lyttelton that he was not opposed to a 'general Tariff' as a 'battle cry' at the election. I think it would be fatal. Nothing in my deliberate judgment but a rigid adherence to the spirit and letter of your Edinburgh and 'half-sheet' pronouncements can save us.

The majority of those who *think* they are followers of Chamberlain still believe that the Imperial aspect of his original declaration is the distinguishing feature and true objective of his proposals. But that has been dropped—except as a rhetorical flourish. His present proposals make solely for the insular protection of manufacture coupled with the raising of superfluous millions for dubious projects at a time when the reduction of taxation is the first need of the country and opposition to socialistic vagaries the first duty of our Party.

P.S.—I ought to add that Chamberlain—in a very kind reply to my statement of objection—writes, 'Of course, as you know, it is the Imperial side of my policy which most appeals to me, but I feel that it cannot be carried without some such retaliatory policy as is embodied in Mr. Balfour's proposals.' But that side of his policy is like the side of the Moon which we never see. His proposals and his arguments, and still more the arguments of his followers, have nothing to do with retaliation or Imperial Unity.

To J. Sanders

Confidential.

SAUGHTON,
November 18th, 1905.

I went to Dover the day after the P.M.'s speech, Tuesday, and left on Thursday. I gathered views from persons representative of several classes. Nothing occurred sufficiently important and *definite* to warrant a letter to the P.M. But a number of incidents and pronouncements went to make up a general impression on my mind. Anyway the spirit moves me to write to you, as one no less jealous than I am of the Chief's position and the Party's traditional continuity.

I do not think that I am unduly biased towards my own opinions. But—with the best will in the world to be critical and unprejudiced—the general impression which I received confirmed my own opinion on two points: (1) *There is danger to the P.M. and Party.* (2) *He took absolutely the right line at Newcastle.* All will come right in the end; given a reasonable amount of 'push' on the part of those who are loyal to him.

On Wednesday evening we had a C. dinner of 250 persons. Everybody who counts was there—Mayor, ex-Mayor, leading tradesmen, Brewers and working-men.

To be short, I must be blunt. *Before* the dinner they all begged me not to *attack* Joe; or criticize Protection. But, even before I spoke, they all agreed that absolute loyalty to the P.M. and Unity were essential. My speech—55 minutes—carried them all with me enthusiastically and they spontaneously passed a motion—not on the programme—of 'undying devotion' etc. which I wired to A. J. B.

I spent the whole of the next day in reconnoitring. My general impression is as follows. They have not given any serious thought to the question of Fiscal Reform. They do not distinguish between Retaliation, High Protection, Low protection, Preference to Colonies, Tariff for Revenue etc. etc. But they want a change. They talk of the Imperial Idea; want to 'pal' with the Colonies; are annoyed—this above all—with Foreign countries for taxing our goods unfairly.

They do not read the speeches made by A. J. B. or by Joe—still less the Blue books. They only read the leading articles in the Protectionist Press, and repeat, like parrots, that they do not understand A. J. B. and want 'something definite.'

A little quiet talk reveals that no two of them agree on anything. They all say that Joe is asking for much more than

he expects to get. None of them expect any great change. None of them expect any benefit directly in Dover, or the South of England. They say that if the large manufacturing centres of the North are prosperous, the prosperity will filter down to the South. So they want to 'hit' the Foreigner who shuts out our manufactures. As I talked to them, privately, they all agreed that—(1) an all-round Tariff was impossible. (2) Impossible to protect Agriculture—with a weak spot in favour of 'hops,' on the plea that we can grow all the hops we need. (3) Unity and loyalty were essential. (4) Joe was talking above his brief, nothing much would happen if his policy was accepted; we always move gradually in England etc. etc. (5) But do let us *do* something; *hit* somebody. This is based on a number of conversations. For example, of two brothers, Partners in a Brewery, one is against Joe and a Free-trader, but would like to make the Foreigner treat us better; the other calls himself a 'Chamberlainite' and a protectionist; but would not tax food, raw material, partly manufactured articles, and so on, with an endless list of exceptions.

Whilst all think protection of Agriculture out of the question, many, including a railway porter, do not mind 2/- on corn and preference to Colonies.

I conclude that if the Party had adopted Joe's 'proposals' it would fly into fragments; and that the P.M.'s policy, when explained, is what the vast majority really want. They want better treatment in Foreign markets and plenty of 'Imperial' rhetoric. They do *not* want protection, or a general Tariff, or much taxation of any kind! But they often call themselves protectionists. By that they mean—when cross-examined—that they resent the treatment given to us by Foreigners and grudge them our open market. All this confirms—as I said—my view that the Chief's programme is not only the right one on the merits, but the only one to which a *Party* can rally.

I said too that there *is* danger. So there is. All such vague talk is dangerous unless the Chief's loyal backers really make speeches for him, for the Party, for his Fiscal Policy, and against the enemy.

If they sit 'mum' and bore people with replies to 'Chinese labour' we are done.

For the *disloyal* are active.

I received a wire just before speaking from a Tariff Reformer M.P. practically begging me to throw over the Chief and promising me 'all the kingdoms of the earth' etc. if I would do so.

I declined a short time ago to speak for *Tariff Reformers* as such. Next week a branch of the Tariff Reform is to be started in my constituency against my expressed wish. I was shown the circular, marked confidential; it proposes 'protection (including protection of Agriculture)'—just like that!

My people—tho' many call themselves protectionists—are going to give it the cold shoulder. But they like me and will follow me. Where we are fighting a sitting Liberal with a young candidate, such manœuvres can only wreck the Party. I am convinced that they are being widely practised.

399

To the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, November 19th, 1905.

I was very glad to get your letter, which only reached me here to-day. I shall be in London, Tuesday afternoon the 28th of this month, and Thursday 30th, from 11.30 a.m. onwards and should very much like to see you. If those dates are impossible, I am available again in the afternoons of Tuesday Dec. 5th and Wed. 6th. Let us have a talk.

I wrote my 'impressions' of Dover to Jack Sanders, last night, as I did not feel justified in troubling you with another letter. I am sorry to gather that 'the Party' does not take the 'Dover' view of your speech. Have you noticed that the 'Scotsman'—a clever and influential paper—does support you, fully?

We are suffering from the Press, not from speeches. The ordinary man reads the leading article in a newspaper. These tell him that Retaliation means nothing; that other countries prosper under, and because of, protection: seven papers out of ten preach this daily. The other three bawl for Free Trade, as a religion, and denounce any tax on corn, as sacrilege. All ten undermine your authority and boycott your policy. What you need is newspaper support.

When you *spoke* at Newcastle your audience understood and approved. When, to compare small things with great, I spoke at Dover, my audience understood and approved. But, forthwith, the Press obliterates the impression. For example, a Glasgow paper says that I have 'declared war on the Free Traders'; the protectionist papers and Tariff Reformers despair of me.

At the same time I find—in conversation with men who think they are Protectionists and believe they prefer Joe's proposals—that nobody does really want a uniform tariff.

A general tariff of 10% sounds big and looks definite. It is neither. It will not give protection and, unless accompanied by an endless list of exceptions, is indefinite to the point of being unintelligible.

Let us have a talk. I should like also to see Ivan Muller and the proprietor of the D. T.

You cannot state your policy, exclusively as well as inclusively, without criticizing a wing of the Party. But a newspaper could *illustrate* the efficiency of Retaliation and—if that is not a 'bull'—the dark obscurity of a general Tariff.

400

To his Father

ASKE, RICHMOND,
YORKSHIRE, November 26th, 1905.

I owe you several letters. I have been interested in politics and deluged with correspondence, which mounts up during a shooting party.

Last week I spent with Sir William Eden at Windlestone. We shot three days and hunted Friday. It was a mixed party and amused me when I got used to it. The guns were, besides host and self, Lord Villiers, 'Jack' Menzies, Hunter, Cazalet and George Lambton.

Hunter is husband to Mrs. Hunter, sister to Ethel Smythe. She has been painted by Sargent and 'sculptured' by Rodin; Mrs. Menzies and Muriel Beckett were younger 'beauties.'

I raised a horse in the neighbourhood and enjoyed hunting with Willy Eden and George Lambton, though the run was too short. It reminded me of old days. My horse was a good jumper.

We are alone here with the Zetlands and he mounts me with his hounds to-morrow.

There is a beautiful Sir Joshua here of George IV. as a young man—the companion picture to Col. St. Leger.

*To J. Sanders**Private.*ASKE, RICHMOND,
YORKSHIRE, November 26th, 1905.

Many thanks for your letter. It is not easy to write a short answer because an answer without long qualifications would be misleading.

The short answer is that, in my opinion, it will be necessary to broaden the basis of taxation.

The qualifications are that : (1) To announce this now looks like endorsing the Tariff Reformer's protectionist proposals in respect of method, and his socialistic extravagance in respect of objects.

(2) It is not *clear* to me that you ought to except all raw material and food. If, and when, the Revenue is needed it should be sought in a very low Tariff on a very wide basis, and some attempt should be made at ear-marking it for Imperial purposes and eliciting a similar low tariff from our Colonies for like purposes in addition to their particular tariffs.

Let me put it in this way : The Colonies ought to contribute more to the Navy.

Granting that Taxes the whole of which go into the Exchequer are, from many points of view, preferable for *this* country, it is impossible to ask Cape Colony, for example, to contribute in that way. But Cape Colony with an all-round 7% ad valorem revenue Tariff, might put on 2% or 3% in addition, and ear-mark for Navy. If there is anything in that contention it is unwise to bar all taxes on food. A low general Tariff throughout the Empire on extra-Imperial imports ear-marked for the Imperial Navy would be worth discussion at an Imperial Conference.

But such a tariff, or, if that idea proves impracticable, a general tariff for revenue here, at home, ought not to favour particular trades.

It is unsafe to announce it when Tariff Reformers are dropping the Imperial idea, and advocating protection to give employment and secure millions for the relief of rates and fostering of social legislation.

(3) A low general Tariff ought not to be imposed at home except after considering the relation of Taxation to rating in different areas.

(4) It is now important to check municipal extravagance : not to encourage it.

It is clear to me that we have reached the limit in existing taxes.

If we need more money for (a) Imperial defence, (b) forming a 'pool' out of which to equalize the burden of rates in accordance with needs and capacity, all classes ought to contribute.

The present trend of Tariff Reform argument is in the opposite direction. It seeks to protect the organized trades of the Industrial North. It ignores Imperial considerations and the burdens in rural and small urban districts. It makes straight for Industrial and Socialistic Democracy. It will 'wipe out' the country Party.

I shall be in London on Tuesday evening, Wednesday morning and Thursday morning.

P.S.—The above is speculative. To indulge in such speculation would court misunderstanding. I should like to say :—

Existing Taxes cannot be increased and ought to be diminished.

Existing rates press inequitably on certain districts.

We cannot reduce the Navy.

We cannot starve Education.

Unless the produce of existing taxes expands rapidly we shall have to seek new taxes.

In devising a new Budget we must, A. Confer with Colonies and seek closer unity. B. Consider the needs of agricultural and poor urban areas, quâ rating, on the lines of B. of B. Royal Commission.

Therefore our new Fiscal system ought not to be protectionist.

402

To Philip Hanson

35 PARK LANE, W.,
28.xi.05.

I want a talk with *you* : I shall be at Saighton, I think, 13th–17th, and continuously after, say, the 20th or 21st. You MUST see us on way to *and* from Christmas.

I have, at last, begun to study 'Fiscals' seriously. A great deal has happened lately.

PRIVATE. I took a decisive step about a month ago, rather less. First A. C. and then J. C.¹ asked me to join in an agitation for Tariff Reform. I felt the time had come to define my position. I wrote to J. C. definitely declining an

¹ Austen Chamberlain and Joseph Chamberlain.

all-round Tariff for double object of (i) giving employment, (ii) raising surplus millions to relieve rates and promote social legislation. That being so, I added that an 'agitation—at least *in my hands* (!)—could serve only to accentuate Party divisions on the eve of an Election.'

I have corresponded with others, including the P. M.

We are all risking much; so that Politics have regained their dignity.

In view of the general ruption I have agreed to address 4000 people at Huddersfield on January 23rd.

I have never been daunted by Colonial Preference. For a laudable object and adequate return I will tax, with preference to Colonies, (a) luxuries, (b) corn up to 2/- if necessary.

Or take *Retaliation*: let us try negotiating, and, if need be, fighting to get our goods into markets from which they are shut out. If we do, with any regard to facts and common sense, again the counter-blow would fall on (a) luxuries, (b) food, rather than on manufactures.

When a manufacturer—and this is a favourite Protectionist argument—transfers his mill to Germany, it is because he sold his goods to Germany and can do so no longer. To 'protect' his manufactures here effects nothing; it irritates without hurting.

Both these projects make against, rather than for, protection.

My difficulty begins with 'broadening the basis of taxation.'

I do not believe that either of the two projects named would protect; but neither do I believe that they would bring in Revenue to any appreciable extent. In so far as they fulfil their ostensible—and to me real—objects, they will do neither. Indeed, a tax on *wine* might decrease Revenue. For our *existing taxes* have reached the limit of productivity quâ indirect, and the limit of prudence quâ direct taxation.

There's the rub! I preach economy, honestly. But in my heart of hearts I *know* that Imperial Defence—developing the Unity of Empire—bettering the conditions of life at home—*must* mean greater expenditure. Whether at the W. O. or the I. O., I found many things that ought to be done and could not be done for lack of funds.

I cannot, therefore, say that I will *never* put on new taxes. Indeed, if I were Chancellor of Exchequer in ten years' time, I should be driven to it.

Taxes on manufactured articles will not, I believe, produce much revenue. They will, probably, merely shift employment from one trade into another, or from one grade into another grade of the same trade. They would protect certain trades,

or processes, *i.e.* the agriculturist would pay more for his machine, and the operative would make more pig-iron and fewer tin-plates.

If, therefore, I found it necessary to discover new taxes for Revenue, the most effective and *fairest* course would be to have a revenue tariff, *really* general and *really* non-protective, except accidentally to an insignificant degree.

To be brief: the *ideal* is, that such taxes should be universal and very low.

I have two objects: (i) Imperial, (ii) domestic.

(i) Imperial. I go to my conference hoping for closer Union, less taxation on my manufactures, trade routes within the Empire, and last, but not least, some *appreciable contribution from the Colonies* towards Imperial Defence, say, the Navy, and imperial retainer for Militia throughout the Empire.

Now, most of our Colonies have a protective tariff for manufactures, but also a genuine revenue tariff. It used to be 7% ad valorem at the Cape when I was there.

If I am to devise a plan for the Empire, I must take into account the custom of all the parts.

I may say that taxes which go exclusively into the Exchequer and give no indirect protection, are best for me. But I cannot say they are best for South Africa or India. So without violating the Free Trader's theory quâ this Island, I can advocate an all-round 2% ad valorem, the proceeds of which are to be ear-marked for Imperial defence. In the Cape or India it would be a slight addition to their customary system. Here it would be an insignificant exception from our system.

Having dealt thus with (i) Imperial, I turn to (ii) Domestic, and put on another 1%-3% in all—to make a 'pool' for carrying out Balfour of Burleigh's Report. I should come out with an Imperial and Domestic policy based on all-round 3% taxes for Revenue.

Protection disappears. Retaliation is left rather high and dry. If needed, the 'blows' ought to be devised to act as threats. They ought to hit where it hurts and not to be of a protective character.

I did not mean to write all this. It is purely speculative.

For the moment we must keep clear of J. C.'s 10% on manufacture.

To the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour

Private.

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, December 4th, 1905.

Now that it has happened it is hard to realize the end of your administration. I am convinced that it has been a great one; the French Agreement, Japanese Alliance, Defence Committee and Education Act are historic facts of deep and lasting importance.

The political situation presents a curious analogy to the situation in 1845. I trust it may *not* prove complete. To make it so C. B.¹ would fail to form a Government, and you would resume in a House of Conservatives, Liberals and Protectionists, with the Irish holding the balance. Absit omen!

To Mrs. Drew

SAIGHTON,
December 20th, 1905. *Midnight.*

I forgive you because you ask me to do so, and am very, very sorry to have missed you.

I am too tired to argue to-night.

I stated my position in *advance*, on the Address of 1901. It was a difficult position to assume, and defend. It has *not* been made easier for me by 'the other party.' On the contrary, it was made untenable.

I asked *then* (1901), and again and again, during more than four years, that the questions of Land, Education, etc., should be discussed on their merits, with a desire to make progress and without reference to Home Rule: as I put it, 'without making them stalking horses for Home Rule.'

Yet most Liberal speakers, and all Liberal papers, have insisted that I did not mean what I said.

Finally, at a moment when *nobody* believes that the Liberals can pass, or even introduce a Home Rule Bill, the Leader of the Liberal Party quite gratuitously asserts that everything done for the benefit of Ireland is to be considered, not on its merits, but as a step to Home Rule.

Let me put it in this way: if, for what seems the Party

¹ Campbell-Bannerman.

object of proving that I and the Unionist Government were ready to work towards Home Rule, Liberal speakers persistently ignore the distinction I drew, then no course is open to me but to draw that distinction more sharply.

And, believe me, there is nothing but disappointment and bitterness and delay to all progress in confusing—as I would put it—such practical questions, on which agreement is possible, with the creation of a legislative Assembly upon which agreement is not possible.

I deplore C. B.'s speech, because I believe that it adjourns *everything* for 5 or 10 years.

I did not mean to argue. But I care intensely for these things.

It was bad enough to be murdered, politically, as a reformer in Ireland. It is almost worse to see *your* Party committing suicide in a like capacity.

Fortunately I am young. And when your Party has reaped, in turn, its crop of savage ingratitude, I may still hope to see the parties working together for what is possible in Ireland as they are now working together for what is possible in Foreign Affairs.

I need hardly add that the report which you have seen of my speech is a scanty presentment of 45 minutes. My constituents know, and approve, my desire to see practical work done for Ireland. They are entitled to know that I object to handing over legislation, except for private Bills, to a subordinate Parliament. As I have stated that objection repeatedly for 18 years, I am entitled to re-state it when it is persistently discredited by a combination of English Liberals and Ulster Fanatics.

405

To his Father

SAUGHTON,
December 22nd, 1905.

Your letter of 16th was interesting. But much has happened since then. I was 'slated.' But, politically, my position is beginning to emerge from the morass of hard lying. I wrote Saunderson a quiet, but firm, letter contradicting him flatly for the second time. He has not replied. If he ever raises the matter in the House I have but to read the correspondence in order to blow him out of the water.

After that 'private scrimmage' I went to Bowood, Friday

to Tuesday, and had interesting talks with Metternich and Lansdowne. Then, on Wednesday week, 18th, I took on Dover.

Monday I went to Babraham for the christening of Madeline's heir, on Tuesday. It was perfect. Our procession of 'Lady Libbet'¹ with a crutch-handled stick—darling Mary and self as God-parents, dowager baby and four sisters was inimitable. Beyond the little stream there was another procession of all the babies in the parish in perambulators, silhouetted, beyond the cut limes, against the green meadows. The church was full. I put in a morning at Cambridge, by motor, with Charlie; looked up Walter Durnford—Provost of King's and Mayor of Cambridge, saw King's and John's library and the Templars' church.

I ran down here Wednesday night with Perf who had 'fitted' to London, for the day, to try on clothes.

To-day, we met at Holt, five miles from here. We had² one of those days that make hunting a romance, comparable only to fighting. It was perfect. Shelagh Westminster and her uncle, Heremon FitzPatrick were out from Eaton; Perf and I, from Saughton: and I may say that we four will concede equality only to Cholmondeley and W. Jones, and Weaver—the horse-dealer—and *superiority*, only to Goswell, the Steeplechase jockey and trainer. I admit that he beat us. Nobody else did. 'A southerly wind and a cloudy sky' with a rising glass—'proclaimed a hunting morning.'

We found at 'Royalty' the best of Watkin Wynn's coverts, in the pick of the vale, two and a half miles from Saughton. There was the scent which only comes once or twice in the few seasons which men remember. We ran our fox to ground—an eight and a quarter mile point—fourteen to fifteen miles, as we ran, over all the best country, in one hour and fifteen minutes. Royalty, Carden, Edge Park, Overton Scar, Broughton. Perf was the first man *at* the Carden River, and the *only* one who got over it. Wengy Jones nearly drowned himself and his horse. I had the best of the start. But, to my huge delight, Perf pounded me and the whole field at a supposed unjumpable place. Excepting Goswell; Perf, FitzPatrick, Shelagh and self, saw the whole run as well as anybody. And 'anybody' only means Wengy Jones, Maiden (the huntsman), Cholmondeley and Weaver. Indeed, the hounds beat us altogether the last twenty minutes of this *sublime* one hour and fifteen minutes. I am glad to say that Weaver, Wengy Jones and self jumped the paddock rails into

¹ Lady Elizabeth Biddulph, mother of Charles Adeane.

Broughton Park after we had been running over the hour. In short, the hounds carried such a head that a horse could jump anything and *pull* after he ought to have been tired out.

But this was not nearly all. We changed horses and drew Carden Cliff. I viewed the fox away and, with 'Rock' (Cholmondeley) and Goswell, had the best of the first rush to the check (fifteen minutes). Then we hunted again, for about thirteen to fourteen miles—after a loop—right across the vale into the Cheshire country, and 'whipped off' in the dark at Tattenhall, four miles from home. There were divine bits of racing pace, three or four times, over the best of the Cheshire Vale.

It is not possible to describe this kind of thing. Putting the two hunts together we must have galloped and jumped for at least twenty-six miles—probably thirty. The hounds were never cast in either of the two runs. We hunt again to-morrow.

Perf, with his hat on the back of his head, sailing away, gives me undiluted joy. He has taken his place, straight away, in the very first flight of the seven or ten people who ride hard and see runs. The 'professionals'—like Weaver and Goswell—all mention him to me; and it is notable to 'pound' such a field over an unjumpable brook *and* to see two such hunts to their conclusion.

We rode back together in the dark, absolutely happy, and played a game of picquet together after dinner.

406

To Mrs. Hinkson

SAIGHTON,
CHESTER, *Christmas Eve, 1905.*

I thank you for 'Innocencies.' Children explain the riddle of life. They are the only rest we know. And I thank you, too, for the 'Dedication.' For the sake of the children of the future a 'grown-up'—like myself—must follow the gleam; and, sometimes, through murky defiles in cumbrous armour.

But that is just when your song leads my own self out of its case and grime, beyond the sunless gorges, over the hills and far away 'Adown the pale green avenues' to where 'the wind ruffles the windflower.' I—and many, many more than you suppose—thank you for that deliverance.

When I read 'Innocencies' I cry, 'Listen, the lark again!'

Was it your husband who wrote to the P. M. G. a letter about the 'Catholic Association'? I hope so.

Late, on this Xmas eve, all my thanks and good wishes go out to you.

407

To his Sister, Pamela

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, *Xmastide*, 1905.

I have been thinking of you these days and send all love to you and real dynamic wishes that you shall be happy and blessed in the New Year. Give love to Eddy and much to the children.

You must tell me what good set of books Clare would really like from me. Bowdler's Shakespeare in 6 vols.; or all Walter Scott, or all Dickens. Or would she like a desk?

As for Bim, I think a desk? if he has not got one. Let me know at your leisure.

To-day 28th I start—now—for the Election; and shall scarcely be human for three weeks. It seems a silly way to govern a country for everybody to talk loud, and boast and bicker and malign during three weeks. The only thing that redeems it to my mind is that it resembles the conduct of dogs when suddenly surprised by a normal incident, such as the moon rising, or the dinner bell ringing.

408

To his Sister, Pamela

HOTEL BURLINGTON,
DOVER, 31st *December* 1905.

I love the Book of Peace¹ and the quotations. I like one from Troilus (Chaucer):—

'Let not this wretched woe thine hertē grieve.
But manly set the world on six and seven,
And if thou die a martyr, go to Heaven.'

(Half the fun is to write on this outrageous paper. It gives the local colour of an Election.)

I am immensely amused by the numbers, enthusiasm and complete ignorance of Dover ladies, dying to help. I have armies of lady canvassers. But they are bowled out by the

¹ 'The Book of Peace,' made by Pamela Tennant. (Chiswick Press, 1905.)

first question of the canvasee. Like irregular horse, they come back plunging through the ranks for support from Head Quarters. It is now decided that I am to give them a lecture. A ladies' class will gather, and I shall explain Fiscals, Education and Licensing to them. They hope—after I have served out the ammunition—to do great execution. But I have my doubts.

409

To his Mother

HOTEL BURLINGTON,
DOVER, *January 10th, 1906.*

We loved your letter. If I did not feel that you had all been very busy over 'Red Riding Hood'¹ I should feel rather selfish for not having told you more of our contest. But I have been going 'top pace' every day, without a moment to spare. I have made 21 speeches. We have got the mob and the aristocracy with us. So I suppose we are Tories.

My chief amusement consists in Sibell's gradual, but rapid, conversion into an out-and-out Electioneerer. She now comes to all my meetings. A certain number of working-men—one a pale-faced enthusiast with blue eyes, another, a sort of Goblin who dances after every meeting—follow me wherever I go and take front places and watch me with gleaming, strained, attention. Well, Sibell and these demoniacs are now hand-in-glove, on the 'Here we are again' principle. As far as enthusiasm goes we are all demented. The climax of each night beats the night before. Any man who interrupted would have his neck broke. But last night in respect of Sibell, beat all. I 'swept' the Harbour men at 4 p.m. Had a unanimous meeting (with the pale enthusiast and goblin at 7.30)—another mad meeting of enthusiasm at 8.45 to 10 o'clock. Then we went at my Chairman's suggestion to the Town Hall. Our Ward Committees—three of them—were meeting in the Council Chamber, Mayor's Parlour and another room, at the back. Bryce, my opponent, had a mass meeting in *front*, i.e. in the Town Hall itself. So we entered by the police door, crept like Guy Fawkes past the cells, and up a ladder *into the dock* in the court, and so got to our Ward meetings. We could hear the cheers and applause in the big hall—like sounds in a phonograph. And suddenly, in went Sibell and self into the Council Chamber. There were 300 and more stalwarts working at the organization.

¹ Children's theatricals at Clouds.

It was a miracle to her. They took her on—whilst I spoke to that Ward—to the other in the Mayor's Parlour. There she made a speech!!! And, so on, to the third Ward Committee. All the time we heard the ghostly cheers and clapping from the enemy's mass meeting under the same roof.

Papa says I am more of a Chamberlain-ite than twelve months ago.

I have never mentioned Chamberlain, except in reference to the outrageous interruption at Derby.

I preach the 'official' programme. But I serve it up so 'piping hot'—hot with anger against the foreigners; hot with enthusiasm for our colonies—that the delirium grows.

It's a hard fight. I, myself, only hope to win by three hundred to five hundred. My workers talk of one thousand, but they are excited.

I see that one little gibe of mine has got into the London Press. I enclose cutting. It would have pleased dear Webber.

It comes from Henry VI. and is a good parallel to C. B.'s fatuous vacillation. Henry VI. says 'For Margaret my Queen, and Warwick too.' I have only changed the names.

The Irish are polling for me on Religious Education and work done, in defiance of the National League. *That* makes me happy. I have the soldiers solid. I have about three-quarters of the working-men on Fiscal Reform. Some who have always been Radical are with me.

On the other hand, every Nonconformist in the Town is voting against me.

They mean to hold back and vote in a solid army from 6 o'clock to 8 in the evening, in the hope of blocking the polling-booths against our working-men who generally delay.

There are 6300 voters. I have 3600 promises—in round numbers.

If you discount both figures, it comes to a near thing. But my people believe I shall win by a good majority.

Anyway we 'go in' on the first day and are straining every nerve to set an example.

Sibell did show me your letter, but only just now, after all the meetings, and roaring, and canvassing and trapesing are—Thank God!—over.

I am rather sorry I said I might be beaten. But it was right, really, to let you know. I am enthusiastic when anything can be done by 'having the God in you.' That is what enthusiasm means—in Greek. The literal English would be 'God-inside-of-us-ness.' But no one is cooler over chances. That is why I played at gambling when a boy, before I worked at things when a man.

You must not abuse dear Dover.

My people have worked splendidly, and we—Sibell and I—have the funniest friends, the landlady of a Public House, all the real working-men of Dover; and Army. On the other hand what will Pearson's men do? and the Railway men? and the Gas Works?

I shall know to-morrow night. We had a wild evening. There have never been such doings.

They tried to break up my meeting—far the largest ever held.

We stood at bay for fifteen or twenty minutes. I started twice, and then sat down and smoked a cigarette—(quite right for once). I got 'em at last and *spoke* for forty or fifty minutes.

Then I stood on a chair in the next Hall and addressed the overflow. Then Sibell and I were dragged round the town—without horses—Mrs. Rhodes, the landlady, at the door, and the funny man who dances on the box.

Then I spoke to them again from the carriage.

I *love* the real working-man and he loves us.

411

To his Mother

HOTEL BURLINGTON,
DOVER, *Midnight, 13th January 1906.*

We are all astounded at our victory. It upsets all reasonable and received rules.

Sibell has been superb. What I love is that the working-men love me. I won by their hearts.

My people were scared to-day when Sir Weetman Pearson, the contractor for the Admiralty, telegraphed all to support Bryce and to go against Fiscal Reform.

I was quite overcome by the immense response.

My joy is that in spite of Pearson, and Trades Unions, I polled out the *Working-man* for the Empire.

I have never attacked my opponent or anyone else.

All my song has been the brotherhood of the Empire for us all, fair terms from the Foreigner, and the glory of Empire for our children—with a little straight talk for Christianity in our schools, as the birthright of English children.

Instead of being 'smart' at the expense of my opponents I have opened my heart to all their hearts, and we just love each other.

I won on Toryism, Empire and Fiscal Reform. The Irish voted for me, the Fishermen voted for me, the Soldiers voted for me, the Artisans voted for me! simply because we liked each other and love the traditions of the past and the Glory of the Future.

412

To his Mother

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, *January 24th*, 1906.

Your long, wonderful 'Mother's' letter, found me just at the right moment.

We are anxious about darling Cuckoo's little Mary. 'Satisfactory' wire this morning; but she has pneumonia, at Madresfield. Sibell is there.

So I am alone—just arrived—and Perf out hunting. Now you see how clever it was of you to write yesterday and address the letter here!

Sibell's letter which met me in the brougham made me anxious about little Mary—my God-daughter and such a sweet and, then, Cuckoo.

This touch of the actual would make me realize the insignificance of Electioneering; if I needed a reminder. But I do not.

I have felt a great deal and thought a great deal in the last year. I do not think with you, Darling, that I am an '*instrument*,' in the sense of being necessary or important. But I know I am an 'instrument' in the sense that I have been made to feel more and, perhaps, to think more, than others. That gives me, or strengthens in me, the odd power that I certainly have—not of myself—over great masses of people.

They listen and believe. I have not always got it to the full. It fluctuates. But when I am really magnetic I can sweep crowd after crowd. It is not oratory. Because, when I have it, they do not wait for me to finish my sentences. I have it on alternate days. Monday, at Penarth, I only 'held' a huge meeting, and only argued. But Tuesday, at the blackest

of the rout, I spoke better and exerted more influence than at any time in my life with the two exceptions of my speech on the War, and my speech on the Land Act in the House. It was almost frightening to be so intimate with so many. I know the symptoms. But they made me gasp at the end. They mobbed up to the platform and made me sign my name on cards and tickets and bits of torn paper till my hand ached, and then dragged me round the town.

I shall never forget my night, alone at the Royal Hotel, Cardiff. The 'Mail' office flashed Liberal wins with red lights *into* my room, all night till 1 a.m. amid hoarse cheers and shouts of execration. I was alone with those Danger Signals. Yet I had a great, intoxicated wave of humanity with me.

At Bridgend on Wednesday I did very well—but without magic. On Saturday I again 'swept' my audience on Market day in the Shire Hall. On Monday I went to Bognor to help Edmund Talbot. They had the biggest meeting ever known in the Assembly Rooms. I spoke for an hour and did well—but no magic, and then spoke at an overflow with magic. Then I drove to Chichester with his daughter, Magdalene. Yesterday, Tuesday, I had a hard day. Went to London, saw Ned Talbot for a moment, drove to St. Pancras, ten minutes lunch at the station, and long journey to Hyde in Cheshire. I arrived too late for dinner, had some bread and butter and was delivered, worn-out and unprepared, to an audience of 4000 in the theatre. They did all I detest. Put up the Candidate who cannot speak. Asked me to wait and speak after Balcarres. He was at the 'overflow'; did not get back in time etc., etc. So that, tired, hungry, I suddenly had to speak. And once more, the power came to me. I made them delirious. Then they took me to the overflow and I spoke again. Then they took me to the Club and I made my third speech.

I refused to speak to-night. To-morrow I speak at Crewe, and on Friday at Rhyl.

I wish you had been there on Tuesday, or last night. But I cannot count on doing it. It happens to me.

Last night, when I had conquered all opposition and lit a light in many eyes, it was too late to argue. Some verses of Davidson came into my head:—

'The *Present* is a Dungeon Dark
Of Social Problems. Break the Jail!
Get out into the splendid *Past*
Or bid the splendid *Future* hail.'

To-day it seems silly to quote that.

Last night I quoted it, and applied it, and turned and twisted

it up spirals of impassioned words, until as I shouted 'Bid the more splendid Future hail! And go forward to meet it!!' there was such a roar of cheering that I sat down; having 'done it' once more.

And, now, to-day comes the human touch of loneliness and little Mary's danger.

I remember your saying, when Clouds was burnt, that it made you *feel* the truth of immortality. Papa dissented. But that is what I *feel*.

I never felt so sure that Conservatism and Imperialism are true and immortal, than to-day.

I am sorry that I am *not* speaking to-night.

I do not feel vindictive. I do look forward to the Debate on the Address.

Only one thing has persisted in this turmoil. That is the blatant, lower-middle-class, fraud, called Liberalism or 'Free Trade.'

Two things—that are real—emerge:—

Labour and Imperialism. They aim at the same goal: a better life for more of us.

I believe in my method. They believe in their method. We shall see.

But, whether we are Socialists or Imperialists, we are living men.

The others are old women and senile professors.

They have got to clear out of the ring in which we are going to have a 'fight to the finish.'

413

To his Father

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, *January 24th*, 1906.

I am much interested in your letter, but too tired to reply.

Melbourne's observation on 'fools' was in respect of Catholic Emancipation. He was right on *existing* facts. He was wrong on the facts that were to be. If the 'fools' who were *right* on existing facts had prevailed against the common sense of the Duke of Wellington, we should have endured, sixty years ago, what we now have to face, but the question would have been poisoned by religious enmity.

Conservatives who reverence, and believe in, the Past, can alone gaze at the Future.

The rotten mystification of Radicalism consists in fidgeting and fussing about the *Present*.

My detachment from the present sometimes troubles me.

But it gives me an immense power over mobs. They *feel* that I do not worry over the *Present*. And, because they *feel* that, they listen to me when I applaud the *Past* and unfold the *Future*.

I have three talismans which help me in such a welter as we are now confronting.

1. *Pater*. 'The *Present* is an apex between two hypothetical *Eternities*.'

2. *Bagehot*. 'A Romantic attachment to the *Past* is a very different thing from a *slavish* adoration of the *Present*.'

3. When the last Emperor of Eastern Rome, Constantine Palæologus, fell buried under a pyramid of Eastern chivalry in 1453, all seemed lost.

But he 'fought to a finish.' And that colossal overthrow created the Renaissance of Modern Europe.

Now, to-day in England, we are fighting to a finish—'damned badly'—I admit.

But in the course of the fight, the Education Act, and Home Rule, and Chinese Slavery, and 'Dear Food' are so much ammunition which has thinned our ranks but is, *now*, expended.

Two ideals, and only two, emerge from the vortex :—

(1) Imperialism, which demands Unity at Home, between classes, and Unity throughout the Empire; and which *prescribes* Fiscal Reform to secure both.

(2) *Insular Socialism* and Class Antagonism.

Both these ideals are intellectually reasonable. But the first is based on the past, on experience, and looks to the Future. The second looks only at the Present, through a microscope.

Between these two ideals a great battle will be fought. I do not know which will win. If Imperialism wins we shall go on and be a great Empire.

If Socialism wins we shall cease to be. The rich will be plundered. The poor will suffer. We shall perish with Babylon, Rome and Constantinople.

The fight is a 'square' fight.

As for the 'Liberals' and 'Unionist Free Traders'—the 'Whigs' of our day—Well! Their day is over.

It is they who are drowned.

The Imperialists and Socialists emerge.

That is the dividing line of future parties.

The Bankers and Hair-dressers and 'épiciers' are out of the hunt.

It is a good fight for huge stakes.

As for C. B. and the remnants of 'Whiggery' there is no room for their subterfuges.

We, the Imperialists, using Fiscal Reform as our weapon, are only beginning.

414

To Bertram Windle

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, *January 25th, 1906.*

It is always a pleasure to see your handwriting. I appreciated your kind letter of congratulations on Dover above almost all that reached me, and now we come to a business which I long to see concluded.

I am writing a brief note to Mr. Bryce by this post, directing his attention to the formal memo. which I sent to Mr. Long, and asking for an interview at an early date.

I wish we could both of us meet him soon. The *personal* obligation on my part to you is the only outstanding Irish Question which vexes me. But apart from, and beyond, that, I can enjoy no *public* peace of mind until something is done to get rid of the disparity in respect of opportunities for Education under which Ireland suffers.

That is outside the Home Rule controversy. I read Mr. Haldane's speech with pleasure and relief.

The Liberals have a chance which I never enjoyed. I hope they will use it for Irish Education. It is the *only* Irish question they can advance. I have suffered in that cause and am ready to suffer again. But they must drop 'step by step to constitutional Home Rule.' That spells ruin to all practical measures. I am fighting our 'lost cause' *de nocte in noctem*. But I have time for the things that I care about; and Irish Education is one of them.

I have marked this 'private.' But you may, of course, send it to the Chief Sec.

415

To his Mother

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, *January 27th, 1906.*

I found your two letters on arriving here at the end of my campaign.

I had neuralgia on Thursday. But I 'came to time' for the

Crewe meeting that night. I slept in the train there, found the hotel full up for the Hunt Ball, but slept three-quarters of an hour on a sofa in the commercial travellers' room. My neuralgia was gone. And—to my pleasant surprise—I carried my audience away. You cannot imagine the wild enthusiasm. They hoisted me up on their shoulders and pitched me into the carriage. Then they took out the horses and dragged me to the Market-Square and made me speak to the cheering and yelling crowds. We have lost the seat. But over 5000 men are *mad* on the *revenge*. That night I worked on the contrast between the Albert Hall speech of C. B. and the smooth sedative of Haldane at the end—after the lies had done the trick. I took for my text the line in the Peers' chorus of *Iolanthe*, 'We did nothing in particular and did it very well.' I showed them the composite victory won by lies about slavery, lies about dear food etc., and then I said, there are only two parties that face facts—The Labour Party and our Party. I denounced them—the Labour Party's methods—alliance with Home Rule, *reliance* on Foreign socialists and *defiance* to our own Colonies. But I applauded their aim. I then held up our method to reach the same goal, interdependence instead of class antagonism, Union, Empire, fair play, etc., etc. When, for the third or fourth time I said, And now, after all the Hullabaloo, it means that Haldane and Asquith are to do nothing in particular, but to do it *very* well, they yelled in derision of the most infamous swindle ever imposed on the public.

My campaign has not been futile. We have polled 2,300,000 votes for 'Facing Facts and finding a remedy in Fiscal Reform.'

The Liberals have polled 2,500,000. But of these how many are Nationalists and Labour—who detest the sham of 'profit sharing' liberalism?

By fighting on up-hill we have won a moral victory, 'There is a budding morrow in midnight.'

And now I am going to rest; hoping and believing, that on the Address, and after, I shall have much to say—to the point, without a button on it.

I am 'journalier' as you know. I am sorry that I did not 'come off' at Bognor on Monday. I am sorry that I have spoken better since Dover than at Dover.

But for reasons which I cannot understand, I have spoken at Cardiff, Bridgend, Hyde, Crewe and Rhyl *far better* than when all went well in 1900.

416

To Wilfrid Ward

SAIGHTON,
January 28th, 1906.

At last I have a moment to myself, and can thank you for your congratulations.

I have been speaking all over the country to good audiences. It is a strange experience and, I imagine, a bad one on the whole. To be the centre of cheering and yelling for nearly five weeks cannot be good for the soul, the mind, or the body. The general impression to me is always barbaric and sometimes savage.

But it has a good side. All barriers of birth and wealth and education are cast down. You make real, intimate friends of men whom otherwise you would never have known. The intimacy of naked contention is bracing though primitive. And there are pretty touches; the election of Ned¹ in his absence for example.

But, in the main, the whole business is blatant and barbaric.

417

To his Sister, Pamela

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 28th January 1906.

'Now the hurly-burly's done,' I must write to congratulate on Eddy's² victory. I have been speaking continuously for over four weeks.

To-day I have been dealing with my correspondence—a desolating experience. The phrase always suggests to my mind a smiling lunatic, with straws in his hair, dealing out his letters as if for Bridge, in fact I have got mine into four packets, marked 'Pressing,' 'Immediate,' 'Dover,' and 'Friends.' More, at present, I cannot attempt, so I just write to thank you for Eddy's victorious portrait, and to congratulate.

Let us enjoy the first part of the Session.

418

To his Sister, Pamela

SAIGHTON,
Lady Day, 1906.

How would next Saturday suit for crossing the lintel? Sunday is the first of April, the real New Year's Day, so that I

¹ Lord Edmund Talbot.

² His brother-in-law, Sir Edward Tennant, was the successful Liberal candidate for Salisbury.

should begin the year with you in the new Wilsford. April, Avril the month of Aphrodite, is my favourite out of all the pomp. I want to be one of the first to cross the lintel, and hope that my little gifts for the children will be ready by then. But I must find something for Christopher and David.

I saw a silly joke in a shop window the other day ; a picture of a fat man drowning in mid-stream and calling out ' Help ! help ! I can't swim.' A lean American on the bank replies ' Wall, I can't swim either, but I don't make such a durned noise about it.'

We came here Friday, and on Saturday I had a good hunt—two capital gallops over the vale. To-day I played with my books and defied the North-East wind.

The owls woke me at five o'clock. I could hear their wings as they brushed past our windows. They are paid, like old watchmen, to call the birds, for the dawn chorus began immediately. The garden is full of confiding thrushes with latticed breasts, looking sentimental out of round, liquid eyes. What with the east wind and over-eating, they are 'as sad as night for very wantonness,' sad, of course, in the comfortable, over-fed, sentimental way that makes for liquid eyes and liquid utterance. There is nothing austere about a thrush. Lyrical people are never austere.

Sibell, Percy and I go to Clouds for Easter, and I shall ride over to see you then. But I hope Saturday next will suit, for I long to see the House whilst it is still self-conscious and appreciative of attention. Houses and children pass beyond that stage so soon, and hate being told that you remember them when they were so high.

Why have I written lintel twice instead of threshold ? I can think of no reason except that I like the word better. Nobody threshes corn in the doorway now, and, if they ever did, I doubt if they gave a utilitarian name to such a mystical limit. I shall call it the door-sill and not the threshold, since I may not call it the lintel.

419

To Wilfrid Ward

CLOUDS,

SALISBURY, *April 11th, 1906.*

I devoted my first afternoon of holiday to the April 'Dublin Review.' It is a good number. I always want to cross-examine Barry ; mainly because I want to accept the conclusions towards which he manœuvres. But I have a sense that he is 'manœuvring' and this increased by a style which has

become more laboured. Contrast O'Dwyer ! How direct he is, and with what sober gallantry his sentences march !

But, perhaps, I am influenced not only by his style but even more by his matter.

He has made me feel a fool and I am glad of it.

He is right. The next step is to endow and deliver the Senate of the Royal University. I feel a fool for not having thought of that. It is so obvious when stated. We were blinded by the true objections to an Examining University. But I agree with every word he has written. Aim at a teaching residential University ; but find your constituent Assembly—ready to hand—for its construction in the Senate of the existing Examining University. That is sound conservative and constructive statesmanship. But the Government might accept it on the plea of letting Irishmen settle the matter. But if it is to be done it must be done quickly. Birrell's Bill spells war to the knife for all English Churchmen.

Settle the Irish University question before English elementary education develops—as it will—into the most savage fight since the seventeenth century.

On that issue I am content to fight for five, ten, or twenty years.

If the Catholics desert, we—the Church of England—shall fight for our own hand. But we shall not begin to do so, or even talk about it, until, and unless, the Catholics make a separate peace. I do not, for a moment, impute that to them. In any case we shall fight ; with them for choice ; without them if it must be so. And it's going to be the biggest fight since 1640.

420

To his Father

HEWELL GRANGE,
REDDITCH, April 21st, 1906.

I should like to keep the parable on Education for the present.

There is much in the suggestion that, if the Religious stimulus—or 'animus'—be withdrawn, little enthusiasm for pure knowledge will be left.

I enjoyed myself immensely at Clouds.

I am spending a quiet Sunday here. I have to speak against the Education Bill *twice* in the Albert Hall, on May 2nd for the Primrose League, and May 11th, at a Mass Meeting of the diocese of London.

This controversy will absorb all others for a year.

421

*To Wilfrid Ward*35 PARK LANE, W.,
April 24th, 1906.

Many thanks for letting me see the Bishop's letter. I am relieved to hear that there is a good chance of the Irish Party fighting the Education Bill. I am bracing myself for the battle. I feel that this has come to me; I did not seek it and now I rejoice over my resignation of last year. It has given me the right to be myself. I explained to A. J. B. the night before the Session began that, on this question, I should fight 'in front of the line'; and now I have got to do so. I have been asked to move the Resolution against the Bill at the annual gathering of the Primrose League in the Albert Hall on May 2nd, and also asked to speak on May 11th by our Bishop of London.

I accept your reproach on my Synthetic lapses. I do mean to attend in future. But May 3rd was booked for Dover just after the Election.

All this is by the way. I write to-day because I must. I have not finished 'Out of Due Time,'¹ but I want to say *now* that I am deeply interested, and even excited; it is far away better than 'One Poor Scruple' and 'The Light Behind.' It is a book with a life before it.

Of course the 'ingredients' arrest my fancy; the picture of Derwent is wonderful. I sometimes see that this or that model—including yourself—has sat for some of the characters. But where did the Count come from? I have never met anyone like him, and yet I feel that he is real; certainly real in the impression which he leaves on those who know him. Marcelle is astonishingly good. Where did her French thought in English language come from?

I shall write again of this at length. Quite apart from the stage, the characters, the play and the purpose—all good—the Art of it all is good. Scores of touches delight me by their clean dexterity. I rejoice and lay my warm and profound respect at the feet of the author.

422

*To G. K. Chesterton**Private.*35 PARK LANE,
April 27th, 1906.

My excuse for writing is that I had the pleasure of meeting you at Taplow last summer, but my reason is to thank you

¹ A novel by Mrs. Wilfrid Ward.

for your letter in yesterday's 'Westminster Gazette.' The many who are grateful will not think of thanks, or dare to give them. But I feel constrained to say my thanks.

After four hundred years of battle, always with brains and sometimes with swords, it is a nightmare to watch the Holy Catholic Church being huddled off the stage of history and hope.

The people do not mean this, or understand it. I can't say it because I have not the gift of simple speech and, if I could say it, nobody would believe a Tory. Yet, for all I care, we may have Socialism to-morrow if future generations may still believe in the Divine Society here upon earth.

However I only want to thank you as one, I think, of many who could not believe in Christianity until they grasped the idea of the Church.

423

To Wilfrid Ward

35 PARK LANE, W.,
May 2nd, 1906.

Your letter gave me real pleasure. I am not greedy of applause but, as I once wrote in verse,

' After the thrill
Of onset every wind strikes chill.'

Even if I discount your friendship and keenness in the cause, you would not have written as you did unless my speech had 'reached' you.

It is a great tax to speak in that Hall.¹ Two ladies who were there to-day told me that the echo made Balfour hard to follow and that it was a strain to hear me. One has to discard most of a speaker's devices. No one can see the speaker's expression and—if they have to listen intently—no one can be affected by inflections of the voice.

So the speaker has to aim at broad, simple, effects. But that entails severe mental concentration and, all the time, there is a dead weight to be lifted without much help from the audience. *Nobody* could speak to a *hostile* audience in that arena. To say that, is to say that a speaker has to discard his principal function, *i.e.* 'pleading.' He must declaim and declare, *i.e.* physically make striking, and, mentally, make simple, what everybody is prepared to admit.

And yet, I agree with you about the concourse. The facts

¹ The Albert Hall.

that so many people have come from so many places to be in one place for one purpose, make one great fact—of sense, and thought, and feeling.

The *ingredients* make the magic broth. The speaker has but to stir it with a *big wooden* spoon.

A demain ! I like your enclosure. If only the Catholics hold firm I—*moi qui vous parle*—will answer—with my head—for the Anglicans.

424

To his Mother

WESTON,
SHIFNAL, May 18th, 1906.

Fancy my not having written to you, Beloved, till to-day. I meant to write in the House directly after speaking last Monday, as if I was making notes. I should like 'to come to old Khayyám and leave the wise to talk' if—as I said to C. G. Gould—'it *is* the *wise* who talk.' I always doubt that after speaking myself.

We are here very quiet and happy with Ida and Newport, Aldred and Celia Scarbrough, for Sunday. The house, spoilt outside by stucco, is very pleasant inside with plenty of good books and bad pictures that are, all the same, interesting and amusing. There are six delightful little hunting pictures by Morland. These are good and more interesting too than his pigs and straw-yards.

425

To his Sister, Pamela

35 PARK LANE,
16th May '06.

It was delicious to see your handwriting after fourth son. I have been trying to write to you often, but I am rather over-worked just now.

Indeed I will asterisk 16th and 23rd of June. I never mind crystallizing for the very very few whom I love to be with. Apart from the positive merit, there is the negative merit of filling up one's book, so that one can say 'no' to the rest of the world, without rudeness or deceit. I shall need the water-meadows badly by then, for this Education Bill is going to be a severe strain.

Ronsard has come complete in pages, and looks very nice. Pp. 1-60, Introduction ; 61-192, French ; 193-254, my translations. I call it RONSARD'S LA PLÉIADE with selections from their Poetry and some translations in the original metre by George Wyndham.

Sibell and self are off to Chester to-morrow at 8.30, to speak at 2 p.m. Then I shall rest till Monday, correcting proofs.

It is delicious to think of my June Sunday with you. I like my fellow-guests. I hope Ronsard will be printed in time. I hate Politics.

426

To the Bishop of Chester

28th May 1906.

Many thanks for the copy of your letter to Mr. Balfour. I agree with its argument and its object. The tactical difficulty consists in the fact that the Government have laid down one general plan and allowed discussion of another. They have laid down universal 'Cowper-Temple,' *i.e.* no formularies anywhere, no religion at all, not even Bible reading without comment—except by pleasure of local authority and good nature of Teacher, at Teacher's expense.

They have allowed discussion of secular education pure and simple. At this moment we are 'addressed' only to ten *amendments* of *that*. But it is, I agree, necessary to avoid misconception. Your plan, I gather, is (1) Improved Cowper-Temple made mandatory everywhere. (2) Denominational Schools made mandatory anywhere, if statutory conditions exist. (3) Facilities everywhere, except in (2). That is what I want, can we get it by argument?

Let me put it in this way. The strongest logical argument for (3) would consist in abandoning (1). But, the *practical* argument for (3) is stronger if we insist on (1) in a shape to which no Christian ought to object. To sum up, The State, being Christian, lays down the *rule* of Christian Teaching based on the Apostles' Creed, Lord's Prayer and 10 Commandments, and admits of 2 clauses of exception: (a) positive, by Denominational Schools, where convenient, and Facilities elsewhere; (b) negatively by Conscience clause. Lord Robert Cecil's amendment contemplates (1) improved Fundamental Christianity. My amendment contemplates (3) Facilities everywhere.

427

To Wilfrid Scawen Blunt

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
13th June '06.

I am sorry to say that I cannot get to you on Saturday. Sibell is staying at Putney with Lettice, who expects her baby to-morrow, and, as we have been separated for 3 weeks over Yeomanry, she wishes me to go there for Sunday.

Would the 30th June do? I go to Canterbury that day to see the memorial to Guy's regiment, 16th Lancers, unveiled, and could come on, either across country, or back by special train to Victoria and on to you on Saturday evening.

I must send you a copy of Guy's excellent letter about the Madrid bomb.¹ He was on the spot, helped the Queen, and made her courtly speeches.

428

To his Mother

WILSFORD MANOR,
SALISBURY, September 12th, 1906.

Yes, it was a pity just to miss on Monday, but I shall be with you before this time next week.

The life here is delightful. I breakfast with Guy at 7.30, start 'riding horsebag' at 8.15, pick up the regiment beyond 'the stones'² at 9 o'clock; play at soldiers for two hours or more, and then ride home across the downs; in at noon. Yesterday we did three 'attacks.' In the afternoon there is the river. In the evening we rode again, hunting the hare. We had a fine course with Annie and Welcome and killed. For the rest the only book I am reading is *Pickwick* and all is Peace . . . pour le moment! but not, I imagine, for long [Long].³ This turns out to be a joke!

I am glad you liked what I said at Birmingham.

¹ The bomb thrown by the anarchist Morales at the carriage of the King and Queen of Spain on the way from the Cathedral to the Palace after the wedding ceremony. The King of Spain was colonel-in-chief of his brother's regiment, the 16th (the Queen's) Lancers.

² Stonehenge.

³ Mr. Walter Long.

429

To his Sister, Pamela

SAUGHTON,

15th September 1906.

Wilsford was delicious. That bit, or slip, of the river-valley and down, and the wideness of sky and earth it commands, is a bit, or slip, of my larger dream-life. It plucks at my own heart-strings! A sudden intimate aspect of loose hedge-rows, a keen, known, smell of chalk-dust and sheep, the little triangle of grass and trees where we branch from Amesbury to Wilsford, the 'stones,' Fargo;¹ all these are eternal to me. I find that I am the same person who rode there thirty years ago. They have not changed and I have not changed. And what they were 30 years ago, they were 600 years before that. And so was I, 600 years before that. Therefore, I give to you eternal life.

I made a little tune to my song, in the mode of 600, or 6000, years ago. The little air of it tries to sing how every day is new, and, at the same time, a day of the days.

Perf and I had a great day to-day; we rode at 7.15 for two hours and have been together all day. He is just beginning to love Poetry. Imagine my delight at recognizing another aspect of eternity in heritage. We have pretty well gutted Keats to-day, all the Odes and 'St. Agnes Eve,' with a plenty of soldiering talk, and riding talk, and political talk, thrown in, to throw up the supremacy of the fantastic.

That is the river of life; the surface that reflects Heaven and derives from far sources in the hills, and goes out at last to sea, to forgather again and reflect Heaven once more. The drudgery of turning the mill, the party-political mill, of hatred, malice and all uncharitableness is but an incident. So, 'Heyday! and grey day. But every day is new' and yet, thank God, as old as the hills, and secure as the stars.

Send me back my little barbaric air.

430

To Moreton Frewen²

35 PARK LANE, W.,

September 27th, 1906.

Your letter gave me real pleasure. Not that I needed any evidence of your friendship; but because there are times when

¹ Name of a wood near Stonehenge.

² When forwarding this letter Mr. Moreton Frewen wrote in explanation: 'I had got George to lunch at Tim's house to discuss "Devolution" (which seems destined to invade history as the "Wyndham Policy"), but George would not have it at any price. When the Orange party and the "Times" made the fuss I offered to write and get Tim to write and say so—hence the reply.'

it does one good to hear from a friend who is not too much engrossed in the spectacle of politics to realize that some of the actors in that 'National pastime' are fighting for things that are precious to them.

I have always thought 'Devolution' a vague, and therefore foolish, name for an unworkable, and therefore silly, thing; upon which not two Irishmen would ever agree.

I have often said so, and never said anything else. You remind me that I said so to you.

It would interest me if you can remember *when* I said it.

As for writing to the Press, I am disposed to think that anybody, who *knows* me and does not believe me, will not believe 'though one rose from the dead.'

You would only get damned for your pains. I should be damned by the 'Times' for meeting Tim, and Tim damned by the 'Freeman' for meeting me.

To all this I am impervious, nothing would please me more than to walk arm-in-arm with Tim Healy in front of 'Printing House Square.' He was 'human' to a Chief Secretary—and that is rare. I shall never forget it.

431

To Rudyard Kipling

SAUGHTON,
5th October 1906.

Last night, on finishing 'Puck of Pook's Hill'—with sharp regret, because I shall never read it again for the first time, and huge delight because so many will have that joy—I felt that I must say 'Thank you.'

This morning, out cub-hunting, I felt that I was a cub for presuming to distinguish myself from the dear many who never say 'Thank you.' But, remembering some talks at Rottingdean, and your father, and your uncle, I will say 'Thank you.'

I thank you for every page of it. I thank you, specially, for C. Aquila, Maximus, and 'one man's work.' I thank you, above all, for Maximus. I read my Gibbon again this afternoon, and measured the amount of your creation. It is stupendous. Knowing Maximus intimately, as I do—since yesterday—I may say that he will not thank you when you meet him in the Elysian fields.

But I thank you most for him. I am not unmindful of THE WALL, and the snake^v along the Wall; nor ungrateful to you for declaring—better than it has been shown before—how that the sun really rose, every day, at the usual hour, in the 4th, and 11th, centuries just as he does in the 20th century. And he knows how to rise. Such is his Conservatism.

I always knew that and, also, that men and women and children, who lived from one to ten thousand years ago, were as like men and women and children of to-day as any million peas, or two suns. But you can show this, and we can't. That is much—genius and so forth. The two officers in charge of The Wall, and Maximus, and the Rescue, are more.

That parable tells the men and women and children what they have got to do in the everlasting sunlight, and, even, why they have got to do it. They may now understand that the world rots in everlasting sunlight; and that they must delay the rot, year in and year out, on the chance that, once in 100 years, a saviour, and once in 500 years, a creator, may—or may not—appear. That is their glory. Your glory is that you have told them so!

432

To his Sister, Pamela

SAIGHTON,
5th October 1906.

I got back to Saighton late last night after a month's racket, more or less, and am alone in my tower; and alone in many ways. When one is alone, all the other lonely people begin to talk. The Psalmist, shouting out against his enemies in the night, becomes a pal. And everything that has been said well becomes a masonic grip of secret fraternity. I read 'Puck of Pook's Hill' yesterday, and I will be bound to say that nobody has enjoyed it, or will ever enjoy it, more than I did. It will—I daresay—strike you from the children, governess, tea-time, fairy-tale point of view. And, quite possibly, you will feel that, from that point of view, you know a great deal more than Rudyard Kipling. But anyway that is only the envelope of his letter. His letter—what he meant—was written to me. Because I am alone in my Tower. So I thanked him.

Few of the lonely ones, who confabulate, have ever understood better all the time, and shown better some of the time, than Browning; for example, this is all that I could wish to hear about my work in Ireland—and afterwards . . .

‘ So with this thought of yours that fain would work
 Free in the world : it wants just what it finds—
 The ignorance, stupidity, the hate,
 Envy and malice and uncharitableness
 That bar your passage, break the flow of you
 Down from those happy heights where many a cloud
 Combined to give you birth and bid you be
 The royalist of rivers : on you glide
 Silverly till you reach the summit-edge,
 Then over, on to all that ignorance,
 Stupidity, hate, envy, bluffs and blocks,
 Posted to fret you into foam and noise.
 What of it ? Up you mount in minute mist,
 And bridge the chasm that crushed your quietude,
 A spirit-rainbow, earthborn jewelry
 Outsparkling the insipid firmament,
 Blue above Terni and its orange-trees.’

All I could wish to hear ; I should think so ! But I do hear it now in my tower and know it is far more than I deserve. But that is the way of the lonely people. They are generous. Wasn't it jolly of Browning, only two pages after that, to tell a story of some cognoscenti who hid all the group of the Laocoon, and then invited the critics to say what his agony expressed ? Then Browning—(I feel I may call him Robert)—says this :—

‘ One—
 I give him leave to write my history—
 Only One, said “ I think the gesture strives
 Against some obstacle we cannot see.” ’

No more room, except to add that the lonely ones are uncommon good company.

433

To Mrs. Drew

SAIGHTON,
 October 1906.

I am rather jealous of Sibell because you were here when I was not. For a good Patriot and Imperialist, prepared to hear that Portsmouth has been raided by Torpedo Boats—German for choice—with comparative equanimity, perhaps it would do if the Chairman of my Banquet—an ex-Lord Mayor who looked the part—shared the fate of the Burgomaster of Köpenick. I think I shall subscribe to a press-cutting agency in the name of the Burgomaster of Köpenick, for I want to read, and engross in an Album, all about him. This wholly

delightful event adds one more to the forty good stories which have been told since the Stone Age. And it is fit for ears polite. It beats the thief in the Rhampsinitus of Herodotus. It beats the Golden Ass of Apuleius. It beats Don Quixote, it beats Banagher. It is good to live when such things happen.

And why did not B. J.¹ live to read it? But I can feel him laughing and rumpling Morris' hair, and hear the 'Limerick' which Rossetti would have composed—perhaps not fit for ears polite.

It has done me good, as the ladies say in advertisements of Bile Beans. For I have had a bother—not of my own—lately which has disposed me to laugh at the grotesque side of the soldier 'as such.' What a moral it conveys, never to do what you are told to do.

I hear that you 'reneged' at 'Puck of Pook's Hill' and were, more or less, converted by Sibell's report of my enthusiasm.

I broke out and wrote to Rudyard Kipling. I backed 'De Aquila,' but I plumped for 'Maximus' and 'The Wall.' So I was pleased when R. K. wrote back a 'Thank you very much for your letter, and especially for what you say about Maximus, which makes me proud as well as pleased. Yes—Gibbon was the fat heifer I ploughed with: but all those 'decline-and-fall' officers are so amazingly modern that as soon as I got him started I went on as easily as Mr. Wegg did: they being mellowing to the organ. I swear I didn't mean to write parables—much—but when situations are so ludicrously, or terribly, parallel, what can one do?'

That raises a question. What Rudyard Kipling does is to wrap up two perfect peep-shows into the past—and *therefore*—into all time, in a machinery of children in Sussex and Puck and the rest of it.

This nearly stopped me and did stop you, for a time: which is bad. It did not stop the reviewers. But it baffled them and revealed their—well—revealed what they are, and, specially, how many people they are *not*. But this 'machinery' is only the 'Walk up' of the Showman, his 'Boniment,' as the French say. It isn't bad *boniment* either. But the peep-shows are what I see all the time (better lighted and grouped by R. K.) and piercing through the ages with that flashing main of Eternity which is the Halcyon home of all those sea-blue birds of the Spring who keep a careless heart as they fly over the foam flowers.

Perhaps you will feel nothing of this. And then you will

¹ Burne-Jones.

tell me so. But tell me whether or No. And *then* I will tell you what I wrote to Kipling.

The soldiers who arrested the Burgomaster made me think of De Aquila and Maximus: R. K.'s. Mr. Wegg leads me to say that I have just finished reading 'Little Dorrit' again. I can't bear to think that I must wait 5 or 10 years—5 if greedy, 10 if prudent, before reading it yet once more.

What a great man Dickens is! And how are the 'Tite Barnacles' avenged by the Ulster Party. With what avidity the 'Times' returns to the vomit of the Circumlocution Office. How readily the dear stupid English folk believe in 'How not to do it.' How intensely they suspect and hate anybody who does anything or might conceivably do anything, arrogating to their dear muddled heads and dear little hearts the right of scolding everybody because nothing is done. And then majestically assassinating anybody who presumes to do anything.

This they call 'common sense.' I have often pondered on the linguistic freak—or revelation?—which led the Greeks and the French to talk of 'good sense' and the English to talk of 'common sense.' And the worst of it is that when, now and again, an Englishman is sick of 'common' sense, he does not deviate gracefully into 'good' sense. He bursts out into 'uncommon *nonsense*' and calls it paradox; as a protest against a commercial education.

But this is our Country. And I love it: as a man loves a brutal woman.

But having effected a 'judicial'—on my part—'separation' from my country, I do not think that I would ever 'marry' her again in the Registry Office of a Cabinet. I do not seek divorce 'a vinculis.' But I revel in separation 'a mensâ et thoro.'

434

To Wilfrid Ward

35 PARK LANE, W.,
November 16th, 1906.

I cannot find time to *write* anything. But—if possible—I will dine on 28th from the House.

A suggestion occurs to me as I write—rude and crude. Let me put it in this way:—

1. Historical exegesis has—so far—mainly rejected certain books from canonical books—the Bible, as some call the collection.

But it has rejected them—to be more precise—in respect, not of their ecclesiastical authority, but of their *traditional* ascription to certain authors and dates.

2. Reverse the process. Let historical exegesis examine the traditional value of non-canonical books and legends. What does history make of ‘Domine, quo vadis?’ Of the apostolic conversion of Britain? of the peregrinations of St. James?

Conclusion. Historical exegesis belittles the Canon by demonstrating that Tradition which has grown up round it is irreconcilable with historical results. But these traditions mean something. They are not pure inventions. Therefore let historical exegesis appraise *all* traditions and see what happens.

This suggests another track which I once sketched in a walk we took together. Assuming Revelation, of any kind, it had to be conveyed in a known language but also, with a like necessity, in a familiar order of religious and metaphysical thought. To collate the ‘Book of the Dead’ or the sacramental rites of a Zagreus or an Adonis with canonical scriptures does not diminish the authority of Christianity. It only shows that two great ideas in Christianity: (1) reward and punishment after death, (2) the mystery of regeneration by sacrifice, were the religious, or metaphysical, medium in which the truths of Christianity had perforce to be stated if they were to be understood; just as Aramaic, or Alexandrian Greek, were the linguistic media in which they had, similarly, to be stated, if they were to be intelligible.

435

To his Father

35 PARK LANE, W.,
November 19th, 1906.

Many thanks for transferring the securities. I am sure you are right to do so. We shall certainly have some form of graduated income tax the operation of which, combined with Death Duties, must dissipate any fortune in the course of three generations. Unless the Landed Gentry treat their personal estates on the lines of men in business; *i.e.* hold if divided—as you propose—among capable living members to the family, each one of whom should take advice on re-investment from time to time.

To the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour

Confidential.

35 PARK LANE, W.,
December 18th, 1906.

Although you know my views on the conflict between the 2 Houses, I wish to put them on paper.

(1) I assert that the attacks on the Act of 1902 did not occupy a large place in political controversy, *generally*, prior to the last election.

(2) I assert that such attacks, where made, pointed mainly, almost exclusively, to (a) improving the chances of a Non-conformist Teacher becoming a head-teacher and (b) meeting the 'grievance' of the Nonconformist parent in a village school where other accommodation was not available.

(3) I therefore assert that the question of interfering wholesale with Denominational schools was not before the country.

(4) That being so, if a new 'National' system is to be established in lieu of the 1902 system, then equality or impartiality on the part of the State, ought to be its principle.

(5) By making parents or owners pay for Denominational teaching out of their own pockets this principle is contravened. That is serious. But we tolerate it because it only affects our pockets.

(6) Any further departure from that principle, affecting the consciences and convenience of Denominational parents and teachers, cannot be tolerated.

So I arrive at 4 conclusions each one of which is essential if the principle of equality is to be preserved.

I. Teachers when willing must be *free* to give denominational teaching in cl. 3 schools.

II. The conditions upon which cl. 4 schools *shall* be sanctioned must not be so drawn as to exclude the majority, or a *large* proportion, of Denominational schools in rural England.

III. Where the conditions of a cl. 4 school arise in the future a new cl. 4 school must be sanctioned.

IV. Since the Nonconformist grievance is met in the village the Denominational grievance must be met in the Towns; at least up to the degree contemplated in Salisbury's Amendment.

Apart from the question of principle there is, I hold, good reason, politically, for maintaining all the 4 foregoing propositions, viz. that if any one of them be dropped we disappoint an important section of our allied forces.

I. appeals to St. Aldwyn and those for whom he speaks.

II. appeals to our 'country' Party—the backbone of Conservatism—and to the Church of England generally; incidentally it carries the Roman Catholics of England with us and shows that they must look to us, and not to the Irish Nationalist Party.

III. appeals to both Churchmen and Roman Catholics.

IV. appeals to Austen Chamberlain, his father, and Bishop Gore; to Unionist Nonconformists and High Church Radicals.

On the 2 grounds, therefore, of Principle and A Policy, I strongly deprecate any 'agreement' which does not embrace those 4 propositions, and, personally, I could not be a party to any such agreement.

437

*To his Nephew, George Wyndham*¹

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, January 4th, 1907.

MY DEAR LITTLE GEORGE,—I think I must write to you my Fox-hunting letter this time. I told your father of the good day we had on Wednesday.

To-day, again, we had very good sport: first, a run of about fifty minutes, with lots of jumping; second, forty-five minutes and a kill in the open, and third, about twenty-five minutes, not so good.

We all enjoyed ourselves. Percy rode a new horse that jumped well. Bendor and I both took mild tosses in the second run. Your uncle Pat was out too and Mrs. Malone.

I am glad that my whip brought you luck and that you got the brush.—Your affectionate uncle, GEORGE.

438

To Mrs. Drew

SAIGHTON,
January 15th, 1907.

We had all kinds of adventures with our motor after leaving your Hawarden haven. It could not go up-hill and was not safe going down, having no 'sprag,' whatever that may be. We got lunch at 3.15, and only just caught the train at Chester at 6.17. The motor, which had stopped at every gradient,

¹ His brother's elder son—killed in action March 24, 1915.

finished its performance by running up on to the pavement at the station. We were patient from good-fellowship and brave from ignorance, with the exception of Charlie Adeane, who has a motor of his own and talked ominously of 'sprags.' The pale-faced chauffeur maintained a harassed silence. I give him the prize for patience and courage.

439

To his Brother

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, January 16th, 1907.

I am delighted to hear that Wellington can take little George, all the more as everyone tells me that it is—bar Eton—the best of all public schools.

I have been idle over writing hunting news, for the pleasant reason that our good sport is quite continuous. Excepting New Year's day we have enjoyed ourselves on each day, galloping and jumping to our heart's content. We had two good gallops, Thursday, two good gallops, Friday. The North had a great day Monday; Watkin a capital day yesterday; and to-day—Wednesday—we are just in from hunting all round here. (1) Found in Saighton Drives and ran 50 minutes, slow to ground. (2) Found Saighton Gorse and ran very fast forty-seven minutes over the vale and killed. (3) Viewed a fox and ran across the vale through Eaton and nearly to Chester. We whip off every day in the dark. Benny, Shelagh, Perf, Pat and I crack along in front all the time. Apart from the rare sport the weather is so delicious. I sweat through everything twice a day, and the country looks beautiful and smells sweet of moist earth. Perf is a recognized exponent of the Art, always in front flight, and often 'cutting out the work.'

It seems a shame to make you work for the W.O. But I suppose you will be able to get some hunting. Perf and I have six horses between us that all 'know to jump.'¹ The seventh we are selling as he falls from old age.

¹ Years before the brothers had been amused by the patter of a foreign showman exhibiting performing fleas. He constantly reiterated 'He *knows* to jump, but he *veel* not jump.'

To his Sister, Pamela

SAUGHTON,
18th January 1907.

It was a great joy to get your letter. My answer to your question is that I am hunting with Percy—just as if nothing had happened. I skip details. We are merely happy. We have 7 hunters and odd mounts from Bendor and bust along and perspire and leave all letters unanswered, except your letter and pressing invitations to speak, which we reject with scorn.

In the evenings we read 'Antony and Cleopatra' and old books about Cheshire and England:—Fuller's Worthies, The Vale Royal of England, Camden's Britannia, and Froissart. For it is our pleasure, after riding over the country, to retrieve the renown of great men who came from here and fought in France and Spain, under the Black Prince—for 40 years Earl of Chester.

Thus, we love the horsemanship of the folk we spring from; and cherish every rise and fall in the ground that nurtured them. We, also, cherish their marksmanship with the Bow. I opened a miniature rifle range last Wednesday week. I made a speech that has made them all think; quoting from ancient annals. Then, by good fortune, I put up my miniature rifle and beat them all to blazes. 110 shot, and I won by 6 points. It was very lucky as I had said in my speech that shooting—like skating and swimming—once learned was never forgot.

But, in the main, we merely hunt the fox; and get very hot, and sleep like stones and prepare for the next call to enterprise by tiring our body and resting our head.

All this sounds very brutal, and in the mode of Squire Western. But—say what you will—it gives me rest and pleasure, it is jolly to find that 20 years cannot abate one's huge delight in riding to hounds; and the added joy of seeing Perf always in the first flight and often cutting out the work is exquisite. If I can keep my place of old days I am pleased—like a boy. If he beats me I am in the seventh heaven.

Meanwhile I am at last really resting my brain. I sleep like a stone. I weigh half a stone less and I nurse a glorious contempt for all the little people who fuss about nothing.

But, occasionally, I write verse again, and I read nothing except Virgil, Catullus, Shakespeare, Walter Scott and Boccaccio.

So I live, getting younger and younger, loathing the thought of going back into the pig-stye of Politics. But, therefore,

preparing to take on Devolution or the Army Scheme with a maximum of refreshed detachment, it is jolly to weigh half a stone less and to sleep and feel free.

I rejoice in Bim's ¹ poem, it is delightful. But never instigate him. If he writes that now, leave him alone. Encourage him to ride and sail a boat or shoot birds. His brain will dart out only too soon. Muffle it in hardy fatigue.

I speak from knowledge. As a boy, and once or twice since, I have been near the precipice of abnormal cerebration. But the whole truth is, if you have a brain that works at lightning speed when stimulated, to drug it with wholesome fatigue, involving courage and initiative. It will shoot out, fast enough, at any Cabinet Council which he may condescend to illuminate.

441

To his Father

SAIGHTON,
January 19th, 1907.

Yes, that is what I mean. The increased volume of Trade stated in terms of £.s.d. does not prove any great increase in income; *i.e.* profits; of the ten per cent increase of total trade one half—five per cent—is attributable to a general rise in prices. The materials cost more as well as the products. Apart from that minor consideration, I maintain that no probable increase in taxable income will meet the probable demand for increased revenue.

The Government will try to cut down Army and Navy. But they cannot go far enough to make any material difference. Even if they save five million—which I think impossible—the reaction will set in. We shall have a revival of complaints that barracks are not kept in sanitary repair and of scares that our guns and rifles are not the best, etc. If the Government go on against these storm signals, men like Haldane and Sir John Fisher will resign.

On the other hand the Government must find money to meet the growing and excessive demands of their supporters. Some day old age pensions will be voted.

Apart from these direct payments from the State the time is coming when the Imperial Exchequer will have to help County Councils with grants in aid.

Apart from that, they will be driven—in order to assist

¹ Edward Wyndham Tennant—killed in action 22nd September 1916.

'Reforms' without paying cash—to 'guarantee' more loans; and to lower the rate of interest in existing loans, *e.g.* Local Loan Stock, or rather Housing Loans based on that stock.

All this tends to lower our credit; *i.e.* the borrowing power of the *Exchequer*.

The time will, therefore, come when the Government cannot meet the demands made on it unless it restores the credit of the *Exchequer*. And that can only be done—in the long run—by paying off debt, *i.e.* raising revenue another twenty million a year to increase the sinking fund.

If the Government try to do this by direct taxation, *e.g.* violent graduation of Income Tax, they will increase the mischief. The City will not lend them money; or float their loans; and private persons will invest more and more abroad and ultimately, if they feel they are being unfairly treated, will evade income tax by lodging their securities in banks abroad, say, Switzerland.

If the population increases—as it does—and at the same time insists on state-aid, as it does, by way of costly education, costly Poor Law; perhaps direct pensions; and by way of Housing Schemes, and Small Holding Schemes, guaranteed by the State at low interest and long periods of repayment, there is no possible ultimate solution except that the people should pay for all this. And there is no way in which they pay except by broadening the basis of taxation.

That alone yields a sufficient *amount* of revenue to restore credit, and that alone affords an effective system of graduation, *i.e.* the 'automatic' graduation—as I have called it—which proceeds from the relatively poor not buying as many luxuries as the relatively rich.

The English delight in discussing these problems in terms of Justice. Even on that basis, it is absurd to tax a man with £2000 a year and ten children at the same rate of graduation as a bachelor with the same income.

It is more reasonable to discuss the problem in terms of common sense and to determine as the old financiers did (1) How much money do we want? and (2) How can we get it with the least annoyance and disturbance?

Our present system is not sound. It is not effective to depend as largely as we do on taxes of three kinds.

(1) Taxes on Beer, Spirits, and Tobacco, which hit the poor.

(2) Taxes on Stamps which hit the makers of wealth.

(3) Death Duties and Income Tax which hit the owners of wealth, *i.e.* the savers and investors.

Besides all this, there is another cloud on the financial horizon.

I mean the Savings Banks. There is, I think, £200,000,000 in the Savings Banks and *no* securities. If the Labour Party organized a scare and run on the Savings Banks they could smash our existing system of Finance.

Some day the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have the courage to tell the truth.

He will have to consolidate the Debt again ; on a two-and-three-quarter per cent basis : including all our Debt, *i.e.* all the loans we guarantee as well as Consols.

He will have to assist the low rateable arrears.

He will have to increase the sinking fund. He will have also to restrict the borrowing power of Local Bodies.

And to do this, without destroying the Navy and Army (which in turn are necessary for our credit) he will have to increase largely the number of articles on which duty is paid ; so largely, that he may as well go in for an all-round Tariff and use part of it for bargaining with other countries.

That is the way in which Fiscal Reform will come.

I see that I have not given a plain answer to your question 'How do Consols at 86 affect the Government ?'

The answer is that they cannot get the money they need on reasonable terms ; and sometimes that they cannot get it at all.

As things are they cannot get the money for Irish Land Purchase.

Very well. They have now got to get the money for Irish labourers.

Then their English supporters want Housing Schemes. What is that to be ? Five millions a year would be a flea-bite. But they would have to borrow it. And so on with Small-holdings ; and, of course, with Old Age Pensions.

For these purposes they must either borrow, issuing a loan themselves ; or, they must get the City to issue the loan and guarantee the interest.

Apart from these larger transactions, a Government has to borrow in the course of every year. The income tax does not come in 'pat' to the day ; nor do the proceeds of other taxes. But the Government has to pay soldiers and sailors, and postmen once a week, and to pay for ships and public buildings 'on the nail.'

With Consols at 86—*i.e.* with a low credit, they have to borrow at high interest. The Bank rate was six per cent, it is now five per cent. So they cannot get 'cheap' money for a short period, any more than you can, or a Railway Company.

I do not for a moment believe that Arthur will resign the

Leadership. There is plenty of intrigue against him; but it is confined to a minority of men in the House, and of men who are likely to get into the House.

In a Democracy politicians have to be 'Vote-hunters.' But they can hunt for them in a proper, as well as in an improper, fashion. They can appeal to Patriotism as well as to Pockets, and to common interests as well as to Class jealousies.

Bendor, Percy and self, with Cecil Parker and Colonel Lloyd had an interesting shoot to-day, second time over. I have not got the exact bag. But it was pleasantly varied by 7 woodcock, 8 snipe, 6 teal, 1 jay, 1 magpie and one pigeon, with I suppose about 170 pheasants, and a few hares and rabbits.

442

To his Father

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, *January 20th, 1907.*

I posted my answer last night.

The Navy. The Government did diminish the building programme. But Lord Brassey may be right in saying that the Two-Power standard is maintained; for the Government declare that they reduced their programme because other countries will not complete some ships they are building as soon as we expected; that other countries are not 'laying down' new ships, and that, in any case, as we build faster we can outpace them if they do suddenly lay down new ships.

Without further knowledge it is not wise to attack the Government for not laying down more ships.

The case I make against them is that they are (1) taking Battleships out of full commission, (2) putting them into the Reserve and simply christening the Reserve 'The Home Fleet,' and (3) Then recreating the bad type of Reserve which we abolished.

This shows it :—

BATTLESHIPS		
	1905	1907
In full commission, <i>i.e.</i> at sea all the year round	32	26
At sea with full crews only for part of the year	14 ¹	14 ²
	46	40

¹ We call this the Reserve, of the new kind, with nucleus crews.

² They call it the Home Fleet!

Having taken six Battleships out of full commission and put them down into the Reserves now called 'Home Fleet,' they have taken six out of that Reserve and, practically, put them into harbour, permanently, with only men to oil the guns etc.—sort of caretakers, and a vague promise to take them out sometimes.

Now a ship does not 'find herself' till she has been two months at sea with all the ranks on board that will navigate and fight her in war. Again, by taking ships out of full commission, they keep officers and men ashore who ought to be at sea; and allow many 'repairs' to accumulate, the need of which would only be discovered after the ships had been at sea.

Besides this they are scamping repairs everywhere.

'Ready, aye, ready' ought to be our motto for the Navy. Nothing is worse than to have ships laid up in time of Peace that would require overhauling at the outbreak of War. It was precisely that system which we abolished: and now they are bringing it back by degrees to save the cost, in coal, wages and repairs, of keeping our First Line at sea, all the year round.

443

To his Sister, Mary

SAUGHTON,
1.ii.07.

I gauged the situation on Monday night and saw that it did not present the elements of a good talk except by going to supper together. I should have liked that. But Sibell was looking white and tired, so I whipped her off to be out of reach of temptation. Had I stayed and supped, I should have cheered up and not gone to bed till 3.

The first simmer of excitement, the fun of seeing you all, and Pamela and 'notables,' the restless enthusiasm of Blow,¹ the thrill of the 'Drums of Oude,' the intolerable twaddle of 'Toddles,'² the yawning distance between our chairs, the gnawing pangs of hunger, after a long journey, and 20 minutes' dinner, all pointed either to a large and leisurely supper or else to bed on the principle of 'qui dort dîne.' I decided

¹ Mr. Detmar Blow.

² A character in the play.

rightly, for as it was Sibell did not get to bed till 1.30 and began again at 6 a.m. to catch the 8.30.

I snatched a pretty good hunt between two frosts on Wednesday. The Eaton Party had many casualties. Shelagh fell and got a bruise, but nothing of consequence. Lady Chesterfield and Tullibardine also fell. I picked up Lady C. and we did not lose our places in the first flight. At the end we heard Shelagh was hurt, but soon met her walking and laughing and sent her home safe and warm in a motor which Benny had galloped for to Eaton and driven out himself.

Yesterday we shot, a lovely day. Then I had to go again to London last night for Railway Meeting, and back to-day, and here I am with a blazing fire in my room and my books round me. Perf, who went yesterday to the Bicester Ball, got into my carriage at Bletchley.

I am eager for a good talk with you.

I am interested to read A. J. B.'s speech. I gather that he is going to 'put his foot down.' I feel more and more that it is very noble of him—and rather noble of *me*!—to bother about politics at all. I look forward to the session with disgust approaching to nausea. Since Christmas I have for the first time since I took office felt young and happy; hunting, reading good books, enjoying Percy, and living, in short.

To go back to the House, its dust and dullness and littleness, is like a bad dream. It makes me sick to think of Herbert Gladstone backing an iniquitous Licensing Bill. It makes me sorry to think of poor Birrell talking clever rubbish about Ireland; and dear Haldane reeling off his 'continuous band' of undistinguished, but grammatical, English, in which he ties up and strangles what little of life is left in the Army on which St. John sat heavily, and A. F.¹ stamped furiously.

Our own crew are most depressing and peevish. They have no heart in them and no pride of race. There is nothing magnanimous or generous in the whole show of petty intrigue and sheepish cowardice. But for my affection for Arthur and admiration of his tenacity, I doubt whether a waning sense of duty would be strong enough to prevent me from quietly dropping my odious trade before the 'Dyer's hand' is quite 'subdued to what it works in.'

Democracy is a disease for which there is no cure, or, at best, a normal form of senile decay in States. When I was young I read cheerfully such platitudes as that States are like trees, with their periods of growth, maturity and decay. But, as life goes on, the *truth* of platitudes becomes poignant enough

¹ Mr. Arnold Forster.

to pierce through their used envelopes. Instead of laughing at them for being stale, one is shocked by them for being true. Age in States, or men, or, above all, in women, is no joke.

But at this point in my melancholy reflection the waning sense of duty begins to perk up a little. I despise the French aristocracy for having thrown up the sponge; and any man or woman who declines into a praiser of past days.

So I conclude with Dr. Johnson's robust assertion:—'If the changes that we fear be thus irresistible, what remains but to acquiesce with silence, as in other insurmountable distresses of humanity? It remains that we retard what we cannot repel, that we palliate what we cannot cure.'

But I go further—being now on the upward track—and say once more, that the Empire is a new State—among other new States. And that—if we will realize that—there may be two or three centuries still ahead of the glorious indiscretions and rapt visions of youth; the tumbles and victories.

We ought to fight for this. So I suppose I shall go up to London on the 11th and 'peg away' as usual. But personally I detest the job, and prefer hunting and the society of the people I am fond of, whether dead and embalmed in books, or alive and pleasant for their beauty and keen wits.

444

To his Father

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
February 2nd, 1907.

If you look in to-day's 'Times' you will find that—'P. L. Wyndham, gent.' is gazetted a 2nd Lieutenant, on probation to the Coldstream Guards.

445

To his Mother

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, February 6th, 1907.

It is just possible that we might not be able to get to you till the Wednesday after Easter Sunday, 3rd April; for I have to do Yeomanry Musketry here on the 2nd and Sibell would like to do her Easter Festival here. But that ought to leave me a week or two as, with an early Easter, I do not suppose the House will rise till the last moment.

I, too, have been thinking a great deal over old days. I feel the 'epoch' of Perf taking the plunge. He is 'posted' to my old battalion, the 1st. I am glad of that for old sake's sake and because he will be in London this summer and under Billy Lambton as his C.O.

The frost has been a disappointment. But I am keeping myself able and fit in spite of it. Yesterday I walked to Chester, round the walls and all the sights, and back by Eccleston, quite twelve miles.

I am very glad that Papa is helping Guy. It will make all the difference to his success that he should not have cares, or feel that Minnie is worried.

I am longing to see you and will come for a Sunday, pretty soon.

The Government are, apparently, going to 'shunt' their legislation in order to attack the House of Lords. I liked Arthur's speech at Hull.

446

To his Father

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, *February 7th, 1907.*

To-night we had what Sibell calls her 'Social Gathering' in the School. It is not an Entertainment. There is no host and hostess. We merely all go—selves, farmers, parson and labourers. We provide tea, etc., and put out games, photographs and anything likely to interest or amuse. Anybody sings or plays; who can. And, when the ice is broken, they push away the table and dance to a concertina.

It is amusing to watch Sibell playing some desperate game, such as the 'Counties of England' with a party of five or six. Lettice came over from Eaton and grinned and beamed at everybody.

I felt that they were nearly all out and out Tories and Protectionists. One wife of a farmer would please you. She is a remarkable woman. They now have 150 cows and make eight cheeses a day. She has been married 36 years; and milked herself from the age of fourteen to last year. Her 'maids'—'milk-maids'—were dancing. She was surprised that they could do it so well. Her one ambition is to present a cheese to the King. She is running the politics of the district and asks me to get 'The Duke' to take a more active part. For her part, she denounces the 'Land Tenure' Bill and all

Radicalism, saying 'I want nothing better than to be the Duke's Tenant.' She does not say this to *me*; but to the local Radical agitator.

Last week I went to our 'Eaton,' Yeomanry, Squadron dance, as C.O. of the squadron. Eighty-two men in my squadron rode their own, or their fathers' horses at the last training. The wife of one N.C.O. has three brothers, a husband, and brother-in-law in the Yeomanry. She, again, is a most capable person and good company—runs the farm, backs the Yeomanry, is herself and at her ease. Now, she went to London for the first, and only time, in her life last year. But she is somebody. Most of the people in London are not anybody. All these country people detest and fear the present Government.

This interests me in connection with the general elections.

Our people will rally to a traditional, organic England and 'play-up' for Empire if we will lead them.

But we must be Conservatives who love the past and Imperialists who believe in the Future. Given that, we can enroll battalions.

The Midland Conservative Club have asked me to be President for the second year, and I have accepted. I am a Vice-President of the National Union in Kent and, by special request, here in Cheshire and, to-day, I got Bendor to accept the office of President.

The vice of the moment consists in natural leaders being swayed by the London Press. 'The only way' is for each man who can lead to 'hoe his own row' in his own district. If we do that we shall win the next election.

Perf has written me two letters since he was trapped like a mouse the moment he showed his nose in barracks after the gazette. 'Billy Lambton' his C.O. said, 'Have you done any drills?' Perf answered 'No.' Billy replied, 'Then you had better begin at two o'clock to-day.' So there he is touching his toes from 8 to 5 per diem.

He is taking two horses to Windsor for the Drag and I think I shall follow his example, and get hot twice a week.

With Lettice, Guy and self in Belgrave Square and Perf at Chelsea Barracks, we shall be quite a colony in Belgravia.

The frost has been a cruel disappointment. But, having got very fit by hunting four or five days a week, I am keeping fit by walking to Eaton and back and playing hockey on the ice and then squash rackets, by electric light.

I hope, in consequence, to take a burly view of the King's speech and to express it bluntly to his 'faithful Commons.'

447

To his Mother

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE,
St. Valentine's Day, 1907.

I opened one of your bills by mistake. I am in your dear room and with old Guy where I was last year.

Perf is very busy and happy over his soldiering and has lost his voice shouting at drill.

I dined with Pamela last night in her house of pictures¹ and the day before I got a glimpse of Lettie² in silver and emeralds after opening of Parliament. She was dressed to match her new house, which is all white and green.

I am only sending this as a line of great love, on the pretext of the bill I opened.

448

To Wilfrid Ward

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
February 21st, 1907.

I am glad you met brother Guy. We are curiously complementary persons. He has more obstinacy and less imagination than I have. But we have much in common and, as far as nearness in affection can go, are regular 'Corsican brothers.' We slept in the same room for fifteen out of the first seventeen years of my life. Since then 'the seas between us braid ha' roared.' But I have, more than once, felt his adventures telepathically.

I am grinding at the Army question. My mind is a chaos of Regulars and Auxiliaries; Effectives and non-Effectives. But I hope to be terser than Haldane.

449

To his Sister, Pamela

35 PARK LANE, W.,
28th April 1907.

Your letter gave me a thrill of pleasure. I am glad that the book³ is going to be, and more glad that you are making

¹ In Queen Anne's Gate. One room, 'The Tennant Gallery,' contained the remarkable collection of pictures made by Sir Charles Tennant, and was open to the public on certain days of the week.

² His stepdaughter, Lady Beauchamp.

³ 'The Children and the Pictures.' (William Heinemann, 1907.)

it. I got your letter just as I was off to make a speech, and I envied your more permanent offspring and the serene atmosphere of its creation.

The best books, of all kinds, are not only each a part of its author. The author, in making each, must play his usual part. Shakespeare puts parts of himself in every one of his characters. And, as he lived by the stage, he writes Plays. You are a mother with delightful children and interesting pictures, so you tell the child which is in every man and woman about those pictures.

The really good books, big or little, are written only by two classes of authors. In the first, is the author with many parts of humanity in him, who, also, plays many parts in the world. In the second, is the author with one part principally developed in him or her, who keeps, in the main, to one rôle in the play of life. In the first are Chaucer and Shakespeare; in the second Borrow and Jane Austen. The literary authors, however great, do not make such good books. They only approach that when, like Ben Jonson, Dryden, or Dr. Johnson, their parts are books and their world a library. You have a fair chance of writing a little classic. The thing is to write a classic, however little, rather than a book, however big.

Send for Walter Raleigh's 'Shakespeare.' What a comfort that man is!

The Lyric Poet is a bird apart—like the thrush. He just sings all that matters to all who live in a peculiar trill which no one can imitate. If others are sparrows and feel the Spring, let them say 'cheep, cheep' and be done with it. I like that. It is good as far as it goes. But they try to go further and make ocarinas. I once heard an ocarina played in an Earl's Court Exhibition, and recognized the 'Spectator's' minor poet; just a bit of mechanism in a shabby arcade.

450

To Walter Raleigh

35 PARK LANE, W.,
29.iv.1907.

This is but to say 'Thank you' for 'Shakespeare,' and to indulge my humour of gratitude. I have not even—I thank God!—finished the book. I am enjoying it; not reading it, not reviewing it to its author. I waited for it. I have endured a desperate week of the weeks—a degree at Glasgow, a speech at Birmingham, the House of Commons, conferences with its

ministers and dinners and luncheons with Colonial Premiers. I am surfeited with quails, like an Israelite in the desert; deafened with oratory. But all the while I said 'to my dear heart' "there is Raleigh's 'Shakespeare' at the end." So I stayed alone in London this Saturday and Sunday. I dipped into your book and then took a turn in Kensington Gardens. I dined alone with your book and, now, write to you—not that I have anything more than 'Thank you' to say. The fluttering of the fire makes me garrulous. I wish Will Henley were here to smack the table with his fist and roar out what I feel.

I have dipped into all the book. I have *read* the first two chapters. And from these experiments I already perceive the wonderful art of the whole matter. Chapter one clears the stage and strikes the note—shall I add of 'doom'? I think so; by reason of "the central drama of his mind is the tragedy of the life of imagination"; and, again—"he knew the anguish of the divided mind, and had suffered from the tyranny of the imagination."

That takes my breath away, it is as if you had shot a sea-gull with a rifle. But the first Chapter is a complete overture. I turn but two pages and you exhibit his two extremities of style in your own 'first, and second, period,' it's thus:—

"He does not waylay his meaning, and capture it at a blow, but hunts it with a full cry of hounds, attended by a gay and motley company."

I thank you for your first 'manner.' But, you go on,

"In his later plays, he is more condensed, not by the chastening of his method, but by the crowded enrichment of his matter."

And I thank you for your second 'manner.' Then comes the 'wave' image. I say 'hurrah!' I bow before you. And when you arrive, directly, at "*My lord, is the lady ready?*" I am quite silent and still.

If Will Henley were here he would bury his face in his hands, and, then, relieve *his* feelings by acclaiming you in some terms of blasphemous and, possibly, obscene, affection.

That, at any rate, would be more seemly than reviewing your book to you, for nothing; without the excuse of doing so to the public, for money. Oh! What an ass is the reviewer. You tell him—as he has never yet been told—that the rut of expectation in Shakespeare's audience and so, his "path of duty," was "*his* road to glory." But, no, the reviewer is glad

of your support and would still prefer Macbeth without the Porter, merely to please the public and get their pence.

Chapter II. 'Stratford and London': is the best piece of work written in my time. For there stands the result like a fair building when, at last, all the scaffolding has gone and there are smooth lawns round it, instead of heaps of quicklime. To have done that in 32 pp. is 'past all whooping.'

You discover the architect in one sentence, "*Shakespeare was a master of language, and a profound student of the human mind.*" You indicate his material in another, "*Shakespeare had a lean actor in his early company.*"

And you tell us, into the bargain, all that we ought to have known about tradition, viz.—that it is a certain authority for events, and a most fallible guide to their meaning and consequences. The reviewer sees the consequences and denies the tradition. Then the consequences die of that disruption. He likes roses—because they are worth money in the market. He knows nothing of roots, and is shocked—because rose-buyers are shocked—by dung. So he cuts the tap-root and will have none of manure. The roses wither and—as roses must be sold,—he sells a beaded pattern in their place.

But this is overweening. Let me, for my soul's sake, court ridicule by hunting a field after small deer. Lord Burghley's letter, 1586 (pp. 48, 49) starts a mere mouse of exiguous conjecture. I make it my quarry to prove that I am humble, if fantastic; or, rather, to prove nothing, except that I am writing to please myself and express my gratitude to you.

So here is a doubtful farthing for your million sterling.

Lord Burghley tells of Dogberries with staves under *pent-houses* (p. 49). But he finds them "at Enfield, where there was no rain" still, presumably, under a *penthouse*. Penthouse is a corruption of '*pentice*.' At Chester, until the Palatinate administration was abolished there was a 'pentice court' (On the site, by the way, of the Roman *prætorium*). There, at that 'pentice court,' attached to a Gothic Church (once the *Prætorium*) the Mayor of Chester administered justice. Was this usual? Did 'Dogberry' cling to the source of his authority? But why do I chuck this landful of 'dry as dust' mortar on your smooth lawn? Simply to prove my humility and throw "cottabus" to the God of the fair edifice you have reared for his glory and our delight.

To Walter Raleigh

35 PARK LANE, W.

LE PREMIER JOUR DU MOIS DE MAI.

It is poor work writing. So let us have a talk. How would it do for me to come to Oxford Sunday and dine and talk and listen? I promise you that I should come in the morning but could very well entertain myself for some hours if you are occupied. If you are not, we could walk and look up the illustration of Ronsard's tomb—alleged to be in the Bodleian.

I quite understand your triumph in the incidental allusions to every Play. As for the Sonnets let us talk, I wrote about them in '98. You have said the best word—"a tear changed to a pearl to decorate new sorrows." Two things are to me certain: (1) they spring from personal experience steeped in anguish and stung a little by disgust. So that some of them are perfect speeches coming as all good speech does from human emotion. Sonnet 90 is the best bit of human speech. (2) They flow into a poem that sings the passion of man in the pageant of the year. And so become 'religious' and philosophical. The poet *suffers* and, then, *sees* with senses sharpened by suffering. And, then, so seeing, he pierces through the veil of vision to the inane. Then he turns on his psycho-pomp Time, and rends him. After that he feels better!

All the great—rather the very few great—Poets of the Past have attacked Time. Because the time-prison of old chronology was so narrow.

The next great poet will have to deal with Space which is not—so the last men of science say—space at all but something denser than Platinum in which we and the stars are but 'films of gossamer.' He, too, will revolt.

The old poets say Beauty and Love are divine and therefore Eternal. The new Poet will say . . . what will he say? That is the trouble. Nobody can guess till it is said and then everyone knows it from the beginning. Perhaps he will say that Beauty and Love are dynamic as well as eternal; energetic as well as indestructible. "How with this rage shall Beauty hold a plea whose action is no stronger than a flower?" The new Poet will answer that the action of a Rose is stronger than all the gravitation of the Universe.

452

*To his Mother**Wednesday, July 9th, 1907.*

At 3 o'clock on Thursday, to-morrow afternoon, we have a little ceremony in the crypt of St. Paul's, *i.e.* handing over Rodin's monument of dear Henley formally to the charge of the Chapter.

I shall have to make a little speech—what the French call 'éloge.'

Lord Plymouth unveils the bust. Do come. All friends and admirers were invited by Plymouth's letter to the Press and by notice in the Press. You would enjoy it down there with the tombs of Nelson and Wellington, Poets and Musicians.

453

*To Mrs. Drew**July 14th, 1907.*

Reading Rodin in St. Paul's made my 'knees chatter,' as Pamela says. But I wanted to honour my dead friend, and succeeded, more or less, in being monumental without being sepulchral.

'The promise of wistful hills' *is* Henley. It is beautiful. 'Promise' to Henley was never more than expectancy based on the goodness of the known past and unlimited possibility of the unknown future. He saw that the naked realities of life were good: Why, then, he asked, should not the vague, iridescent horizon enfold something better to be perhaps unfolded?

454

To Philip Hanson

35 PARK LANE, W.,
18.vii.07.

I know you are abroad. But I indite these few lines on the 'Preference' Vote of Censure.

I have read 'Bowley.' He merely stimulates my curiosity. But, even if it were satiated after 30 years of investigation,

I believe that capable men would still take sides *instinctively* either for (1) a Cosmopolitan view, supported by the idea of setting an example, or for (2) the Imperial view, supported by the idea of fighting for more freedom in all protected markets, and getting it in our growing Colonial markets.

To descend—abruptly—to the particular. The best speech was a ‘maiden’ by Simon, a Fellow of All Souls and barrister, on the Government, Free Trade, side. It was nearly perfect; indeed, perfect, but for a faint touch of the ‘superior person.’

Yet he—and this is interesting, perhaps significant—founded his best attack on preference (as you did in 1903) on the incompatibility of varying colonial products, supported by ridicule of any system which taxed food, with a preference, and which did not tax raw material. Here he was excellent. He took the Australian sheep—‘meat inside and wool outside.’

But his excellence—as ever—suggested retort.

It suggested—to me—a reply, confined to the concrete, as per invitation, and limited to a contrast of Sheep and Sugar :—as thus

(i) Sheep and sugar are alike in being, each of them, both food and raw material for industry.

(ii) In the case of sheep the two can be—and *are*—discriminated. The sheep is meat inside and wool outside. But the two come—as a rule—in separate ships, to wit, as ‘Canterbury lamb’ and as wool.

Sugar, per contra, though soluble, cannot be melted into food and raw material.

(iii) Both contravene the postulate that it is inexpedient for us to tax food and raw material.

(iv) But in the case of sheep you can—if you choose—only tax food; in the case of sugar, if you tax at all, you must tax both.

(v) In the case of sheep—taxing only food—you can by ‘preference’ do a deal with a growing market.

In the case of sugar—taxing both food and raw material—you can only do a deal with Jamaica and are debarred from that by the Convention.

So we get back to the fundamental dichotomy—Imperialism or Cosmopolitanism, with this further observation, that a tax on meat, with preference, falls in with the first, and that a tax on sugar does not fall in with the second, and is plainly a bad tax from any point of view.

To Lieut.-Col. Stephen Frewen

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
July 20th, 1907.

I am a real villain in having left you for so long without a letter, and specially one after your illness. But you are often in my thoughts and Lady Grosvenor's, and we are often talking of you and your wife.

I pass Tarvin Sands, hunting and with Yeomanry, and never without a regret for old happy days. The old days were happier both for good soldiers and respectable politicians.

I put in my share of the work on Haldane's Bill. But we are a feeble folk like the conies in the Bible. And this Government is, at once, the most tyrannical and the most incompetent ever known.

My chief quarrel with them (may be compared to yours with the present W.O.) is that they never keep a pledge. The old idea that an honourable man ought to stick by what he says and fulfils his promises, is openly abandoned. This knocks the bottom out of Political and Military life. What is the use of obtaining pledges in Parliament or earning promises of employment in the Army, when both are given merely to delay and deceive?

I agree with what you say about the Army as a profession. Men will work only on one out of three conditions: for (1) a market salary, or (2) prestige, or (3) a good time.

But now the pay of an officer is contemptible by comparison with the emoluments of any other walk in life. So far from prestige being accorded, there is no Under-Secretary or penny-a-liner in the Press so obscure as not to feel at liberty to scold the officers of the British Army, day after day and year after year, as if they were mere encumbrances to the State. And, as for a good time!—a subaltern now has to do the combined work of a clerk, a navvy and an usher in a school.

But, for all that, I am glad that your boy is joining. Percy joined the Coldstream in February and is going strong. He was beaten only by a neck in the regimental Point-to-Point within three weeks of joining; plays in their first Polo team out of three teams, and rows for them in their 'Eight.' As they have night marches most nights, he never gets to bed.

.

I must go and look at your battle-picture.¹ But you must not think of giving me a 'proof.' I will get one and give it to Guy.

I look forward to riding with you again and forgetting in the chase all the cares and disappointments of middle age. So good luck and my love to you.

456

To his Sister, Pamela

SAUGHTON, 20th August 1907.

I feel inclined to write to you to-night, but not of the 'Polo Week' at Eaton. That is past, and has already taken its place—a small one—in the perspective of Time. Percy played well. I hurt my leg, not even at polo, but at racquets. And that is all; and enough, of such pleasant, and unpleasant, trifles.

Hugh Cecil stayed on from Saturday till to-day and Mary Drew joined us. We read and talked gossip—comparative ethics—as the late Lord Salisbury had it. And we cultivated the Muses. Now they are all gone; I mean the guests, not the Nine. Though Terpsichore left last Wednesday, when I hurt my leg, so far as I was concerned, and there are only eight little muses for me.

I bought a book the other day, of XVIIIth Century children's stories; partly because you, too, emulate de Genlis; partly because some of them are called 'Stories of the Wyndham family' It amuses me. The Preface begins: 'To publish a work with the title borne by this, may, perhaps, by some, be thought presumption, when it is recollected that Madame de Genlis has already occupied the Dramatic line, in a manner to be imitated by few, and, probably, to be equalled by none.' Observe her commas! But the writer is modest and explains:—'This short explanation the Authoress thought due to herself, lest she should be suspected of endeavouring to imitate one of the first Authors the Age has produced.' Her Dialogues, she pleads, should 'be considered as an additional barrier against the encroachment of error, and an additional support to the efforts of Virtue.' With a nice discrimination 'Virtue' has a capital, 'error,' only a little 'e.' In conclusion she trusts them, 'not without hope, to the candour of a generous Public, who at least will give her credit for purity of intention.'

¹ The cavalry charge at Klipfontein that brought about the relief of Kimberley. By Charlton. The charge was led by the 16th Lancers under command of Lt.-Col. Frewen.

The name of 'Wyndham' is taken—I hope not in vain, but still taken. And Mr. Wyndham plays a subsidiary part in the Dialogues of his offspring. 'Mr. Wyndham,' as the talented authoress puts it, 'will appear in a more amiable light as their father than any other.' This amuses me, and there are two pleasant engravings.

But, my Dear! how different it all is from ourselves; and first I maintain because it was written in a stirring Age, and we live in dull days:—'Age,' with a capital 'A,' and 'days' with a little 'd.' They hardly deserve a Big, Big 'D.' Tho' they are very annoying.

457

To his Sister, Pamela

ST. FAGAN'S, 26th August 1907.

I am pickling away at my address on Sir Walter Scott.¹ I have six or seven things to say about him. As an address is delivered each year it is unnecessary to repeat the obvious. I shall avoid the 'good Sir Walter' business. Except, perhaps, just to note that his works gain a reflected charm from our knowledge of a personality which he was at such pains to dissemble. I am very vague at present. Probably the essay will form round two aspects. I. His Art. He was a romantic. That is how he saw things and said them—this, with all pertinent comparisons and contrasts, etc. The romantic revival in England and France. Here I am on my native heath.

II. His meaning. What was it that he saw and said? So I lead up to the last motif, which is Reconciliation—reconciliation of Highlands to Lowlands; of England to Scotland; of Jacobite to Hanoverian; of servant to master; of the present with the past.

I sketched a conclusion on those lines which may do. In any case, it is well to have a goal to work up to. In getting there one may diverge to another and a better goal. But here is my sketch of the end:—

By these reconciliations, by searching for recondite chords of human experience, he feels his way towards the supreme reconciliation of man to man's fate. His 'diapason closes full on man.' This is the work, often unconscious, of great masters. But for their magical counterpoint the present

¹ As President of 'The Edinburgh Walter Scott Club' he proposed to the members the Toast of Honour at their fourteenth annual meeting on November 29.

would be all to each of us ; ‘an apex,’ Pater calls it, ‘between two hypothetical eternities’ ;—a masked note, so poignant that it pierces. All this has been said, better than I can say it. Only the other day a friend pointed out to me this phrase in Landor’s ‘Imaginary Conversations,’ ‘The present, like a note in music, is nothing but as it appertains to what is past and what is to come.’ But how few among writers, Classic, Romantic, or Realist, have known this, and shown it.

Walter Scott is of those few. He extracted secrets from oblivion so to endow what is with the charm of what has been, and to put us in case to expect the future. He strikes a full chord upon the keys of Time. It is only the greatest musicians of humanity who thus enrich the present by fealty to the past and make it a herald of eternal harmonies.

458

To his Mother

ST. FAGAN’S CASTLE,
CARDIFF, *August 28th, 1907.*

I love your birthday letter. We had a wonderful expedition to Caldey Island. Some of Sibell’s friends have started—or re-started—there a monastery of Benedictines ;¹ but Anglican, not Roman. I had read of it in one of her books, and found it was off Tenby, between ninety and one hundred miles from here.

So she, Gay² and I set out at a quarter to nine yesterday in the motor. Sibell had written to the Abbot and the Island was reported to be at no great distance from the shore. We ate some sandwiches in a field by a little brook between wooded cliffs between Coermarten and Tenby and reached Tenby at a quarter to 2 o’clock. The Abbot owns the Island and a little steamer which we were told was to start at 2 o’clock. We did not get under way till 2.30. The day was divine, sea sky-blue and many medusæ pulsating past us. Tenby is like an Italian town and the scenery is lovely.

As we drew near the Island we saw the Abbot in his white and black habit waiting to receive us on the sand. The tide was out. We had to get into a little row-boat and be *carried* out of that by two sailors apiece.

Then we made the ‘tour de propriétaire’ with the Abbot who was delightful. There were monks there for over a 1000

¹ The monastery was revived by Dom Aeldred Carlyle.

² Lady Plymouth.

years down to the dissolution of the monasteries—first Celtic and then Benedictines.

The beach is grown over with long dried grass—as in our Costa picture. Sea-thistles were lovely, beyond are low cliffs, pine-woods, and sycamores growing thick up a chine to the old monastery.

On one cliff is a 9th century Watch Tower against pirates and further on a 7th century church. The remains of the old monastery are now surrounded by farm buildings but there are good 13th century bits and a carved stone of the 6th century, with inscriptions in Latin and Celtic, asking all to pray for the soul of somebody 'the son of the otter'! The old fish-ponds are there and the carp are in them still.

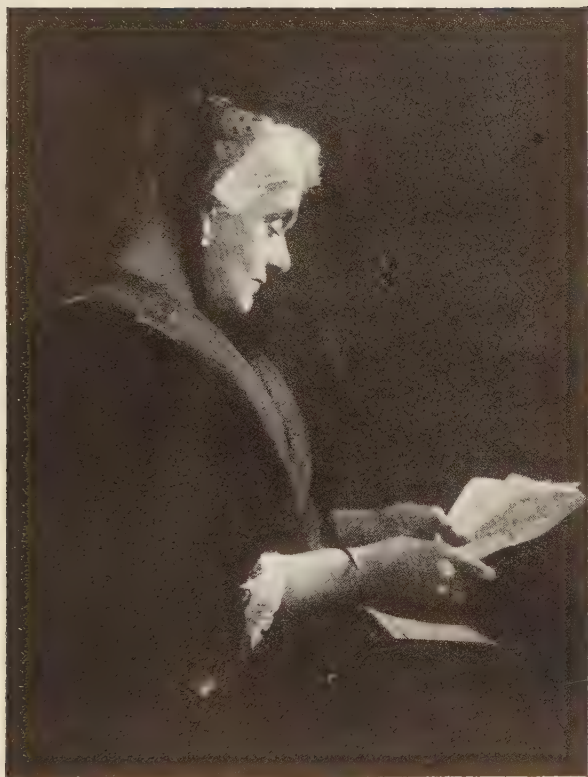
The Abbot walked us down to embark, looking exactly like a 14th Century picture with his tonsured head against the Mantegna rocks. He blessed us as we took leave; after a brilliant sunset and magical moonrise, we got back at 9.45. The simplicity of the new buildings and the mystery of the old are beyond admiration. It is a perfect thing.

459

To his Mother

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, September 9th, 1907.

I am hard at it on Walter Scott and arranging book, and papers for political campaign. It will be a bit of a miracle if I can get away and serenity during the Autumn will depend on having finished Walter Scott and laid a solid foundation for speeches in the course of the next fortnight. It is the only clear time I shall have till the 13th of December. I want to think, and read, and arrange my subjects. I am very happy over Sir Walter. It does one good to live in his company, as I am. I have read again the four volumes, of his Journal two, and of letters two, and skimmed Lockhart and plunged into the period in England, Scotland and France. The little address will be a 'ridiculous mouse' from such a 'mountain.' But the task has given excuse and energy for reading all my old loves, Shelley, Keats, right through—bits of Byron, and he is much better as one gets older; early Victor Hugo and his prefaces which are excellent, as *e.g.* 'Revolutions change everything except the human heart.' That knocks out the socialists except as barren rascals and disturbers of humanity; mere mules—'without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity.' I am



THE HON. MRS. PERCY WYNDHAM.

also at Jane Austen and Peacock and Raleigh's 'History of the English Novel' and Nassau Senior's criticisms in the 'Quarterly' on the 'Waverleys' as they appeared. 'How it strikes a Contemporary' may give me a good start. I think I shall bring in Papa's governess being run away with into the laurels at Petworth whilst reading 'Marmion,' to illustrate the vogue.

Jack Mackail sent me an excellent lecture of his on William Morris and his circle 'and that goes in too.' 'Put it in the bag' as we used to say with the clown in the Pantomime Robinson Crusoe. Walter Scott worked in that way, sticking all that came along into his work.

But what giants they were; and how degenerate are these days! It is wonderful to think of 1814—Napoleon's last great campaign—'Waverley' an anonymous novel in a sea-side book box—Byron blazing. Even the prices make one jump, £3000 for 'Lady of the Lake' and £3000 for 'Lalla Rookh,' and £8000 for 'Woodstock,' and £12,000 for the 'Life of Napoleon.'

I was offered £1000 the day before yesterday to begin a short History of England. But I am married to that cursed shrew—Politics, and must say 'No.' I should be more 'healthy, *wealthy* and wise' if she died and I married her sister, Literature, in spite of the Bishops.

And consider the marvellous year 1820—two novels from Scott; some of the best Shelley—*all* the best of Keats—some Coleridge, third Canto of 'Childe Harold'; and now, Bernard Shaw!

P.S.—My reference to Mackail's lecture is too brief to be intelligible. I mean something like this—Walter Scott the greatest force in the Romantic Movement; that Movement the mother of the Oxford Movement; and that Movement—at least—the aunt of the Morris Movement. And there are now no movements: only stagnation. We live in a phase of indolent mediocrity. I remember the seventies and eighties and declare that this is Autumn; but an Autumn of more mist than usual and no mellow fruit. This is a parable. There is so much mist, so little fruit, such a portentous quietness, that some people think that this is no usual Autumn at all, but the dull blight that broods before an earthquake.

For my part—as an optimist—I hope it is merely Autumn, with rottenness dripping through fogs, only more so. I am still disposed to sing, 'If Winter come, can Spring be far behind?' But we want a 'West Wind' badly.

To Philip Hanson

35 PARK LANE, W.,
17.ix.07.

I wish it had been possible for you to look in at Saughton during these last glorious days of sunshine. Lady Grosvenor went to Lady Beauchamp yesterday to welcome another grand-child, and I came here to have my leg electrified. To-morrow I go to Derwent, then Hornby Castle, then Clouds, on Thursday or Friday next week. I am writing after a day of happy solitude in a London, neither swept nor garnished, but empty and exhilarated by serene September sunlight. I feel brisk. And the feeling, long lost, chimes with the outward aspect and reminds me of early days at the W.O. in '98 and '99. So my thoughts turn to you.

I have 'broken the back' of my address on 'Walter Scott': written the first half and the end and sketched the rest of the second half. This has given me stimulus and excuse for wide reading over 1798-1832. What a time! Napoleon, Wellington, Pitt, Canning, Goethe, Victor Hugo, Byron, Scott—and meanwhile such flowers as Keats and Shelley blossoming unseem.

And here we are, rather 'now' we are, still unravelling the meaning of the so-called Romantic Revival. I see Politics by the light of Art.

If I do see anything, I see that they—the 'makers' in Politics or Poetry were puzzled by a mistaken, and false, antagonism between the 'Classic' and 'Romantic.' I see that the 'Classic' is not an original, or primary, mode of the mind's energy to express the need of the heart. There are two original modes, the Romantic and Realist, based respectively on imagination and observation. Either, or both, become 'Classic.' But that is a secondary mode of either. You choose and polish your imagination or your observation, until the element of Wonder disappears from your image of life. The 'Classic' becomes a statue at Chatsworth: the Realistic a clerk at his desk.

Then the passion for Wonder revives in man the wonderer. And the little try to gratify it for pence. The school of Horror substitutes a Hobgoblin for the statue. The school of Scandal substitutes a Profligate for the clerk. Each tries to tickle or shock.

Scott's huge performance was to hark back to first springs. He was lucky, like all conquerors. He happened to have read

and liked the old Romances—and imitated them. He happened to have read and understood the new Realists—and analysed Defoe.

Then—and that is the supreme thing he did—he merged the two in Waverley, anno 1814. He canalized the welter of cross-currents and drew off the power in a stream of literary energy which turned the mills of the Oxford Movement, the Young England Movement, and, last of all, the Morris-Rossetti Movement. Keats and Shelley were beautiful flowers that grew by the brim: Hugo and Byron, tumultuous currents, deep or surface, that never got out of the whirlpool. He did in Literature what Disraeli meant to do in Politics.

The literary stream is now almost lost in sand. The Political stream never was canalized. Napoleon nearly did it for the Continent. Here, in our Island, Canning died; Wellington became 'The Duke'; and Disraeli . . . I can't finish this sentence because I don't know what exactly happened to him. He would have rounded it off with an epigram. But there is nothing epigrammatic about a man who starts with observing British institutions: the Peerage, the Church, the Gentry, Labour; and imagining World History in terms of Oriental Empire; who despises the first and postpones the second; and ends by becoming the senile slave of both.

It is odd that 'Joe,' with acute observation in a succession of limited fields, and impulse as a 'substitute for imagination,' still went so much nearer combining observation and imagination than Balfour or even Gladstone, that many have a soft place in their heart for him—as they had for Randolph.

But that—the coupling of imagination and observation, those two engines of the mind to minister to the needs of the heart, is the job of our political giant; when we get him.

Meanwhile, it *is* meanwhile: a long while and very mean.

If only poets would sing, meanwhile! But they never do, any more than birds, in a mist which optimists, like myself, declare to be mere mists of Autumn, heralds of Winter's lean alacrity, and Spring's exuberance: and pessimists declare to be abnormal vapours brooding before an earthquake: 'The sedge is withered from the lake and no birds sing.'

Indeed, a writer in the 'Outlook' maintains that birds—poets—will never sing again. He is chronicling the death of Sully-Prudhomme as the last of those birds. This, says he, is a 'practical' age. But what 'in the name of glory' do we practise?

461

*To Charles Whibley*CLOUDS,
EAST KNOWLE, 4th October 1907.

I am well. I wish that we met more often. This autumn I 'addict' myself to Politics, beginning at Perth, on October 18th, and continuing at Hexham, Birmingham, Dover, Manchester, York and Leicester, not to mention an address on Walter Scott at Edinburgh.

I do this from a sense of duty. The Gentry of England must not abdicate. But I have little belief in the usefulness of platform discourse. Nothing will serve but terror of Germany and a further collapse in Funds at the prospect of Socialism.

Something might be done with the pen. A 'tongue with a tang' will not convince those who like to be scratched where'er they do itch.

Still I must 'tang' away, on the off-chance that the English do not wish to be relieved of all responsibility—and liberty.

462

*To Wilfrid Ward*35 PARK LANE, W.,
October 10th, 1907.

If I do not answer your letter now I doubt doing so for many days. I have a very heavy political programme before me which will tax my time and vitality.

So I give you an 'Ave Cæsar': not that I expect to die in the arena but that I am certain to be swallowed by its dust, for many days.

I took your letter with me to Dover yesterday and am off north to-morrow. May I say that it needed careful deciphering? What has become of your type-writer?

Though too absorbed to exchange written signals of Amity, I have followed the Encyclical with a personal, almost poignant, interest in its relation to yourself. I half guessed that all the arrows were not drawn at a venture.

The 'crux' is that every shot at you is a shot at Newman, and a shot at all that his apologetics and reconciliations have meant, not only to you and yours, but to others, including myself.

It is a bad business. Rather I ought to say a 'tragic' business. And, having said that, I ought to add that Tragedy

is the note of man's endeavour to comprehend the Divine ; just as it was the note of the Divine's condescension to penetrate man's intelligence through his sympathy.

But you are more happy than any non-Catholic can be. For you are instructed in the necessity of *waiting* and drilled to support the waiting with patience. You are an Army with Generals who may be dilatory, or retrograde. We are a mob, with individuals who may be brilliant and impulsive. Still, when your Army moves, it moves as a whole. And that is much ; perhaps all. For what else are the ' *sæcula sæculorum* ' ?

To alter my image :—the complement of ' *securus judicat orbis terrarum*, ' is, that the mountain-tops are not to shout when tipped with the rosy light of Dawn. But, rather, to be still in hush'd altitudes till the darkest valleys are steeped by noon-day.

To compare small things with great—you cannot guess how difficult the ' Protestantism ' of Britain makes Politics.

Any man who sees starts on his -ism ; his Socialism or his Individualism, his Imperialism or his Cosmopolitanism. Each one who sees has *his* point of view and his focus of vision.

But very few see. Still fewer see together. And the multitude, who don't see, are distracted by the dissensions of confident seers. The ' *Genus irritabile vatum* ' becomes more irritable ; the herd, more lethargic.

Pisgah is the peak from which one man in isolation *sees* the promised land. The others wander and halt and retire and advance and grumble and rebel, in a crowd with all its drawbacks. But, in a crowd, they get to the Promised Land, at last.

What an intolerable Apologue I have inflicted ! It only means that I should be content with a hush'd attitude at Dawn if I were sure of the sun at Noon. I should not fret over the creeping shadows.

463

To Charles Boyd

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 14.X.07.

Many thanks for a most opportune letter on Socialism, and for another opportune in all but my lack of leisure to reply.

I agree that wild hitting is worse than useless. But I am sure that *some* hitting there must be.

I am off to Perth for an orgy of speaking, and on to other places for the same.

I mean, at the risk of boring my audience and failing completely, to tackle Socialism and all the -isms. My chain of thought is

(1) Individualism—the real Cobdenite theory to which Lord B. of B.¹ asks me to revert,—

Ignored the State. Pretended the world was, or would be cosmopolitan, which it is not and will not be.

Asserted Capital would go anywhere, which is true—too true!—and that Labour would follow, which is false.

Under that system, even as it is, we have Cosmopolitan Capital and ‘Stranded’ Labour.

(2) *Hence* the demand for Socialism.

But that is out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Criticism of Socialism.

But there *is* a great Problem. Penury—over-population, depopulation, unemployment. To defeat false remedy and find a true one, we need a Policy based on Principle and supported by a united Party.

(3) Is that to be found in Government?

Obviously not.

(4) In Unionism? *yes*.

It grasps the reality of the ‘State’ in all its bearings; in its external relations and, not less, in its relations to the Individual, not as an individual in a cosmopolitan world, but as a citizen of the State.

And for this must accept legitimate development of Unionist Principles, *i.e.* Tariff Reform.

Them’s my sentiments.

464

To Charles T. Gatty

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 23.x.07.

I have just seen a characteristic letter from the Hon^{ble} P.² to Percy. It begins simply and suddenly as follows:—

‘MY DEAR PERF,—There are 3 things which I hope you will not do:

(1) Become a Roman Catholic;

(2) Marry an American girl;

(3) Go into the House of Commons.’

Certainly there is much to be said against Politics.

¹ Lord Balfour of Burleigh.

² His father.

*To J. Sanders**Private.*SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, October 28th, 1907.

The Speeches, such as they were, which I made in Scotland and Northumberland have been very well received by our Press in both places.

The trend seems to be that the *theories* of Individualism and Socialism are both false. But that the theory of Socialism is the most pernicious. Unadulterated Individualism leads to 'The Devil catch the hindmost.' But, even adulterated Socialism, leads to 'The Devil catching everybody.'

So they prefer politics to theories. And they have to choose. What is their choice? What, rather, are the only alternatives? They are two, and two only.

The Government, going to the Grampians with a Scotch Land Bill *because* they have tried to please, and failed to please, the political nonconformists and the political Nationalists, or else, the Unionist Party, integrating the Empire into a State, and getting revenue by a method calculated to assist that, and in a measure adequate to our needs.

*To his Sister, Pamela*SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 30th October 1907.

I found your book¹ here Monday and have read it all. It is very good. The structure works out well. The conclusion is excellent, and must have been very difficult. What a lot you have put into it and what a lot of yourself. I think it is a little classic; not that it is little in size! I long to hear of the reviews. But I cannot review it in a letter to you. It is very allegorical to me; full of deep sayings that find an echo. The lively bits of observation, the phrases clean-cut and polished, the quips and cranks are all needed to prevent the deep sayings from sounding too sad. But they are all there to amuse and soothe and delight. That is the office of Art to mankind, they are like the twisted ropes of flowering creepers used in some lands for bridges over rivers in chasms. In any true

¹ 'The Children and the Pictures.'

work of Art we need both the bridges and the chasms. And for all the grace of your garland-bridges I can hear the 'muffled tremulous roar.' Sometimes the chasms of hopes that fail, and love, and departing youth in all around, yawn below one. They cannot be bridged by Politics.

467

To Philip Hanson

35 PARK LANE, W.,
5.xi.07.

Your letter interests and impresses me. It is difficult—as Joe discovered—to propose a policy without detail, and impossible to go into detail on the platform.

The aspect of Finance which interests me most is the hardest to handle—I mean Credit. And it is overlooked most frequently. I come across it over Railway work. Let me use it as an illustration. Railway servants want higher wages and shorter hours. Anyone can sympathize with that. To do anything in that direction you must choose between two alternatives. The first is to pay the shareholders less. Now the reason why you cannot pay the shareholders less is *not* that they have a *right* to $3\frac{1}{2}\%$. It is that until you give them 4% they won't lend you any more money; and that you cannot proceed unless you can borrow.

That being so, *if* railway servants are to have higher wages and shorter hours, the public must have fewer trains and higher fares. This is an apologue. The general trend of opinion in this country is still Cobdenite. Opinion holds that the remedy for any evil is to have more things at lower prices. I do not believe that this opinion was ever altogether sound. I am sure it is false when opinion, illogically, inclines also and at the same time towards higher wages and shorter hours.

Now let me jump to general Fiscals.

I differ from you to this extent. You hold that I ought not to 'attack' without an alternative, in some detail.

I hold that Asquith's conundrums are irrelevant unless he can say that the present system is sound.

My arguments against the present system are :

I. *Revenue Argument.*

(a) Present system is inadequate; even for Defence and Education; apart from Housing, Land, Rating; and hope-

lessly inadequate if anything is to be done for those three in addition.

Increase on Defence and Education during our ten years was 60% on each—an increase monstrously in excess of the growth of population.

(b) Present system is *inelastic*.

(i) *Direct*. If you could have 2/- income tax, 20% instead of 10% Death duty on large properties, well and good. But you *can't*. It drives capital abroad and destroys credit. Asquith *before* the Election said 1/- was altogether too high if income tax was to be what it ought to be in any sound system, *i.e.* a Reserve:

(ii) *Indirect*. On articles of ordinary consumption we take 63 millions as against 53 for MacKinley Tariff.

Therefore, if you are to subserve the 5 objects named without destroying credit, you must 'broaden basis,' *i.e.* have more taxes on more articles.

II. Argument from Retaliation and Preference. If you do I., you are then free to attempt II. But your attempt must be tentative and experimental.

The first tax that can be put on is a *Corn tax*. The 1/- till Lowe abolished it on pedantic grounds brought in some revenue. When Beach reimposed it, it bid fair to bring in more, and price of bread fell. In order to give preference we advocated 2/-. Price of corn, etc., has gone up from 10/- to 16/-, and price of loaf has only risen 1d. in some few places and has not risen in others.

It is clear, therefore, that some revenue can be got without raising price.

But, then, I advocate a preference. I would not give Canada the whole 2/-. I would give her 1/-.

I believe that such a plan would have a large *sentimental* effect. Its tendency would be to foster what is already going on, *i.e.* labour (all she needs) going to Canada instead of U.S.A.

But I do not believe that U.S.A. would sit down and acquiesce. She would try to pour in corn, and it is not improbable that Canada paying 1/- and U.S.A. paying 2/- would increase supplies and cheapen.

But now I must catch my train.

III. Argument is *Humanitarian Standard*.

We cannot have inspectors as well as Consuls abroad, and therefore it is sense to have a low duty on most manufactured articles.

If you are interested, I will deal with Asquith's conundrums about meat and wool in another letter.

468

To his Father

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, November 5th, 1907.

I had two good days last week and enjoyed them immensely. I should like to hunt a provincial pack of hounds, command a Yeomanry Regiment and write a book once in five years ; and let politics 'go hang.'

In politics it is impossible to do more than one thing at a time ; and difficult to do one thing since, to do that, you must interest and control a great number of different classes, and traditions and theories.

The whole theory of Cobdenism is wrong. Even in the minor matter of the Railway crisis, the practical difficulty arises entirely from a pursuit of cheapness and competition. The hours are long and the wages low, if not for those hours then, certainly, for the amount of work done in them.

If you stood on the platform at Crewe for twelve hours you would see an almost continuous procession of trains, coming in and being broken up into sections, going out in different directions to the North. This is a great strain. It arises from four lines racing North, pandering to the lower middle-class and 'blackmailed' by Parliament and the Press.

The only practical way of relieving the strain is to have fewer trains and higher fares. This applies chiefly to the Northern lines. Our men are satisfied and solidly loyal. But then we are a butt of scorn because we do not run an express every half hour at less than cost price.

469

To Philip Hanson

GRAND HOTEL,
DOVER, 17.xi.07.

It is now too late to begin preparing my speech for Wednesday, and too early to go to bed, so I am talking to you. It is only 10 o'clock ! But I am too idle to continue my last letter in grim earnest. I will sketch in the faintest outline what I mean by tackling Asquith's conundrums.

He says 'what about (1) Corn, (2) Meat, (3) Wool, (4) Wood ?'

There are, at least, Four lines of reply.

I. The colonies have never asked for 'distributive justice' from us, and don't give it to each other.

II. They want their production stimulated; but on what? Canada on Corn, but *not* on Wood. Australia on Meat and Corn, but *not* on Wool (*pace* that old fat, red-faced donkey Sir ——).

III. Looking homewards—our appetite for food is *relatively* limited by comparison with our appetite for raw material.

IV. Anyway, if we are to compare Fiscal systems, will you weigh the comparative merits of 'Sheep and Sugar?'

I take this comparison because Simon, M.P., made a speech on the Budget about Australian *sheep* which was taken to be mighty clever and conclusive. He is one of the 'rising lights.' Son of Rev. E. Simon, Congregational Minister, Barrister-at-law, Fellow of All Souls—'nec-non and the deuce knows what' (Browning). Well, says he, look at 'the Australian sheep, meat inside and wool outside.' (Roars of laughter.) 'How are you going to tax one and not the other?' (Loud cheers.)

Now that is the kind of clever nonsense which I won't stand.

I retort: Look at Sheep and Sugar. Each is both food and raw material. But, with this distinction: that in the case of the sheep, the food and the raw material come here separately and can be separately dealt with. The sugar comes solid. If I tax sugar as a food, I must tax sugar as a raw material. If I tax Australian meat, I need not—and shall not—tax Australian wool.

But, waiving the raw material side to the argument (having scored that trick) what of the Food side?

If the tax is on meat, which we produce, and if we give Australia a preference, one of two things must happen, either the Foreigner will pay the tax, or else he will desist from importing because, and when, the Empire becomes self-sufficient. Why not have two good things one after the other, instead of neither at any time? Personally I believe you will get both. This, I know, makes the Free Trader scream. But that is because he lives in the abstract. In the concrete world sentiment plays a huge part. Sentiment will stimulate the Australian, and, for that matter, Charlie Adeane, to have rather more sheep the next year after the Tariff. And *sentiment* will stimulate the Foreigner not to be beat. He will pay a small tax rather than surrender a market. The price of meat will not go up. That is a miracle in the abstract. But a probability, verging on a certainty, in the concrete. At any rate I mean to try it.

And now I shall go to bed at 10.40.

To-morrow I start at 9.30 to go all over the Harbour, and drink the sea breeze, and marvel at the ingenuity with which mind manœuvres masses, and defies 'the mighty Being' who

'doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.'

Whiles, the 'mighty Being' puts in one. The other day he put a ship into the Mole, and moved all those 80 ton blocks, pushing a hole through them as if they were bricks. They had not settled down on their concrete beds to their everlasting job. My dear old friend, Mr. Heyn, in charge of the works, multiplied the mass of the ship into her 'velocity'—she was only making 9 knots—and found that she knocked the Mole to the tune of a 60,000 ton blow. It is a pleasure to consider these arguments after Simon's windlestraws and Asquith's powder-puffs. But the Harbour is not finished, and Tariff Reform is still in the offing. I spare you 'Tantæ molis erat.'

470

To Philip Hanson

35 PARK LANE, W.,
19.xii.07.

I am quite happy in my *mind* about politics. Whether I should ever be happy in any conceivable Government is another affair. For I mean business over Social Reform and cannot allow myself to be 'jobbed off' again. *If* we get in on T. R. and S. R.¹ and drop the latter, I take a line of my own. Rather, I will not go in without assurances.

To-morrow I shall try something like this.

Prelude. *The reawakened interest in Politics.*

(*N.B.*—You are right about that. Why were there so few speeches last year? Because nobody asked us to speak. Why so many now? Because everybody is clamouring for them.)

So—next Election of great and, perhaps, decisive importance.

Will reveal temper and purpose of British people. Strain of the 20 years—'85 to '05, on the new democracy.

What a lot of questions *settled*. Ireland; Partition of Africa; Egypt; Navy. Beginning of $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Empire} \\ \text{Social Reform.} \end{array} \right.$ No wonder a collapse. *But* were we *old* and *spent*, or only *tired* and *irritable*? I *hope* the latter.

¹ Tariff Reform and Social Reform.

If so, take up burden of Empire and Social Reform. But for that must not be *distracted*—must concentrate.

My quarrel with Government that they *distract* by *unsettling* Navy 2 power standard.

Ireland : Union and order to be maintained.

These 2 must be held to be settled.

House of Lords useful for that.

Education can be settled only on basis of State's impartiality. It must be settled and added to the long list of settled policies outside Party conflict—India, Asia, Foreign Office, Ireland, Africa, Egypt, Navy.

Then can attack Empire and Social Reform.

Which—'me judice'—are what interest ; can only be tackled by Tariff Reform, and are outside scope of House of Lords.

Very well then :—

Power of Empire and Welfare of People are closely connected, but must begin somewhere. I will begin at beginning, not with Empire, or U. K., or Leicester, but with a slum and a child in that slum, returning on a dark winter afternoon from school, without having had a meal, to an insanitary home. What are you going to do ? Something you must do (*à la* Carlyle).

There are only 2 plans, Socialistic and Imperialistic. Look at first.

Increase direct taxation and rates, to feed and clothe the child and to pension his parents.

Borrow money to build them a better and more expensive house. What happens ?

Higher taxes drive capital abroad.

Higher rates prevent erection of factories and workshops, etc., etc.

Ends in turning England into the Poplar and West Ham of Europe.

The plan is bad, because you tried to find out *How* to remedy the evil, without asking, first, *Why* it is there.

Why was the child hungry ?

Because his father was *unemployed*.

Why ?

Because of

Pauper aliens
Dumped goods
Sweated goods
High rates
High direct taxes.

And into it I go with gusto and glee, and work right up the keyboard to the crashing harmonies of Empire and Employ-

ment with a lovely leit-motif of the 'Sister States'—bless 'em—carolling like birds through the strumming of Statistics and bugle-calls of the higher Patriotism.

This exuberance is due to the fact that I have just been to sleep like a stone from 3 to 5, and am refreshed by a cup of tea.

Also, I find it easier to write a letter to you than to work at a speech. But incidentally I have made one. So hey! for Leicester and the Lions' Den of Radical Nonconformity.

471

To his Father

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, *December 28th*, 1907.

We are having great fun here after all the grind and wretchedness of a platform campaign. On Christmas night we sat down thirty-nine to dinner, and thirty of forty-five hunted Thursday. To-day we were all out again and had three hunts; the last perfect and the others good. I had great luck all day. In the first run I was third over a hunting-bridge which broke with the tenth man. So nine of us had the hounds to ourselves. And in the evening we had a *perfect* thirty-five minutes; after a good thirty minutes in the afternoon.

I got a glorious start over a river, after we had been running for ten minutes, and then had a divine seventeen or eighteen minutes, leading and 'cutting out the work.'

That is the joy of hunting. There is nothing like it. Three of us—Hornby, a whip and self—sailed away fifty lengths in front of Bendor, Mrs. Tom Calley and the Grenfell 'Twins.' The rest were nowhere. We 'spread-eagled' the field. The pace was too hot to choose your place by a yard. We just took everything as it came with the hounds screaming by our side. Nobody could gain an inch. These are the moments that justify fox-hunting. At the end we forded the river again and had to 'whip-off' at 4-12 p.m. in the dark.

472

To his Mother

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, *January 1st*, 1908.

We loved your telegram and I must send a word of all love to you on this first day of another year.

It is strange to recall that I was here twenty years ago,

married and hunting with Percy two months old, but so it is ! But not, as Madeline—(Bless her from me !)—had it in her solitary contribution to English literature ;¹ not ‘ sad to say ’ ; but ‘ glad to say.’

Here we are ! All loving each other in a wonderful world, full of colour and movement and structure and purpose : brothers or sisters of the sun and moon and milky way : all, as dear Henley wrote, ‘ going to the same glad golden time ’ : all going with ‘ the scheme of things,’ and therefore, obviously, all coming towards his—‘ the end I know, is the best of all !’

These sentiments, like Madeline’s masque, and Pecksniff’s (Chuzzlewit) reflections on a syren are ‘ Pagan, I fear.’ But that kind of Paganism is a sound basis for Christianity.

473

To his Sister, Pamela

SAUGHTON,
27.1.08.

This is the last night of my ‘ Holy Days and Holy Nights.’ I dedicate it to you. By day, I have hunted and been quite happy. I spare you the details. ‘ *Merci du peu,*’ say you. By night, I have read old Romance ; *La Chanson de Roland* ; and all the early lyrics from the Xth to the XIIIth century. I did this, gloriously, with Charles, and Belloc, and Street. They quarrelled over it. But all conceded that Belloc’s declamation of ‘ *La Chanson de Roland*’ made amends, it has that virtue of the ‘ *épopée,*’ namely that the ‘ *jongleur*’ must *shout* it. ‘ *Halt sont li Puits e tenebrus e grant.*’—‘ High are the peaks and shadow-gloomed and huge.’ So, when Belloc shouts *that*, nobody minds his shouting. And it is proper to shout lines written, some say, between 1066 and 1096—the Battle of Hastings and the *great* Crusade—others say earlier, even in the 900-s. But, whenever these particular lines were written, we know that the disaster befel in 778. We know that it touched the imagination of Christendom. We know that Taillefer, the minstrel, sang it in front of William’s army at Hastings (1066) ; tossing his sword in the air and catching it by the hilt. We know that, after informing and *heating* Chivalry at its birth, it had its second influence over the Renaissance. For the whole of Boiardo and Ariosto—the Orlando Innamorato and the Orlando Furioso—and, so, in due

¹ ‘ The Sad Story of a Pig and a little Girl.’ Written by Madeline Wyndham (aged 6 years) and illustrated by Richard Doyle.

course, our Spenser, and all the dragons, and Paynims, and Armida gardens and Mazes—all derive from that one ghastly shambles in a ravine of the Pyrenees on the 15 August 778. Is not that strange—and familiar? It is the 'Daily Mail' that hits the imagination of the unlearned with a grisly fact. And, then, the miracle, that such a sombre fact should be the source of chivalry and antagonism between Christendom and the Orient.

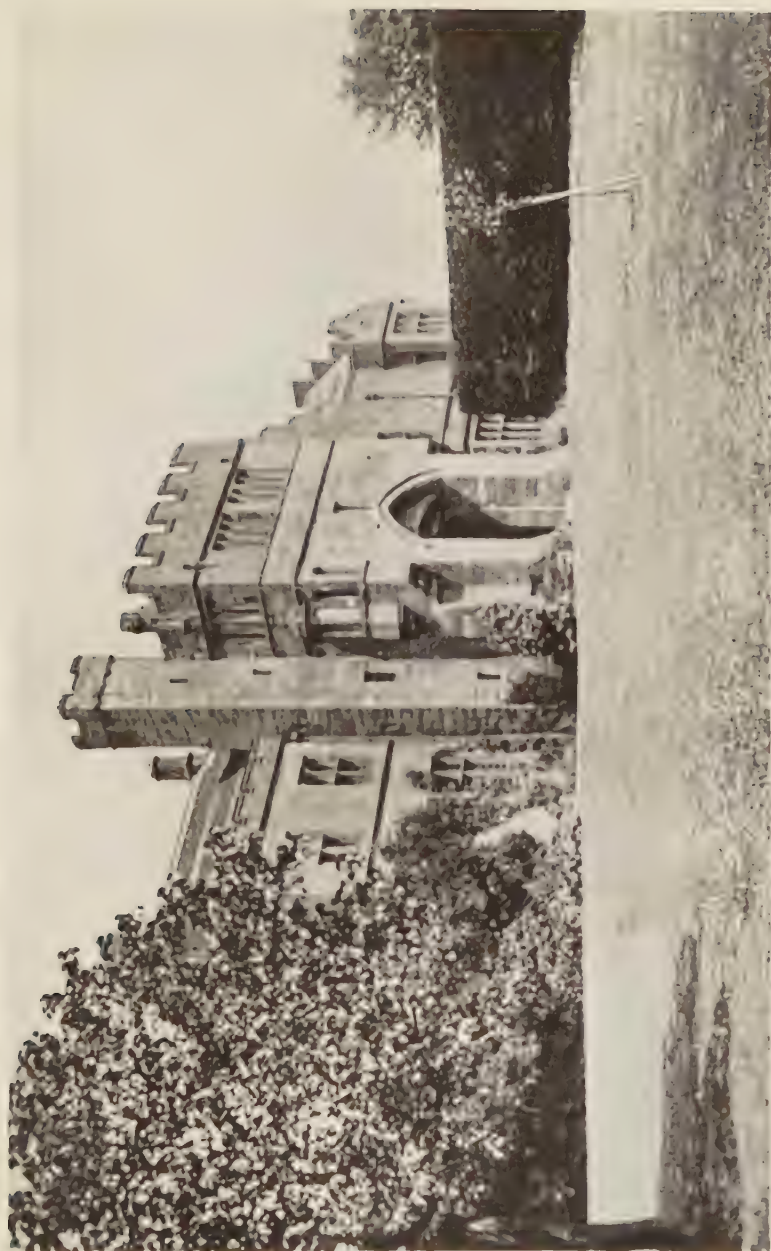
But, my dear, I did not mean to inflict these details of Romance by Night any more than the 'faits et gestes' over fences by Day. This is but a prelude to an introduction. The introduction consists in my Knowledge that you took a fancy to 'Ursula'!

Well! Ursula and the Baby boy have been staying here, whilst Shelagh was at Monte Carlo. And there has been such a debauch between Sibell, as a grandmother, and those 2, as 'beats Banagher.' They begin at 7.30. When I get down to Breakfast, before hunting, all the dining-room chairs are arranged as a train along one wall. I have, therefore, no seat for my meal. The Burglar alarm-bell is vigorously used to announce the departure of that train. Between whiles, Sibell and Ursula, on the floor, are making a sand-garden in a tea-tray. My model of Shakespeare's birthplace is the homestead, illumined by a night-light; the High-Church Butler—after doffing his cassock (crimson) and amice (lace)—has arranged a lake by the device of a piece of glass. And the contents of a Noah's ark animate the landscape.

I *love* it. These 2 children are starved of nonsense and hugging. Here they get both. Ursula flings her arms round me and says 'What a Duck you are!' What can one do? But it makes me sad to think of the need which leads to such excesses over a man in a hurry to eat before hunting.

On Saturday Ursula produced a small leather-coated Hippopotamus and asked me 'What noise does this animal make?' It is a delightful view. We—mere humans—talk and are not understood. Our fellow mammals on the globe make noises, that is what they are here for:—to terrify and enchant. I made a portentous noise. I made such a noise that it carried conviction and won a moment's success. But then came the next question. 'Is it a naughty animal?' Observe the nursery dictionary—clear division between the naughty and good. Ursula hoped that the hippo was naughty. I played up. 'Yes, a naughty animal.' But then, I was bowled out with 'Why?' Why, indeed, and I thought of myself, and went off hunting.

But!—and now you will perceive the point—Mr. Henry



SAIGHTON GRANGE, CHESTER.

Lucy (Toby M.P. in 'Punch') and his wife came over to tea in a motor. He had a great success with Ursula on the ordinary lines of expressing surprise at her general appetite and particular affection for jam. But fate overtook him. Ursula believes all she is told, in response to her deep contralto questionings. Lucy had made his mark over the jam sandwiches. He was doing very well. He was doing so well that Ursula found the Hippopotamus, brought it to him and commanded 'Make *his* Noise.' That was the end of Lucy. I, alone, moi qui vous parle, knew the peculiar uproar of that leathern brute. Lucy could not reproduce the authentic gurgle. But my pride had its fall. Ursula abandoned Lucy to cross-question me. In answer, I used the word 'important,' and the deep contralto voice asked 'What is "important"?' I tried again, and used the word 'example,' and the inexorable chest-note asked 'What is "example"?'

So I felt the whole folly of making speeches. I realized that the thousands who have listened to my speeches in the Autumn were asking just such questions of nomenclature. And, in the heart of my heart, I was sure that it is better to ride with Hounds and improvise the native notes of a leathern Hippopotamus. On those quests a man may proceed 'par voies de fait!' But when it comes to the English language and Tariff Reform the more said, the greater confusion. To sum up, 'the babble of children is better than the Babel of adults.' Children know when they don't know and ask. Ignorant adults assert.

474

To Charles T. Gatty

35 PARK LANE, W.,
2.ii.08.

'Carmina Gadelica'¹ are despatched to-day. I had ordered a new copy, but found yet a third in my bookcase. I must have laid them down like Port.

So you need give no thought to their price, or cost, but you must, rather, consider their value and worth. Their value is their own. Their worth consists in adding solemnity and point to our hilarious divagations over the Springs of Romance and the Macaronic sermons.

The introduction should be noted for two reasons: First,

'Carmina Gadelica'—Hymns and Incantations with illustrative notes on words, rites, and customs, dying and obsolete: orally collected in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland and translated into English by Alexander Carmichael, 1900.

because puritanism is there shown to have made an old fiddler sell his fiddle and break his heart; secondly, because confirmation is lent to my theory that popular poetry was written by the learned and handed down by the lewd, or unlearned.

All songs derive from the Sanctuary or the Court. The Court was the great invention of Barbarism, and marks its triumph over savagery. In the Court, the Barbarian reconciled strength and justice: a startling paradox in his day. In the Sanctuary the Church unveiled Mercy and Peace, and, so, turned the paradox into a platitude.

The rivers from each origin flash and mingle in the Poetry of the Middle Age. It is a fair stream reflecting all the personages of the Court of Heaven. It is filled with the water of life—in every sense—and not choked with the dust of ages.

I have read 'Carmina Gadelica' through this afternoon. They are full of life and lore, of wisdom and, therefore, of repose. We can repose on the Past.

In fine, my gift is the recording stele of our exploration to discover the springs of Romance and their foam-bow of Rhyme.

P.S.—'High are the Peaks and shadow-gloom'd and huge!' ¹

P.S. (2).—Please send me the name and number of the Hymn which may give me a model for my Pageant chorus—and an air.

475

To his Sister, Mary

35 PARK LANE, W.,
14.2.1908.

Your letter was very refreshing. April 12th sounds very fascinating. I will write again when I know and that will be soon.

I made a good speech on the 12th, Wednesday, at the 1900 Club. I say this to you as I so rarely think it.

I doubt whether I can get hold of my 'Plutarch' introduction. If I can I would rather reprint it, and the other things, in something like Arthur's 'Essays and Addresses.' I think that I shall next have a shot at the very old French, beginning with the *Chanson de Roland* and working in the Crusades eastward, and the conquest of Ireland by the Geraldines westward. At any rate I should call one section 'The Springs of Romance.' I could show the matter of fact groove of the Xth century and then Romance and Rhyme coming in from the Arabs and the Celts. The two springs are Saracenic and Arthurian; the

¹ Translation of a line from the *Chanson de Roland*.

orient sun and western mists. The glittering cascades of Rhyme were born from the sun-kissed mist. I know much about the Northern French early song (Trouvères) and the Arthurian cycle, but I have much more to study of the Southern song (Troubadours).

Yet the earliest of all these, 'La Regina Avriillosa'—the April Queen—is priceless, if only for its name.

And all of them are more delectable than a Church Disorders Bill in a stuffy House of Commons.

476

To Charles Boyd

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 23.ii.08.

Precisely! But if you infest a cottage in a wood by Woking? What then? We have both become too truly rural for urbanity.

I am all for your dining with us at Park Lane on a day in the week which begins on Sunday March 1st. Why not that day, if we can secure and fix the now volatile Percy? Observe. You frequent Woking, (moralizing in the necropolis) no less insistently than I harbour myself here. I kept what is called 'the establishment' here, with the purpose, fulfilled, of hunting after the Session began and spending my Saturdays and Sundays like Cato major, 'seething parsnips by my fireside.'

The speeches you commend were excursions 'into the enemy's country.' I prefer—as a staple of living—to hunt with Percy and dine off roast mutton with my lady wife. By this absence of device, in despite of falsely supposed artistic divagation, I push and eat my way to a thorough understanding of the English. As thus: on Monday I spoke at Birmingham; on Tuesday I attended the House and dined at 'the' Club; on Wednesday I attended the House closely; but, on Thursday I came here and, so, hunted with Percy Friday and Saturday; 'walked' a point-to-point race course with him and Bendor to-day (after attending Church in the morning), dined with Percy and Sibell à trois for the 4th evening in succession, and to-morrow go back for a hideous week of the House and Railway Boards. So repulsive is that week, ending as it does with responding for 'Literature' to Whitefriars on Friday—and may they be fried!—so grim is it, that I adjourn our reunion until it is well or ill over.

I am now in middle life. That means (1) that I enjoy being at home and riding to hounds, and (2) that in all human likeli-

hood—nay, in inevitable certainty—I cannot have these joys for much longer. In ten years Percy will be 31, and, too probably, married. In ten years I may be fat or busy. Very well. Am I to forego the very marrow of life when I have its thighbone between my teeth? Am I to parade at Westminster and intrigue in its purlieus? No! The answer is ‘No.’

I have a wife, a son, a home, six good hunters and a library of Romance literature. I mean to enjoy them. If I am wanted, I can be found. I spare you Cincinnatus and Cato major (bis).

In this part of the world I am known as ‘The Colonel’ quâ Yeomanry; as a subscriber to the Cheshire Hounds; and, politically, as a robust ‘true-blue’ with honest leanings towards Protection. And besides I love to hear the thrushes sing and to watch a pair of lesser spotted woodpeckers that are building in our garden.

P.S.—What is a letter without a postscript? Let me add that I am 10 lbs. lighter than I was; that I have made 29 speeches since October 18th and hunted on 26 days; that I have read a good deal of Virgil, and much early French both of the Trouvères and, in smaller quantities, of the Troubadours. That I have studied the trade returns; Dizzy’s ‘Sybil’; Charlotte Brontë’s ‘Shirley’; some Carlyle and Ruskin, to get the reflection in literature of the political ineptitudes that *must* be remedied. That is ‘the kind of hairpins we are.’ To balance Dizzy (early) and Carlyle, I also read Bagehot and Lord Avebury in ‘The Times.’ But they don’t balance, anything but their ledgers; or discount, anything but bills.

It is clear to me, now, that the British Race has one foe—Cosmopolitan Finance with an oriental complexion. ‘Delenda est Carthago’ is all my song. I have twice repaired to the crest of the Cheshire hills and looked at the fat, fair expanse of English fields with their smouldering girdle of chimneys around the far horizon. And I have sworn that they shall not be sucked like eggs by the weasels of pure finance. No, nor the plains of Ireland either!

477

*To his Sister, Pamela*¹

35 PARK LANE, W.,
March 16th, 1908.

I have been thinking of you constantly and taking comfort from scraps of news. And I have been meaning to write news

¹ His sister and her children were in quarantine for scarlet fever.

to you, since that is all I can do whilst you are imprisoned by this detestable scourge and worried by the baby's illness. But, first, I had to give *anything* the chance of happening, either to me, or in me, which I could conceivably write about. It was inconceivable that I should write about the House of Commons; and I *lived* there till last Saturday. Then I broke out.

In the afternoon I went to the Zoo with Sibell, after lunching with Madeline. I chose the Zoo. There were other suggestions, as, a performance of 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and a concert at the Queen's Hall. But I needed air and life, preferably of a primitive kind. So I chose the Zoo in spite of Sibell's remark that we ought to wait until we could go with children. I wanted to go for myself and specially to look at *Birds*. When flying from men, I avoid monkeys and 'addict myself' to birds. (Parrots are *not* birds; and are useless to one escaped from the House of Commons. 'O! for the wings of a dove' is an aspiration that does not waft me to the voices of parrots.)

I went to the real, bird-like birds, who live in a row, just to the right, after entering the gardens. These birds are like our birds—in a dream, or a Grimm's fairy story. Naturally, many of them are blue; others are green, or orange, or earth-colour, and one was crimson. Yet they are not Macaws or Toucans or other monstrosities. They are thrushes, starlings, pigeons, doves, robins, partridges and quails; but of slimmer shape and brighter colour than our birds. And some are mixtures of these, and some are distinct—but comparable—such as minas, bower-birds and weaver birds. But all are alert and happy and vocal!! as they said in the XVIIIth century.

In front of the first cage was a Kate Greenaway tree of box—the stem three feet six inches high, the spreading top four feet wide. I stepped round the corner and in the heart of the green there sat and looked at me, a thrush, the colour of an orange. There he sits and sings: as yellow as a Walter Crane's 'Yellow Dwarf.'

There were miniature doves and quails no larger than wood-wrens, or small pebbles in the desert. And there was one mina—not the plump, fat, Indian sort of mina—but slim as a shuttle and parti-coloured, black and yellow. His name is 'George.' He loves mankind. He—like Lord Nelson—never knew fear. He sat on my fingers and the keeper put him into his pocket. As I walked away I saw him in close conversation through the wire with two little red-haired girls, who had walked straight out of a Holman Hunt picture. He does all this from love or mere absence of fear. But these two gifts are almost one.

Mere absence of fear carries a delicacy denied to the appetite of gazelles, however graciously embellished by melting eyes and insinuating approach.

Now the keeper of these birds has a great contempt for America. 'They call that a "blue bird"—the common "blue-bird" of America; but it's a robin.' And, looking at the profile and beak, one sees that it is a robin. Or, again, 'They call that a robin, but it is a thrush.' And one sees that it is a thrush; only with a red breast and very big and, so, called a robin, by Americans. This keeper pierced the facile deceit of the large and obvious. He made a profound observation of Americans—apologetically—'But they were very ignorant when they went there.' Thus, did he dismiss, and forgive, the pilgrim fathers, with an 'Ite, missa est.' So much and no more for the 'Pilgrim Fathers' who landed on the Plymouth rock. But what of their descendants? They are still ignorant. They class by superficial resemblance and claim because of size. Some day they will produce an American Bible, much bigger than our Bible and as like it as a thrush is to a robin.

From the birds I went to the elephants. I detest half measures:—after a fortnight in the House of Commons. The birds are beside man's life. This the Romans knew when they wrote 'ubi aves ibi angeli'—'where there are birds there are angels.' But the elephants are before man's life. They are primeval and sacrosanct. Yet they like to be fed; even on biscuits. A due attention to Birds and Elephants, to the volatile and monumental, inures one to time and prepares one for Eternity. *We* have the elephant's glacier-like progression towards a Geological museum, and the bird's swift dip and high quiver of 'indomitable song.' Both are for ever falling, at different paces and angles; as Lucretius declared in six books; crystallized by the French in one phrase—'La chute des choses.' But, for me, the yellow thrush singing in the green bush and the fearlessness of 'George' are immortal. And, if for me, then for everybody, for ever. I say to both

'Thou wast not meant for death, immortal Bird.
No hungry generations tread thee down.'

I cannot say so much for the Gazelles. Yet because they are beautiful though voracious, I will give them immortality.

But, the last thing I meant to do was to moralize. I went to the Zoo to escape morality.

In the evening we dined with Lettice and Will Beauchamp. It was a pleasing entertainment; not unlike the Zoo. For we had Ambassadors and Ministers of many nations suddenly

caged in surprising contiguity, with their wives. It was not too unlike the Zoo. I have dropped into poetry—like Silas Wegg.

‘ It was not too
Unlike the Zoo
Because the speech
Unique to each
Discuss’d the food
Which all found good
Beneath the pall
Of sleep for all.’

I sat between the beautiful Ambassadors of Spain and the wife of Lulu Harcourt. The Ambassador has beautiful sloping shoulders and a delicate way of unmasking the batteries of her South-American eyes. I had to talk French—of my sort—to the Ambassador. But, to each flank, we talked of the difficulty of talking and the solace of food. So it, really, was the Zoo over again. Speaking and eating are, respectively, the end and origin of life, if you come to think of it: subsistence and expression.

This morning—still in pursuit of a holiday—I walked through Hyde Park. Lulu Harcourt—as First Commissioner of Works—is playing the Devil there. He does not understand that London is London, and cannot become Paris, or Berlin. So he gets workmen to make ‘Places de la Concorde’ and ‘Tea-house Gazebos.’ He is in error. But, just as the yellow thrush and the man-loving—because fearless—bird ‘George’ justified the ‘Zoo,’ so did two British workmen justify Lulu’s Tea-house.

I saw them leaning, one against the end, the other against the wheel, of a large barrow. They were motionless figures in the wind-swept variety of the Park in March. It was not a landscape ‘animated by figures,’ but a group of two statues animated by wind-waved branches. As I advanced they seemed larger—in accordance with the law of perspective—but they did not move. Nor do I think that they spoke. But, as I passed the group, they spoke, without moving. And this is what they said. For I heard them. First workman to second workman: ‘Well, Sir, I think it’s time that we should *do* something.’ Second workman to first: ‘Right you are, and what would be better than half a pint of beer?’ They are one with the penguins and gazelles—putting beer for fishes and buns. We cannot all be birds or elephants. We cannot all be swift or wise. But some can sing. And I do wish I could sing to you, darling, in your cage, of ‘the Dædal Earth and the dancing stars.’ For all life is good and Eternal.

478

*To his Mother*35 PARK LANE, W.,
March 18th, 1908.

To-night, George Curzon dined alone with Sibell and self. He was very dear and affectionate.

He is standing for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow, and I, yesterday, accepted an invitation to stand for the Lord Rectorship of Edinburgh. It will be amusing to come out together and useful if we both win. I am afraid that he suffers a good deal of pain.

At Easter I shall begin 'The Springs of Romance' in the Barrel room.¹ It is such a good title that I ought to be able to write a little book 'up to it.' The idea is—Where did romance come from? There was none among our Northern ancestors in the 9th century. It came from contact with the East and West—contact with the East owing to the conflict between Christendom and the Paynim from Roncevalles onwards—contact with the West, from the Geraldines' transit through Wales into Ireland.

The first gives me the run of the 'Chanson de Roland' down to the Arabian Nights, by way of the Crusades. The second gives me the run of the Arthurian cycle and all the Celtic glamour from 'Ossian' to 'Percy's Reliques.'

Incidentally I get two sub-chapters: one, on rhyme, traced to Arabia eastward and the 'Celts,' whoever they were, westward, in Armorica, Cornouailles, Wales, Ireland, Scotland; the other sub-chapter will take the 'religious' aspects—eastward, Platonism, Christianity, Gnosticism, Neo-platonism, and Islam; westward, Fairy stories, Folk-lore, Stonehenge. Wishing-wells are the relic of some old Nature-Magic that was the religion of the Stone-Age.

In all this you will agree there is 'matter for a May morning.'

I shall stick it full of all I like—The 'Regina Avrilliosa' and the Border ballads; The Castle of Clerimont and the Lady of Tripoli, the song of Roland and the fall of Constantinople, Marco Polo and Antoine Galland—and all the songs that ever were sung and all the incantations. In conclusion, I can say with Malory 'Now all this was but enchantment,' and invite you to be enchanted.

I had a good talk to Mark Sykes, just back from Arabia, and found—as I supposed—that the 12th century is still going on there, with Troubadours and Jongleurs all complete.

¹ A room at Clouds.

From Belloc I have another touch for my 'Springs of Romance.' It is strange that all the three Roman Legions in Palestine at the Crucifixion were *Gauls*. That accounts for the Grail and the spear of Longinus. If Longinus was a Celt present in Hellenistic Syria at the death of Our Lord, it becomes easy to understand Glastonbury.

I begin to see that the pleasure of getting older consists in understanding the History of the world better.

479

To the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour

Private.

35 PARK LANE, W.,
March 28th, 1908.

I have not heard what line Lansdowne is going to take in the Lords on the Bishop of St. Asaph's Bill.

Many people are opposed, strongly, to the Bishop of St. Asaph's compromise. It abandons our principle of the parent's right. It does not give equality to Denominational and Undenominational teaching. It erects a State official Religion, so far as teaching in schools is concerned. On these grounds I am certain that many of our Party will oppose the Bill. But surely all—whatever their opinions on the *merits* may be—must, on tactical grounds, be opposed to our pronouncing anything in the shape of a blessing on this Bill—however lukewarm in character.

The Government will 'fish' for that, and then, having got it, will be able to counter our opposition to their McKenna's Bill by referring to our acquiescence, however limited, to St. Asaph's Bill.

Again, on tactical grounds, if we do not criticize and resist St. Asaph, the R. C.'s will at once declare that we have seized the first opportunity to leave them in the lurch.

I should like our Leaders to say: (1) We are opposed to this Bill, because it does not recognize parents' rights and inflicts inequality; gives the State's authority to a 'standardized' Religion. That is, to-day, the syllabus of the London County Council. What will it be in 10 or 20 years if the L.C.C. changes its mind? For the State to impose a County Council's religion is Erastianism with modern improvements.

(2) Notwithstanding these objections of principle we should have been ready to discuss an evidently sincere effort to reach

‘Peace’ if the Government had stated that they accepted St. Asaph’s Bill and meant to drop their own.

(3) As they have *not* said this (or, As they have said nothing and left us to speak) the motion is purely academic and ought to be adjourned until the Government’s Measure comes up to the Lords from the Commons.

480

To his Father

STANWAY,
WINCHCOMBE, *April 14th, 1908.*

I am motoring over to Clouds on Thursday with Mary, in Arthur Balfour’s motor.

I am bringing two horses and a groom. I hunted here on Saturday and had quite a pleasant gallop. The meet was at Broadway. Since then the fun here has been ‘fast and furious.’ The Party consisted of Arty Paget and Lady Muriel, Professor W. Raleigh and his wife, Madame Benckendorff,¹ H. Cust and wife, a young man from Balliol, called Ridley, Cyncie, and A. J. B.

Mary—I must tell you—asked me to come ‘and see her quiet home life.’ I have never heard, and rarely made, more noise before. But all very amusing. A. Paget is a ‘Pied Piper of Hamelin’ with his guitar—and we were rats who danced to his music.

I rode yesterday with Cyncie along the Cotswold and motored to-day to see the stained glass in Fairford Church.

481

To his Sister, Pamela

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
7th July 1908.

The invitation is most fascinating. But I am afraid I cannot get away. The last four weeks of the Session are always odious. And, this year, I have to be in Dover the Monday 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th, for the Pageant. This I must do, as my Doverians have spent £8000 on it, and I have to be there and ask people down, and introduce Royalties and give luncheon, etc., and so on. As I have to get away on the Friday and make

¹ Countess Benckendorff, wife of the Russian Ambassador in London.

a big speech to 8000 people in Cheshire on August 3rd, I dare not encroach on the Saturday-Sunday, 25-26. They are my two days for preparation.

I will not grumble. My rule is to acquiesce in July, like a fish letting the rapids go over him. Or rather that is my ideal. The practice is more like a hen dodging motors on the Ripley Road.

I know you won't come to Dover on Tuesday 28th or Thursday 30th—best days—but I wish you would, bringing Bim and Clare. It is going to be quite delightful. Arthurian Prologue—William the Conqueror coming over to Western Heights and leaving Kent—'Invicta' with her Saxon consorts—John and Pandulph—Edward I. returning with my beloved Eleanor from the last Crusade—Henry V.—Harry our King—and Kate of France—Henry VIII. starting for Field of Cloth of Gold—and finally Charles I. receiving Henrietta Maria.

The last Act is written by Tiercelin in brilliant French Alexandrines. The French parts are acted by French actors and actresses. They will speak real broken English. The English parts by Englishmen who will speak real broken French.

I know you won't come, but I should like you to see it, as I invented the selection of scenes as a glorification of the Sea and the 'Entente.'

The poetry is by Rhodes and the songs excellent.

I am particularly pleased at having brought in King Arthur out of Caxton's preface to Malory. I was tired of the Early Britons and monastic martyrs with skulls, as St. Alban and St. Edmund, so I said 'skull for skull, give me Gawain,' whose skull, according to Caxton, was to be seen at Dover.

There is a deeper point in this Prologue; as thus—

Our Arthurian Romances were written at the time of Henry II. and John.

Besides being poems based on Welsh mythology, picked up as the Geraldines went through Wales to conquer Ireland, they also reflect the politics and events of the age in which they were written. They reflect Henry II.'s dominion from the Pyrenees to the Grampians; the Interdict under John; and the Crusades. They, therefore, supply a proper prologue to the episodes of John and Edward I.

Incidentally we shall build a ship to a sea chorus of hammer'd planks.

I propose to attend the Cavalry Manœuvres with Sibell and shall look you up if we get near Stonehenge the week of August 17th.

To his Father

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
August 31st, 1908.

I am very glad to know that you saw the Cavalry Division at work. It was, and probably will remain, a unique sight. There was never anything quite like it before. And, next year, I expect that the manœuvres will be on a larger and slower scale, embracing Infantry and Field Artillery. These Cavalry Manœuvres were an epoch in Cavalry *Drill*—a 'little classic' in their way. The Learned, when they discuss them, talk of Alexander, Cromwell, and Seidlitz. The point is that masses of mounted men were moved rapidly over gradients in consonance with an idea and without losing co-operation between component parts. That is important.

If Germany fights France and we have to go to Belgium, it *counts* that we can put in four brigades of such Cavalry, with their Horse Artillery.

I saw a good deal of your German General Count Von Dohne. He seemed to me to be a capable man. He looked at every horse and—as I thought—too closely at some of our 'dodges,' such as our method of horsing Artillery. But he was a capable and gallant old boy. When I conducted them—the foreigners—through the Cavalry School at Netheravon, someone said 'The road is up. They have dug a deep trench across it.' I went on and jumped a wide and deep trench with a drain-pipe at the bottom. Old Von Dohne jumped after me and all the rest of the Staff went round.

Perf arrived here to-night. We meant to be together with Sibell till you come on the 11th, but Lily Zetland is ill and wants Sibell. So Perf and I feel we must make a dash somewhere. We both have work ahead. He has manœuvres on the 12th and then cramming for his Exam. I have the Autumn session and speeches. We should languish here, so we go off to Venice for a day or two and return for the 11th. The choice lay between that and Scotland. And we preferred the sunny South.

After our work we hope to hunt together in December and have decided that if it freezes we will, at once, go to St. Petersburg and see Guy.¹ The Mintos asked Perf to spend his leave at Calcutta as an extra Aide-de-Camp. He says 'No' this year. But will do it next year.

Their Military Secretary advised them to ask him. I believe that he will make soldiering his profession. I think he is right.

¹ His brother was Military Attaché at St. Petersburg.

When I was young soldiering 'petered out' and politics became important. Now politics are petering out and soldiering is becoming the crux.

So, as he must jaunt at his age, I mean to jaunt with him—to Venice this week, and to Petersburg if it freezes after Christmas.

I am looking forward tremendously to your visit on the 11th.

483

To Wilfrid Ward

SAIGHTON,
CHESTER, September 16th, 1908.

I reached home from Venice on Saturday, and of Venice I will say a word later. I must now tell you that I have read Francis Thompson's 'Shelley' more than once to myself, and once aloud to Sibell, my mother and father. I was rash when I promised a full letter on it. I cannot write one to-night; nor indeed until I have digested it finally after further rumination.

For the moment I will say that it is the most important contribution to pure Letters written in English during the last twenty years. In saying that I compare this essay in criticism with poetry as well as with other critical essays.

Speaking from memory, Swinburne's last effective volume, 'Astrophel' with the 'Nympholept' in it, came out in '87 or '88; Browning's 'Asolando' in '89. Tennyson's 'Ænone' is also, I think, at the verge of my twenty years. But even so, these were pale Autumn blossoms of more radiant Springs. It may be—when posterity judges—that Thompson's own poems will alone overthrow this opinion. But I doubt if they ought to. There is more of Thompson in this essay than in his poems. In any case there is a strain in a comparison between criticism and poetry; prose and verse.

It is more natural to seek comparison with other essays devoted to the appreciation of poetry.

I have a very great regard for Matthew Arnold's 'Essays in Criticism': partly reasoned, partly sentimental. But they were earlier. They did not reach such heights. They do not handle subjects—as a rule—so pertinent to poetry. When they do in the 'Wordsworth' and 'Byron' (2nd series) they are outclassed by this essay. The Heine essays deal with religion rather than poetry.

The only recent English essay on poetry and, therefore, life temporal and eternal, which challenges comparison as I read Thompson's 'Shelley' is Myers' 'Virgil' and, specially, the first part.

I think these two are the best English essays on poetry, of our day. Myers gains by virtue of Virgil's wider appeal to mortal men in all ages. Thompson gains by virtue of the fact that he is himself a poet, writing on the poet who, in English, appeals specially to poets. His subject is narrower, but his style is incomparable in the very qualities at which Myers aimed; of rhythm and profuse illustration. Both, perhaps, exceeded in these qualities. But Thompson, the poet, is the better man at varying and castigating his prose style. He is rich and melodic, where Myers is, at moments, sweet and ornate. Both are sentimental, and each speaks out of his own sorrow. Myers sorrowed after confirmation of Immortality. Thompson sorrowed out of sheer misery. When Myers writes of Virgil's 'intimations' of Immortality he is thinking of his own sorrow. When Thompson writes of Mangan's sheer misery he is thinking of his own slough of despond. Both meant to be personally reticent. But Thompson succeeds. Unless I knew Thompson's story I could not read between the lines of his wailing over Mangan. But any one who reads Myers sees the blots of his tears. Again, Myers is conscious of Virgil as a precursor on the track of unrevealed Immortality. Thompson seems—is, I believe—unconscious of any comparison between himself and Shelley, as angels ascending the iridescent ladders of sunlit imagination. He follows the 'Sun-treader' with his eye, unaware that his feet are automatically scaling the Empyrean.

That his article is addressed to Catholics in no degree deflects his aim. It begins with an apologia for writing on Shelley. It ends with an apologia for Shelley. These are but the grey-goose feathers that speed it to the universal heart of man. There it is pinned and quivers.

But enough! I am glad that *you* display this 'captain jewel' in a good 'carcanet.' The number (of July) is excellent and 'editorially' a plumb-centre; with a right good article from the editor into the bargain.

Of this I cannot write now; still less of Venice. At another time I could expatiate, but, believe me, it was good to be alone with my boy on a yacht off the Punta della Salute; it was good to see a procession ascend the steps of S. Maria della Salute on the feast of her nativity; it was good to swim in the Adriatic; it was good to see Tintoretto; it was good to

read Villehardouin on the spot where he and his three companions, as ambassadors of the Chivalry of Europe, knelt in 1202 and would not rise till Venice vouchsafed Christendom's request for ships so that the shame of our Lord might be avenged.

The older I get the more do I affect the two extremes of Literature. Let me have, either pure poetry, or else, the statements of actors and sufferers. Thompson's article, though an essay in prose criticism, is pure poetry, and also, unconsciously, a human document of intense suffering. But I won't pity him. He scaled the heavens because he had to sing, and so dropped in a niche above the portals of the temple of Fame. And little enough would he care for that! Why should he? Myers doubted. But he *knew* that souls, not only of Poets, but of Saints, 'beacon from the abodes where the Eternal are.' He is a meteor exhaled from the miasma of mire. And all meteors, earth-born and heaven-fallen, help the heavens to declare the Glory of God. Coeli enarrant. But the grammar of their speech is the 'large utterance' of such men made 'splendid with swords.'

Reverting to Thompson's article and its place in the pure literature of recent years; I ought to mention Walter Raleigh's 'Milton,' and with even greater gratitude his 'Wordsworth.' But these are books. Of single essays on a high poetic theme, I adhere to Myers' 'Virgil' and Thompson's 'Shelley,' and put Thompson first.

484

To his Father

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
Michael Mass, 1908.

I enjoyed my visit to Clouds immensely. I wish Perf could have been there. We mean to grow wild chicory here, if possible. It is a lovely flower.

At Wynyard I met an interesting group—Buckle, editor of the 'Times'—who was effusive to me—Morant, the permanent head of the Education Office—Monypenny, who is writing the life of Dizzy. I had talks with all three. Then Metternich—German Ambassador—arrived on the scene. He is not well disposed towards the 'Times.' He is always silent.

On this occasion he arrived at 6 o'clock. Said nothing—turned the whole establishment upside-down in order to send a motor at midnight to Darlington, and left at 8 a.m. the

next morning. All this happened because of the Bulgarian crisis which the Germans are fomenting. They *mean* to have a war: not, necessarily, in the immediate future, but some day, and pretty soon. So they pour acids into Morocco and Bulgaria and tell lies all the time. But having neither the old brutality of their Bismarck, nor the finesse of old France, their attempts at lying afford an excellent substitute for blurt-ing out the truth. 'There is no deception'—as the clumsy conjuror has it.

To amuse you, I enclose a letter from Perf and another from Belloc. Please return at leisure.

Perf's spelling reminds one of the 'Paston Letters.' 'Mais il a une manière bien nette d'exprimer son idée.' Belloc plays the fool, but plays it well.

485

To his Mother

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, October 1st, 1908.

I am just going to write you a line about curlews and wild chicory.

And, first, about curlews. Until yesterday I had never seen a curlew in these parts. But they have always haunted me with their cry of watery wildness. I first heard—and then saw—a curlew flying over Bassenthwaite Lake when fishing with you for perch. And you told me his name. When I wrote my 'Shakespeare' I put in a long note on 'Lyrics' opposing Bagehot's definition. Although I did not mention a curlew, the note sprang from that. I read of them—too much—in 'Locksley Hall' between whiles. I was familiar with them on the West Coast of Ireland. But, till yesterday, I had never seen one here.

Well, yesterday, as I rode beyond Sir Hugh de Calverley's derelict moat, by the Alford brook, I saw a strange bird. Then I heard his cry, and knew it was a curlew. And, in the twinkling of an eye, a heron came after him, making short barks. The heron was saying 'Who are you and what do you mean by being a big bird with a long beak, though not so big as I am, and with a thinner beak, curved too, and altogether outlandish?—so, out you go! You are too big, anyway, and look as if you might try to catch my fish.' So the curlew flew away towards Saighton and the heron—probably the cock—circled back in dignity to the Beechins. He was probably

the cock because, soon, another heron came back from the distance into which the curlew had flown, to report about the stranger. This heron talked more than the first. The second heron was probably the hen. She had been ordered to follow up the stranger and came back filling the welkin with information and scandal just to show what a faithful lady-heron she was to her Lord and how jealous of the little heron's right to all the fish; on the hasty theory that curlews eat fish—which they don't.

To-day—in the morning—I took a walk with Sibell over the fields towards Waverton; on the side of Saughton, and three miles away from the Alford brook. There we saw the strange bird again and stalked him and put him up twice. He was a curlew. And this time the rooks were in the Devil's own stew over the interloper. They could talk of nothing else. They cawed out 'What are we coming to, if a bird as big as ourselves, but of a different colour, and shape, settles here as if the place belonged to him?'

I thought 'it must be my curlew of yesterday, hunted by the herons to face the rooks!' But this afternoon I rode again into the marshy flats beyond the site of Sir Hugh's timbered mansion and, lo! and behold! I put up seven curlews. My friend of yesterday had called up his supports. I do not think that these seven can have been one brood, for I have been told that the curlew only lays two eggs. If that is true—but is it?—here were two families minus one member. Perhaps the missing member was my friend of this morning. How little we know! How inglorious is our ignorance.

That leads me to wild chicory—or succory—with its bright green leaves and bright blue flower. Papa tells me that he was to drive you to see the wild chicory beyond the plantation opposite Pertwood.

Well now, here we are all striving to have blue flowers. *Nemophylla* and *amagallus*—I am shaky over these names—are not in it with chicory. Why not have a patch of chicory in the garden for September days? Why not? I find from the books that it grows wild anywhere between here and India, but chiefly on chalky soil. I am told by my gardener that the only way to get it is to dig it up in its native sod. I should hate to dig up many near Pertwood. But if you would send me one or two I would lay down a chalky bed to receive them.

I should like to do that. But I am not bent upon it. Perhaps it is better to know that they are glorious near Pertwood, and at many other spots, all the way across Europe, Asia Minor and on to India.

I have asked Cecil Parker to issue orders that the curlews shall not be shot. So it is rather base to dig up even one plant of chicory. The curlews and chicory are 'pleasant and lovely in their *lives*.' I feel that, all the more clearly, as the man who lives at Newbold, between Saughton and the Beechins, has enclosed a square mile and planted it with rare shrubs. The result swears with everything and makes the fox-hunter swear. It looks like a new cemetery.

'Let 'un live,'¹ say I. And yet I should like a patch of bright blue chicory; if I felt sure they could live and say 'So am not I' with the foolish scullion. Indeed, Sterne's foolish scullion was not foolish, but as wise as his starling. Sterne's scullion and starling stand for life and liberty against his dead donkey and dying lieutenant. So do the wild chicory and watery curlews stand against the stunted shrubs of Mr. Colley's plantations. Perhaps we had best leave them at that.

I have written all this on the paper you gave me. With such paper there is no impediment to writing on for ever. I put 'reason' first and then scratched it out. There is always this much of reason for writing, that I love you and all you taught me to love—such as curlews and chicory and all that is wild enough and bright enough to deserve loving and be spared from death, or decency, or order.

486

To Philip Hanson

35 PARK LANE, W.,
5.x.08.

It seems a long while since I heard from, or wrote to, you. It is long and seems longer probably because I have been moving about and enjoying life. I have really followed at last advice which you have often tendered. I have taken a complete holiday of two months. I marvel at the exhilaration which this produces. Sometimes I wonder whether I shall ever work again. I am filled with a new gusto for enjoyment. One of two things may happen. I may either begin to work again with ease, or become by conviction a middle-aged pleasure-seeker. I have not done a stroke of real work since August 3, when I spoke at a mass meeting in Eaton Park. It is only two months and three days ago. But I feel as if I had never worked and almost as if I never would. I went to Clouds and played lawn tennis; I returned to Eaton and played polo;

¹ *Dorset Poems*, 'The Old Oak Tree,' by Barnes.

I went to Salisbury Plain and played at soldiers, to such purpose that a Guard turned out and mistook me for a General, presented arms and blew a fanfare on a trumpet; a deserved tribute to grey hair and a red (Yeomanry) cap with a white cover. More by token, I went to Venice with Percy, and led the life of a Monte Cristo. We two had Westminster's yacht to ourselves, safely anchor'd off the Punta della Salute. We chartered a Gondola with a figure (Pagan, naked and unashamed) of Fortune on our prow. We saw Palaces and Churches. We discovered Tintoretto—just as if we were Ruskin. We read Villehardouin's own account of his transactions with Dandolo in 1202. We bathed in the Adriatic from the Lido. We gave a Dinner Party on board, and if we did not paint the town red, why! I can only say that is unnecessary in 'Venise, la rouge.' But after that I went to Clouds again and shot partridges. I went to Wynyard and met Buckle and Monypenny, and finally I have, for the first time since 1900, been at Saighton in summer weather.

I am here only for a Railway Board, and back to Saighton immediately after it.

I have definitely refused to write an article for the centenary of the 'Quarterly.'

I mean without preparation to hurl my exuberance on an effete House of Commons. And then hunt and—if it freezes—go to see brother Guy at Petersburg.

I have just read the proceedings at Cork. They complete the illusion of being five years younger, without re-creating the delusion that anything is likely to happen—except a war with Germany.

Mahaffy has been with us at Saighton, and a quite delightful companion. I wish you could pop over for 48 hours before next Saturday.

I crystallized my Italian in Venice. It came to me suddenly like swimming or skating. So that without effort or merit on my part I can now read that language and have read four or five volumes in it. But I can't read German. Perhaps you could tell me the purport of the enclosed remarks on my 'Walter Scott.' I shall bear up if the sense is as repellent as the form seems to my untutor'd eye.

Anyway let me hear from you.

P.S.—Reverting to the German review. I know not the speech, but I am glad to have been spared the first word in the criticism which follows the par. on my W. S. 'Quellenuntersuchungen.' What an awful thing to say about anybody!

487

*To his Father*HOUSE OF COMMONS,
October 12th, 1908.

I was much amused to hear that the wild chicory came from Chester, and much interested by the information you have given me about it. It is some years since I first saw the blue flowers, for we were *walking* partridges. I took some home then and found out that it was the plant used for salad. But as I had never seen the flower in the garden I did not believe it. You explain the mystery. Thanks too, for telling me about the curlew's four eggs. I brought the curlews into a speech at the *Conversazione* at the 'Charles Kingsley' Natural History Society in Chester last Thursday.

On Friday I went to Derwent and shot grouse Saturday with Edmund Talbot. Owing to a high wind, which blew them off the estate, we only got 66 brace with five guns.

A man staying there knew a great deal about birds.

488

*To his Mother*35 PARK LANE, W.,
29th October 1908.

Your letter—besides being dear—amuses me, because all my congratulators on the Lord Rectorship are more pleased at Winston's defeat than at my victory.

I did not expect to win. But, as I have won, I shall try to say something to them in my address. Meanwhile new links with real youth have a new joy. The unreal youth of middle age is light-hearted. But the real youth of twenty years is portentous in the solemnity of its ignorance. Never having been out of its depths it needs no bladders of mirth to swim with. Little ripples from the tide of fate kiss its ankles. And it walks gravely through them like a conqueror of 'seas of trouble.'

On Monday the Leader of the—Edinburgh undergraduate—opposition and his right hand man sent in their cards to me at the House. They were at pains to explain how much they had wished and how hard they had tried to beat me. But—as between gentlemen—that being over, they wished to express their respect for 'The Lord Rector.' So I made them dine without dressing, and they regaled Sibell and myself with their earnestness and certainty, over what seem trifles to the middle-aged.

To his Father

35 PARK LANE,
Friday Night, October 30th, 1908.

I am counting on coming to Clouds for several Sundays ; and should—as you half expected—have come to-morrow, but for several reasons : as, for example, Percy comes here to-morrow from Aldershot ; Sibell has a feast of the Church on Sunday ; and I am immersed in arithmetical calculations over the Irish Land Act. But I mean to come soon, perhaps next Friday or Saturday.

I will try to see Harold White,¹ meanwhile.

I do not think we need worry over the state of affairs. Because all classes *are* worrying. Margaret Dalton of Saughton village wrote to Sibell much on the lines of your letter. The whole country, and specially what are called the lower classes are shocked at all that is taking place.

My main concern is that I fear this wretched Government will collapse next March and let us in, before we are ready to face national bankruptcy and anarchy in Ireland.

I am not a cynic and find no pleasure in the general sordid insanity which seems inherent in the third year of a so-called Liberal administration. Yet the Government's position is diabolically absurd.

Four hundred of their supporters are pledged to Woman's Suffrage. The Prime Minister though opposed personally has publicly invited them to ventilate their cause. Their watchword is, 'No taxation without representation.' Excellent. But what do we see ?

The House of Commons is often surrounded by a cordon of police. The public galleries are shut. We live in a state of siege.

So, too, in Ireland. Yesterday several policemen were shot and a cattle-driver was shot dead.

All this goes on. But the House of Commons is only allowed to discuss quite ridiculous provisions in the Licensing Bill.

This afternoon, for example, the House of Commons made it a crime for a father to take his boy into a railway station Refreshment Room if there was a 'bar' on the premises.

To 'top up' or, as the French say, 'pour surcroît de bonheur.' We are face to face with national bankruptcy and not too far removed from a war with Germany. In face of

¹ The family solicitor.

that situation we *are exporting the Reserve* to our protectionist Colonies in order that they may not starve in Free Trade England.

'Is that all?' as we say in English. 'Merci du peu' as they say in French.

I await the explosion. 'Impavidum ferient ruinæ' as they say in Latin, which is as much as to say in English 'I shall not be alarmed,' nor, let me add, surprised.

But, alas! the Party will hardly be ready.

490

To his Father

4.xi.08.

I have told them to look for the two letters in the 'Times' of the 2nd.

I have studied 'Invisible Exports' and Capital invested abroad for some time.

Nobody attended to it before 1903.

In the Board of Trade Blue-Book, prepared by Gerald Balfour in that year, they took a shot.

To account for excess of Imports over Exports, they said (a) some pay the freights of our ships, (b) others to the tune of £90,000,000 are interest on capital invested abroad.

Schooling in the British Trade Year Book has *proved* that our shipping does not earn the amount credited to it.

I think it far more likely that more—much more—than £90,000,000 is interest on capital invested abroad coming back in the shape of articles. And I am sure that more must come back in future.

It is difficult to identify our capital invested abroad. The only part we can identify is that on which income tax is paid in block by bankers. These are called 'identified profits from abroad.'

They show that capital is pouring out of this country. It goes for two reasons: (1) to get a higher interest, because a shilling income tax and death duties force people to try for 5 per cent, preferring the risk to the certainty of being ruined in three generations; (2) to take refuge behind Tariff walls.

The increase is astounding. In the 19 years previous to 1904-1905, capital—so identified—went abroad at the average rate of £22,000,000 a year. But in the next two years—'05-'06, '06-'07—it went at the average of £135,000,000 a year—£270,000,000 in the two years.

Now the curious point is this. These huge sums did not go in sovereigns or bullion, most of them went as our exports. Yet imports exceeded exports in 1906 :

	Value.
Imports	£607,888,500
Exports	£375,575,338
Total	<u>£983,463,838</u>
1907	
Imports	£645,807,942
Exports	£426,035,083
Total	<u>£1,071,843,025</u>

One result is certain, viz. : the operation of Tariff walls.

They tend to make the Imports of £645 millions consist of wholly manufactured articles ; and they tend to make the £426 millions of our Exports consist of raw material, *e.g.* coal, and partly manufactured articles.

Consequently they tend to displace our skilled artisans and to entice yet more capital abroad.

The ultimate result is to turn us into a nation of bankers and commission agents, supporting armies of unemployed loafers.

That is what happened in ancient Rome, in Constantinople, and in Venice, with the results that history teaches.

Few people know that Constantinople in the XIVth century had a revenue as large as ours—£150 millions a year. Yet it collapsed like a card-castle before the Turks in 1453—and had been taken already by the Franks in 1204.

All this makes me sad.

491

To Wilfrid Ward

Private.

35 PARK LANE, W.,
November 27th, 1908.

I was on the point of writing to you—now at 11 p.m.—when I found your letter. I had read the Arthur Balfour Essay and noted the dexterity with which you have interpolated my suggested ‘double barrel’—The Imperial Conference plus Asquith’s Budget, in 1907. And I had glanced at all the others. The book, for which I am very grateful, came to my hands about six this evening. It reached me at one of those—*rare*—moments of forlorn fatigue that occur in the

course of strenuous stretches. And at those rare moments the touch of friendship is 'grateful and comforting.'

We are troubled to-day. A wire from Madeira, four days ago, told us that Westminster, whom we expected from South Africa to-morrow, was ill with malaria, and, this morning, a wireless message turned uneasiness to anxiety. So, Sibell and the Duchess have gone off to Southampton with a doctor, and I was left alone. Otherwise I have not had—and cannot foresee—any gap in the strain of political effort. I spoke at Cardiff on Wednesday and Thursday. On Monday I spoke to the House for an hour on Irish Land Purchase, and at Dover on Wednesday, and to-day I *had* to speak in the House, in spite of this anxiety.

Even if all goes well, I cannot alas ! think of Lotus¹ before Xmas. I must speak on Education in the House—and watch it—all next week except Tuesday when I speak at Gravesend, and, apart from the House, I have big Meetings the week after on the 7th and 10th.

All this is accompanied by exacting work on Irish Purchase and Education, behind the scenes. So—as you say—Literature cannot be my career. Forgive this explosion !

I am deeply concerned over the so-called Education Compromise. It makes me sad to feel how remote I am from my countrymen and how remote they are—with all their excellent qualities—from the rudiments of philosophic thought. It is dear of them to jump at a compromise ; but silly to jump before looking. They will look afterwards. They will look back and say, 'If we had only known.' Yet they do not realize that they preclude themselves from knowing now—or ever—owing to their inveterate distrust of thinking. Any man who thinks on these occasions, and shows that he is thinking, is suspect. I am suspect. But I *must* think ; and I *will* believe that it is wise to do so. Yet, I am nearly powerless. I thought and spoke on Wednesday. The 'Times' suppressed my speech, the 'Morning Post' published a sketch of the rest and suppressed all I said upon Education.

You *have* leisure, and a rostrum in the 'Dublin Review.' It is *your* duty to try and make them think.

Will you help me to make them see before the smash that there are only two ways of approaching the problem ? (1) To start from Uniformity of religious instruction ; and (2) to start from Unity of the National System of Education. Or, putting it another way, (1) to start from a neutral religion, and (2) to start from the neutrality of the State to all religions.

¹ The name of Mr. Ward's house at Dorking.

From whichever point you make your departure, you must—I admit and assert—make illogical exceptions to fit in with present practical needs.

But—and here is the whole matter—if you start from a fair theory, *cela ne pêche pas par la base*. No wrecker can find a cranny in your foundation, insert his crowbar, and overthrow the whole edifice.

If, on the other hand, you start from an unfair theory—as this Bill does—no amount of charity and ingenuity is of any avail.

There it is, in the black and white of Clause I., that the State's *imprimatur* is to be affixed only on undenominational teaching. If once you say that, 'contracting out' is a necessary consequence. You may mitigate its secular evils by lavish grants. But you cannot eradicate the stigma.

It makes me sad and sick. Think of the irony of the situation. On Tuesday the House of Commons by five to one supported a motion in favour of relieving Roman Catholics from important, but largely sentimental, grievances. The accession oath, the prohibition on the appointment of an R.C. Lord Lieutenant of Ireland or Lord Chancellor are grievances. They are antiquated insults and irrational disabilities. We said so on Tuesday by five votes to one. Yet, because Englishmen will not, or cannot think, on Thursday, in the same week, within forty-eight hours, we say by nearly two and half votes to one, that new disabilities—not sentimental and antiquated, but modern and practical—are to be imposed in respect of Education for all the Catholic youth in the country.

Nothing can wholly amend that original defect.

But the Bill has been 'Guillotined.' Clause I. goes through automatically on Monday.

I deplore, but accept perforce, that situation.

What really kills me is that your people and our people—who want to be kind—can't think enough to gauge the consequences of that initial mistake.

They say, 'If the Government makes the grant big enough what does it matter?'

They say *that* because they will not, or cannot, *think*. Help me to make them think.

On their own absurd basis, their Bill is valueless unless it is a settlement. Very well.

The cost of education has increased, is increasing, and will increase.

Consequently any *fixed* grant which is fair to-day, will be unfair next year, grossly unfair in five years, and utterly

useless in ten years. Therefore, instead of haggling for sixpences, they must insist on paying only a quota for the rights of citizenship. They must say, 'We think it unfair to pay rates for your religion. We think it sad to be excluded from all your national system of Education, and bad for that system. But you will have it so. How much are we to pay? Isn't a shilling in the pound enough? We have three hundred thousand Catholic children. A child's education costs about £3 a head. Is not nine hundred thousand shillings—£45,000 a year—a sufficient tax on our religious convictions?'

Supposing that the House sees the force of that, *i.e.* that for a *permanent* settlement the private contribution must be a *quota* and not a fixed grant—then, point out:—

II. Population increases. When new schools are wanted, you must give us building grants for the same proportion of 19:1. If we need £20,000 for new schools, you must pay £19,000, and we will find £1000.

I don't know why I trouble you with all this.

At this moment I feel as if I lived in a community of deaf men. The more I talk the more worried they look. . . . And nothing happens.

Let us quit all this hopeless, helpless, dumb show of hypnotized Democracy going to its appointed doom of Bureaucracy and Cæsarism—now, as ever and everywhere, *quod semper et ubique*.

Let us laugh!

We ought to laugh. Surprise is the basis of laughter. And what can be more surprising than to see the leaders of Nonconformity in the House of Commons, bribed by baronetcies, abrogating the constitution, and laughing—as well they may—at the spectacle of the Anglican Archbishop ramming Nonconformity down my throat with the butt end of his crozier? They laugh. Had not I better laugh too? 'Taking it in good part' is—I believe—the classic phrase for acquiescing in comic turpitude.

But I have now quitted this grim subject of sordid and sardonic infamy. I must—or I shall forget to laugh and increase the merriment of others by getting angry.

That would be absurd, when neither Anglican nor Catholic, nor Educationalist, nor Unionist, are willing to think of anything but their Christmas holidays.

To Ellen Terry (Mrs. Carew)

1 LOWNDES STREET, S.W.,
November 28th, 1908.

DEAR LADY,—Once you were my hostess, and Henry Irving my host, at supper in the Beefsteak room; and, again, long before that because you were Ophelia, Portia, Juliet, Beatrice, you are a part of my youth.

But I make no excuse for writing. I have just finished 'The Story of my Life.' I shall begin it again to-morrow. Meanwhile I wish to thank you for having written this book with all my heart; and to tell you, with all my head, that it has its place with the very few autobiographies that will always be read.

It angers me that the reviewers should not have proclaimed this. What are they for?

The next time that I am bullied into 'responding for Literature' I shall tell them how great your work is, and how little they are, not to have said so.

Everybody who is alive enough to love life without fearing death, is in love with your book.

Your book is our Youth, and it has in it more beauty than others show, more duty than others do.

You will never 'have done with being beautiful,' because by this book you have managed to play that part for ever.—
Yours gratefully,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

To his Mother

35 PARK LANE, W.,
December 2nd, 1908.

One *scribble* before I go back to the House to say how sorry I am to hear that Amelia Ireland is dead, and how well I understand what that means to you, Darling. But, then, I am glad that I *can* know this; because you and I went to Doncebate together, when she was still just what I knew she had been from your old stories; I might so easily not have gone, or been prevented by work.

The real objection to work is that it prevents one from doing things that leave memories far more lasting than the results of any work. I feel that about work, and particularly

about political work. It has no 'smack of immortality' in it. But kindness and courage and fun and joy are immortal.

Now I must just 'pop in' to see Shelagh on my way back. Sibell has gone over to see Benny. It is a *separate* and known tropical fever, caused by a separate and known microbe with some horrible name. This intruder can only be killed by the health of the patient. Nothing but rest and the right diet are any good. You have to beat him with your own phagocytes. And Benny will beat him all right in two or three weeks.

I made a good speech at Gravesend last night. I started from Gravesend to Suakim in 1885! just opposite old Tilbury fort. What a rush it has been since then. And it is a rush now! I'm off.

494

To Mrs. Hinkson

35 PARK LANE, W.,
December 2nd, 1908.

I am not going to apologize for the delay of this reply. Because I know you will have guessed that I waited till I had the chance of reading 'The House of the Crickets' before thanking you for the gift. I took the chance in the midst of Tariff Reform, and my old Irish Land Act, and Education. And your book was like the plashing of a pure stream through a frowning gorge. It was true. For it does not veil the bleak desolation or pollute the stream. It is like Life—which is made of austerity and kindness. It is not like Death—which is 'made up' of sentiment and corruption.

I am sick of the farded skeleton which most novelists call life.

Though it is fearful to believe—as you make me—in such a childhood as the brothers and sisters had; still, the misery and awe of it made them human. Though one poor boy died and one sister was wild and inconsiderate; they all found each other.

But, in the scent and glare and blare of other authors'—'clever'—novels all the avenues of perception were deafened and dazed and suffocated.

I thank you sincerely for having written the book, and warmly for having given it to me.

*To Charles Boyd**Confidential.*35 PARK LANE, W.,
15.xii.08.

I shall begin this letter now, to-night ; it is 12.20 and really the 16th of December. I shall finish it later, after attempting to see Seely again before we all dispart for Christmas. I shall write in pencil because I cannot find a pen. I have just returned from seeing 'King Henry V' with Lady Grosvenor. It is wonderful. I should like to read it aloud to large audiences instead of speaking about Defence and the Union of the Empire.

So far as one member of the Board is concerned—to wit, C. B.—I shall try the Newfoundland fly. So far as the other—G. W.—is concerned, he is touched by your suggestion. But—really it is not possible. The Slab¹ within the chaplet of weathered boulders calls. But, but, but . . . I cannot do all that I have to do as it is. I believe—(no one else does)—that there will be a general election next year. I am *very* well, but working all day and every day. I have had to refuse all sorts of attractive jobs—an article in the 'Centenary Quarterly,' etc., etc. I am just going to take another holiday till January 21, when I speak at Edinburgh. And I have just finished the biggest course I ever ran over. I won't worry you with details. It has all been 'speeches.' But real ones. The climax came last week. On Tuesday I moved the rejection of Birrell's Land Bill in the House—1 hour and 5 minutes. On Wednesday I spoke at Liverpool to many more than 5,000 persons for 1 hour and 10 minutes on Tariff Reform, and on Thursday I spoke for 30 minutes to the Conservative Club there. Through no merit of mine, but from some touch of actuality, I swept the board three times running. Then I went to York and shot on the wolds for two days and came back braced by a North wind and being 800 feet above the sea. So that I am fitter and fresher than when the race began in October. I don't want a holiday. But I mean to take one ; for, from January 21 onwards, I take off the gloves. Enough of this. Now I go to bed. To-morrow I shall try to see Seely.

Give my love to the Doctor²—even if it makes him jump.

I am thinking deeply over your last letter. If you ever see my recent speeches at Cardiff and Liverpool, you will under-

¹ The grave of Cecil Rhodes in the Matoppos.

² Dr. Jim, the Rt. Hon. Sir Leander Starr Jameson.

stand how 'pat' that letter came to my purpose. '*Finance*' won't do. I see my path quite clearly. I shall follow it. I mean to fight a straight fight for Defending the Empire, Uniting the Empire and (a) 'Safeguarding'—protecting if you like—the skilled artisans in the Mother Country; (b) doing something to enlist the mob of loafers into the ranks of regular labour.

I have said this three times. It is, therefore—(see the 'Hunting of the Snark')—true. But it entails this. The Press—bar the 'Standard'—is 'agin' me. Because the press of England belongs to Cosmopolitan Finance, they suppress my speeches. But thousands come to listen; and these three speeches have been printed verbatim and are circulated to tens of thousands as leaflets—not by me, but by Liverpool and the Tariff Reform League.

As that is the kind of 'hairpins we are,' you will guess my view on Rhodesia being made a counter in the Cosmopolitan Financial game. 'It won't do.' It must be stopped. I look to Rhodesia now, as I did in 1897, to unite South Africa on an Imperial basis. I want South Africa to take up the running. Imperial Preference depends, now, on South Africa. Canada is being caught in the cogs of U.S.A. and French and German Tariffs. The policy of the Matoppo has got to win. C. J. R. and all the men who died in South Africa, shall not have lived and died in vain. But for that Rhodesia, which is the key to South African Unity, just as South Africa is the key to Imperial Unity, must be purged—at all costs—from any dross and base metal of oriental Finance.

I wish you could have heard and seen the thousands in the Sun Hall at Liverpool rise at me when I said that we would not lose all that for which our soldiers and sailors had died during three centuries. If you are on that tack—and you are—no man will understand you more readily, and gladly, than Jack Seely.—Good-night.

496

To his Father

35 PARK LANE,
December 17th, 1908.

There is one slip in my Liverpool speech. It is 'hundred-weights,' not tons, of 'tin-plates.' I think it must be the reporter's mistake as I have *hundredweights* underlined on my notes. It does not affect the argument. I have corrected

it and sent the exact figures to two correspondents who wrote on the point. The speech has made a great stir. Indeed, too much in one way; for I have many letters to answer, *all* favourable and eager for more.

Yet, I really made that speech—not so well, but still quite as definitely—in April 1907 near Birmingham. But it was not reported.

I have no evidence that ‘critics on our side’ are annoyed. The Opposition papers say they are. But the Opposition papers and Gould have lived for five years on exaggerating our differences, especially over a tax on wheat.

I shall make a point of pushing (1) the Corn Tax, (2) Home Industries, all over again, in January and on the 1st of February at Birkenhead. Meanwhile I shall take no notice of criticism.

National Review Article. I have not read it yet. I read a quotation about it in a ‘press-cutting’ just before I made those three speeches—Irish Land and the two at Liverpool. And, as I travelled to York after the third speech, I read a Leading Article on it in the ‘Yorkshire Post.’ I did not take it to heart.

Oddly enough, it has rallied a great many people to my side. There is a lot of loose ill-nature in the world. But there is, also, a lot of loose good-nature. And when the first is focussed, the second gets focussed, too, in antagonism to the first.

Many members of the House of Commons, without referring to the article, have gone out of their way to stop me in the lobbies, and praise my Irish speech and my Liverpool speech. That is their way of showing that they think the article is outside the rules of the game.

Nobody knows who wrote it. ‘They say’ (1) Leo Maxse would not have published it as by ‘M.P.’ unless it was written by an ‘M.P.’ (2) There is no M.P. on our benches bright enough to have written it. (3) So it must have been written by a peer, who, of course, is also a member of Parliament.

Sibell—who thought I should mind it, when she found I did not—started to-night, the surprising, but ingenious, view that it was written by Lucy—Toby under the clock. He calls himself—in ‘Punch’—M.P. for Barkshire. It amuses me that she should have taken the trouble to think so much. Sometimes women guess things. But I incline to the duller view that it was written by an Irish peer, or somebody like Lord Robertson.

I have not thought about it. But—as I write—it seems to me the product rather of an older man who is cross with the

front-benches, who supplanted him; than of a younger man who wants to supplant them. It smacks of 'spretæ injuria formæ' and uric acid. There is little acidity in the young.

However I must read it. This opinion is based on another 'press-cutting' which gave longer extracts.

I will send your note to Perf.¹ You could not have hit on a better present. Perf is very practical. He got the Saighton people to give him their present, before we arrived. Their present was a new saddle, bridle, hunting-horn, etc. And, having got it, he used them all the *next day*, because the meet was at Saighton. All the donors looked on with admiring eyes and were satisfied that they had hit on something which he was glad to get.

I am very sorry not to have heard his speech. But I am more glad that he should have done a sensible and tactful thing without consulting me, or asking for anybody's advice. There is no indecision in his character. He could act Henry v. but not Hamlet.

To my sorrow the Plymouths are in great anxiety over their eldest son who is dangerously ill with enteric in India. I shall put my foot down against Perf going to Egypt till he is twenty-three at least.

497

To his Mother

35 PARK LANE, W.,
December 23rd, 1908.

I will write you a real letter. This is only a scribble of all love to you and to wish you a merry Christmas and happy New Year. My heart is very sad because of Oti's² death. It has been such anxiety to them and now this great sorrow.

But he was given to the Empire as much as if he had died in battle. Still . . .

498

To his Mother

35 PARK LANE, W.,
February 20th, 1909.

It is long since Fräulein used to paste 'Press-cuttings' in a book, and long since I have read them.

¹ His son had come of age, and there had been celebrations at Clouds and Saighton.

² Lord Plymouth's son.



CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLL, WILTS.

A meet of the S. and W. Wills Hounds during the celebrations for the coming of age of Percy Wyndham. 1908.

But I send you these because I believe the debate which ended yesterday was historic.

It is sixty and odd years since Disraeli, bidding farewell to Protection, said 'But the dark and inevitable hour will arrive. Then, when their spirit is softened by misfortune they will recur to those principles which made England great, and which, *in our belief*, alone can keep England great. Then too, perhaps, they may remember, but with kindness, those who, betrayed and deserted, were neither ashamed nor afraid to struggle for the good old cause . . . the cause of labour, the cause of the people, the cause of England.'

Yesterday, for the first time since then, an *effective* party made an effective *fight*, for that cause.

I am glad that I led the attack yesterday.

I led the attack yesterday. But Austen Chamberlain led it on Thursday and made a *very good* speech.

Arthur was very good in his philosophic way. To win in the country it is necessary to attack more directly the position of the Free Traders and to state facts and figures, which other speakers can use. It is that which puts up a fight all along the line.

Unless that is done the untrue assertions that there is more unemployment and dearer living in protected countries impose upon the working-men.

499

To his Mother

35 PARK LANE, W.,
Evening, March 31st, 1909.

I had a glimpse of dear Minnie¹ to-day, looking her best. I only saw her for a few moments and must have seemed, as indeed I was, 'hardly all there.' I was just 'betwixt and between,' getting out of bed from chill and temperature and going down to the House to speak on dear old Irish Land Purchase. And what little else there is left of me—as a total personality—had sped away with Sibell by the 12.10 to see dear Katie and all of them, in the farm house at Woor with dear, beautiful Molly.² Now I have a gleam of hope for Molly. Sibell and I couldn't hope much this morning. That's why she went off to Crewe, to motor out to Katie at the farm. But when I got back here about 9 o'clock I found a good wire from Sibell. 'Better account, hopeful, delighted with flowers.'

¹ His brother's wife.

² Lady Crichton, who had had a serious fall out hunting.

I had sent a lot of flowers from I. Solomon's. I couldn't *do* anything, and there was *nothing* to be said. So I thought that a lot of lovely flowers by special express to the farm would be a little token of companionship and hope and Spring; just a signal that didn't want an answer. So I was glad to hear that she got them, and liked them. We've had many a good ride together since, long ago, we jumped the Saughton Drain side by side, when she was a little girl with her hair in a pig-tail, riding 'Oak-apple.'

I had that wire to-night, and your excellent wire about dear Papa yesterday, and a glimpse of Perf yesterday morning at 6 o'clock. He had come up overnight to ride a gallop at Kenley. I'd had a real old-fashioned feverish night—only 101—with a draft every three hours. And to hear the boisterous splashing in the bath at 6 a.m. and again, after the ride, at 10, 'bucked me up' and made me feel that we are all, really, eternally young and endowed with everlasting hope.

So I reversed the treatment from febrifuge to tonic; settled to speak to-day in the House; settled *not* to attempt Huddersfield on Friday; settled *not* to dream of Dreadnoughts and Tariff Reform, and Irish Land, and illness, and accidents, as one wonderful problem, of which I had once known the simple solution; unaccountably forgotten, and wearily pursued through a feverish night. All that broke and dissolved in the showers of Perf's splashing. And, since his bath, I had your excellent news of Papa and a glimpse of Minnie and the better news of Molly; and have spoken for one hour and five minutes on Irish Land; and *none the worse*.

Indeed all I have to do is to stick to my resolution *not* to try Huddersfield on Friday. Perhaps that would be tempting 'little gods' too far. The 'little gods' have been busy with us lately. If we beat them back a bit by our eternal youth and everlasting hope, we must not therefore presume. We must be modest and mean and go to bed—as I do now.

P.S.—All this is only about our own fears and hopes. The great fact of the last three days is that Arthur has been glorious. In his speeches—Monday, in the House; Tuesday, to 10,000 in Agricultural Hall, Islington; to-day in the Guildhall, he has captured the Empire for Naval supremacy and Tariff Reform; and now holds those two issues, and all the true forces of the Empire in his hand.

We have won the race. But the course is not finished. We have only to think now of 'staying the course.' So, I repeat, I *am* going to bed.

500

To his Mother

35 PARK LANE, W.,
Tuesday, April 27th, 1909.

I was 'shot at short notice' to be the 'Guest of the evening' of the Tariff Reform Committee in the House of Commons last night. There was a very full attendance. Edmund Talbot was in the chair. I spoke for thirty or forty minutes. Nobody knows which it was! I am rarely other than displeased with my own speeches; and very rarely pleased. Last night was all right. When that happens it puts me in better heart.

And—in a quiet way—lots of people showed that they wanted to 'say sorry.' Some of the extreme Ulster-men attended. People do notice things. F. E. Smith spoke and said that no one had done such platform-work. He said one thing which I would only quote, quite privately, to you, but which—I own—did please me, and pleases me still:—'For three years wherever the clouds were darkest, there you found Wyndham fighting.' Well! well! But how silly that makes it all. But the point of the evening was that I converted a 'sinner'; like a methodist at a revival. Sir Philip Magnus, who has been little better than a free-fooder, got up after my speech and 'testified.' He said I had convinced him and that, henceforward, he chucked Cobden and would go bald-headed for Tariff Reform.

501

*To his Mother*¹

THE BELL INN,
WYLYE, SO. WILTS,
May 16th, 1909, 10.30 p.m.

My little adventure is not yet over, but, so far, I have enjoyed it, every minute. What with my having to master the mysteries of a free-wheel and our both having to walk up the hills, it became apparent to me that I was delaying Fletcher, and not improbable that I should not stay the whole course. So, when we came to face the long climb up to Great Ridge from the old house at the far end of Chicklade Bottom, we made another plan. By 'facing the climb,' I mean seeing what it was going to be like from the high ground beyond

¹ George Wyndham was encamped with his Yeomanry on Salisbury Plain. He and another officer had gone over to spend the day at Clouds. The letter describes the return journey.

Hindon. Seeing that, we decided that he should push on to the Camp and send a motor back. By that time we reckoned that young Mallett had not succeeded in getting Jack Bennett's motor, or the other visionary one in Shaftesbury. And this, indeed, is now confirmed ; for it is past 10.30.

I, for my part, undertook to get to Wylve and wait near the Church. The motor from the camp (when it comes) is to blow its horn. I gave him the map and matches and off he went, like an arrow, down the steep hill to the old house at the far end of Chicklade Bottom. After sweeping down I could see him, in the failing light, walking up the long hill to Stockton Wood.

By then, I had so far mastered the art of free-wheeling, that I got the whole way down that hill without dismounting or being run away with. Then I walked up the long pull to Stockton Wood, sweating at every pore.

I remounted and shot through the gloom of Stockton Wood. Having experienced some difficulty in catching the pedal, when it was too dark to see it, and bethinking me that discretion was the better part of valour, I dismounted before the very steep part of the descent into the Wylve valley. But I ran most of the way down. As I came to the Railway Bridge over the Salisbury to Bath line, I met a youth and asked if there was any inn near the Church. He recommended the Bell Inn, and here I am.

I got here at 9.20 and explained my plight to the Landlord. He was very sympathetic. I blessed the House of Lords for throwing out the Licensing Bill, and considered in how much deeper a hole I should have been had they passed it.

The Inn was full of good fellows and village matrons 'burring' away in broad Wiltshire ; all quite sober, civil, kindly and companionable.

But mine host, impressed by the advent of a real 'Bona fide' traveller and detecting my foreign accent, showed me into a little parlour like a ship's cabin. The walls are enlivened by the old coloured prints of the 'First Steeple Chase on record' ; the one in which officers ride by moonlight in their night-shirts—a congenial theme, and opposite me hangs an old coloured print of Wellington and Nelson.

He prepared me a supper of fried eggs, broiled slabs of uncured ham, bread, cheese and beer. This was English and quite wonderfully good.

It made me feel what a good country England has been, and might be, but for the absurd people who have never lived in the country.

The clock is now striking eleven—rather fast—I make it six minutes to eleven.

I calculate that Fletcher cannot get to camp before eleven. I hope he is getting there now. If so I may be relieved at midnight. 'But then, again, No.' The chauffeurs may be in Lavington. They may miss their way. But Fletcher will 'get' somehow, and then they will know where I am. At worst I shall sleep on the horse-hair sofa and push on at dawn.

It takes many off-chances, coming off with a vengeance, to get benighted in England in the xxth century, even on Salisbury Plain. But this was once a common experience. It is by no means an unpleasant one.

I have six illustrated volumes of the 'Russian War' with steel engravings of Canrobert, Raglan, Lord Cardigan; the battle of Inkerman, the charge of the Light Brigade. It is prefaced with a synopsis of Russian history, which I have read. I have also read a capital old guide book to Stonehenge, published in 1802.

On the title page are four lines from the prize essay of T. S. Salmon. They are very good of their kind.

'Wrapt in the veil of Time's unbroken gloom,
Obscure as death, and silent as the tomb;
Where cold oblivion holds her dusty reign
Frowns her dark pile on Sarum's lonely plain.'

This invaluable work contains the 'Various Conjectures' of

Geoffrey of Monmouth	Aubrey
Giraldus Cambrensis	Sammes
Camden	Speed
Jones	Stukely
Charlton	Wood
<hr/>	
Smith	Britton
Wansey	Browne
Maton	Weaver
King	Duke
Hoare	Thurnham

You read them all and take your choice. I have read them all.

Browne takes my fancy. He sees in Stonehenge an 'Antediluvian Creation,' and traces the exact manner in which the Flood swept up to the Stones and by guttering through them made certain little channels in the ground between them.

The next man on the list, Weaver, was a poor sceptic. He

thought these slight depressions were made by all the people who had walked and ridden between them for so many years. I shall finish this when (?) I hear the horn, or before starting on my bicycle at Daybreak . . .

One a.m. ! has just struck, I have been half asleep on the sofa. Shall now go quite asleep in a bed if I can get one and bicycle on at Dawn.

502

To his Mother

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
June 8th, 1909.

I have booked 24th for your dear birthday and shall look forward to it. We had a great time in France—Chartres, Fontainebleau, Meudon, St. Germain, Méridon, and all the galleries and museums. I enjoyed it very much and feel very well.

Tuesday at Fontainebleau was one of the most beautiful days I remember. The sun was hot and had exhaled all the resin from miles of firs and all the oxygen from billions of leaves, and all the scents of moss and heather, and a light evening breeze blew all that incense through the cool caverns under beech-trees one hundred feet high.

In the Cluny Museum I saw a treasure after our own hearts, —three crowns of Gothic Kings offered at Toledo in about 670 A.D. and dug up not many years ago. This, again, shows that legends and Poets are always in advance of discovery. For all the business of the Romance of old Spain was written long before the archæologist unearthed the crowns. Hanging from the lower rim of the largest is a fringe of Gothic letters, each suspended by a separate chain. They say in Latin that RECCESWINTHOS (Recceswinthus) offered his crown to the Lord. I used to love the rugged end of their names, especially the Princess Amala-swinthas, which worked in the God-descended Amals, whom Kipling introduces in 'Pook's Hill.' And now I have seen their crowns. In the Louvre, I was disgusted to see the sword of Charlemagne which you showed me when I was ten years old, re-labelled xiiith Century. Pooh !

503

To his Mother

ST. FAGAN'S CASTLE,
CARDIFF, 17th August 1909.

It is splendid to hear such good accounts of dear Papa after his journey. I am taking my week's holiday, prescribed by A. J. B. and am out all day; riding with Phyllis before breakfast and playing good lawn-tennis with Plymouth and the two boys.

My speech was a success at Plymouth—'the town Plymouth.' I will send you the 'Western Morning News'—I think it is called—which has a long but not very good report and a leading article. I spoke for one hour and seven minutes.

Now I am just filling myself with air and reading Chaucer and Pickwick. We are in for a very long fight of two or three years in Politics. 'And whether it is worth taking so much trouble to learn so little, as the charity boy said of the Alphabet,' I do not know. But it must be done, and done well. And there is no need to trouble further than to see that it is done well, and stuck.

504

To his Sister, Madeline

CLOUDS,
SALISBURY, 31st August '09.

I loved your dear letter which reached me here this morning. I am glad that you love me. It is a great rest to feel love going on, when one has so much dull work to do.

I spent Sunday at St. Giles with Cuckoo¹: such a funny mixture—and delightful—of people: Wilfrid Blunt, Poet; George Milner, Cavalry Colonel; Boissier, in Navy; a Chaplain who is a mystic; Lilah Ormonde, and Froudy!² The children are very dear, and there are many dogs and a cat. I rode before breakfast yesterday, then walked for two hours with Aileen—now Lady Ardee—Dunraven's daughter. Then we dragged a pool and took out 61 trout and put them in the lake. Then after infinite delays, Cuckoo, Tony, the little boy and girl and I started to ride at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 5, instead of 4. Then we waited for the children at Hurley Gap, and said good-bye; then Cuckoo's hat wouldn't work in the wind, and had to be

¹ His step-daughter, Lady Shaftesbury.

² Former German governess to his step-children.

taken off; then we lost the track and had to jump; then Cuckoo dropped her pearl-headed hatpin; then long good-byes at the crest of the Downs; so that it was 20 to 8 before I arrived!

505

Extract from a letter to his Wife

STANWAY,

WINCHCOMBE, September 23rd, 1909.

It has, of course, been impossible for me to write during manœuvres. But I got your letters. I never had so much joy and interest and pleasure. To you I can say that the great point for me was to be in Percy's life for four days. I wish I could explain. But it almost frightens me to write even to you of my supreme joy in seeing him realize and eclipse all my own dreams when I was his age. It seems silly, and is silly, to write or speak about anything of one's own that is obviously all one could wish and far beyond one's wildest hopes.

So,—just to indicate—The 1st Brigade of the 1st—Alder-shot—Division is the flower of our Army. Arthur Henniker—in the Coldstream with me—commands it. The Brigade has four battalions—Coldstream, Grenadiers, West York, and S. Wales Borderers. Billy Lambton commands my old Coldstream battalion and that is, by universal consent, the best of the four battalions, in the best Brigade.

But, besides the four battalions, there are three batteries of Artillery; two companies of Mounted Infantry; scouts; transport of 1st and 2nd line. Now Percy knows and is loved and trusted by everyone from the Brigadier, Brigade Major, four Battalion Commanders, down to the Mounted Infantry and the men who drive the Transport waggons. He is the winged Mercury of the whole show. The Brigade Major, Gathorne Hardy—said by all to be the best young Staff Officer—volunteered to me on the first day that Percy was the best Aide-de-Camp he had ever known. And I saw it all. He is as quick as lightning and quite calm always. Understands in a moment, is off like a flash, explains quietly, and makes everyone understand from Colonels down to Transport drivers. And also arranged and ran all our messing. He never tires and after all the marching and fighting, waits at table, like the Squire in Chaucer, on the officers attached to the Head Quarter Staff; and cracks his little jokes, and leaves his food to look after the last wagon. And comes back all smiles to eat the last bit of cold meat and sleep in his boots and spurs.

They all love him. And all the swells only want him to go on, and up. And no one is jealous of him. He looks the part, too. On Tuesday—our hardest day—he rode both his horses to a stand and then got on mine, Cardinal, and flashed all over the country, jumping brooks and rails to extricate our two Brigades, that were out-numbered and crumpled up. That was a grand day. I went into the attack with my old battalion, and before I knew where I was—there I found myself—‘in the old prank’—I rode out and spotted a flank attack and got two companies and the maxim on it. When, owing to the 2nd brigade wavering, the 1st was left, I admired Billy Lambton’s coolness and skill. But we were out-numbered by 3 to 1. We were crushed back into a village called Deanfield. We scraped up three companies of Grenadiers and shoved them in at the critical moment. But we were almost surrounded. Billy asked me to get a message to Sutton who had four companies further back. I nearly got shot by one of our own guns! Such was the pandemonium. But I got back, dismounted of course, borrowed a bicycle for some way, and then by running and boring through the fences, got the message through. We got three battalions out of the four into a splendid second position and staved off the disaster, and thus by ‘containing’—as the experts say—the superior force against us, prevented the enemy from getting back across the Isis in time. So our left division—the other three Brigades—carried Faringdon.

But all this is gibberish unless I explained the whole of the strategy and tactics—which is out of the question.

Taking it by the days, I left here at three o’clock on Sunday with Billy Lambton and Percy. We joined the 1st brigade at the outskirts of Cheltenham. We were to march at 4 a.m. So we packed everything and slept on the ground. We got up at three, breakfasted at 3.15, marshalled the column, with advance, flank, and rear guards, and stepped out as the clocks of Cheltenham struck 4. We had a long anxious flank march. But, thanks to the splendid work of the Household Cavalry Brigade, we did our 28 miles—far more for the flank-guard and others who had to go back with guns to repel attacks on our rear. Yet, when we halted at dusk, the men swung in singing. The marching of the Infantry has been the chief feature. Everyone and especially the French officers talk of nothing else.

Just as we had settled to cold pies and dinner for the men there was a slight night attack. But it came to nothing. We slept in a lovely orchard. I lay on the ground next Perf and watched the stars and slept and woke feeling twenty years

younger. Then, Tuesday, came our hard fight all day and retirement—whilst our 2nd division carried Faringdon on the other side of the river.

On the third day—as our Brigade was in reserve—I put on a ‘neutral’ badge and rode all over the battle-field with Ivor Maxse who was umpiring. It was most interesting. The battle-front was only four miles long. On Tuesday, the battle was ten miles long. I rode everywhere, and had interesting conversations with Duke of Connaught, Lord Roberts, and Repington, the ‘Times’ correspondent. At the end I went back to see my brigade deliver the final attack. It was superb.

But to cut a long story short, the moral of it all was put as only the French can put things, by a French General, at Dinner with our Divisional General Grierson. (I ought to say that the last attack was by three Brigades of which ours was one—though the best.)

The French General said, ‘Your attack was excellent, like this glass of port (holding it up in his hand)—it only wants *refilling*. What is one glass of port? You want three or four.’

The keen interest of the French officers in our capacity is a significant symptom. They all believe that Germany will attack us within three years.

And now Good-night. I have forgotten all about Politics and shall resume them with a fresh mind and exuberant vitality.

This is a ridiculous letter. For it is impossible to explain my pleasure without inflicting a lecture on strategy and tactics etc., etc. And besides all that—there were the dawns and sunsets, the lovely English land, the old churches, the hedge-row elms, the stubble fields, Kelmscott, the country-folk—and through all that mellow peace—the humming maze of men, and horses, and bicycles, and guns and field-telegraphs and heliographs and signalling, and the healthy scent of sweat and energy directed by cool intellect.

506

To G. K. Chesterton

35 PARK LANE, W.,
7.xi.1909.

If by good fortune you were here I should be talking to you. ‘Tremendous Trifles’ have been all my joy between political meetings. I carry them in my pocket and read them aloud to people like my sister and Charles Gatty. I think they gain by being read aloud—‘with a loud voice or great noise:

loudly,' as the dictionary interprets, adding for an example, 'Cry aloud, spare not,' Is. lviii. 1. And that is what I do with your book to my friends.

But if you were indeed here I should probably be talking about your G.B.S. because the last chapter—which I have just finished—has set my brain going again. I saw Paulhan fly yesterday at Sandown. He could not begin until a chauffeur had started his engine by sending the propeller round. The chauffeur did this by a downward shove of one blade, applying both hands and all his might. For some ten minutes this was done. Each shove turned the blades round once, and nothing more happened. Then after, say, the 21st shove, the engine sang and the machine soared up over the trees, with the homely drone of a threshing machine. That is just what you have done to my brain. (I remark in passing that this kind of flying is not in the least wonderful. It produces no surprise. To see the thing leave the ground after running along it, is wonderful. But when it is in the air it seems as familiar as any other machine made by man. It is not nearly as mysterious as a plough and cannot compete in the same class with the miracle of a horse allowing a man to ride him.)

Your shove, which set me going, was 'Economics really means house-keeping.' I have been trying for six years to explain that the point of Economics ought to be the keeping of houses; whereas the professors of Economics assert that it does not matter how often a man loses one house for another, or no house at all except the Poorhouse. It is this discrepancy which makes people dislike Economics. Similarly people dislike socialism because they feel that wealth is largely credit, or belief, *i.e.* belief that promises will be kept. Whereas Socialists say they ought never to be made. I object to the Budget because the Economists who defend it think that promises should be kept, but not houses, and the Socialists who defend it think that houses should be kept, but not promises; whilst both pretend that we need not be a nation, or else—for I own that I do not understand either party—that we can be a nation without regard to the fact that other people are nations also. Their politics confound me. For I believe that politics ought to consist in the maintenance of frontiers and homes.

The other great shove which you gave to my propeller was the statement that 'the years from 1885 to 1898' were sceptical and pessimistic. That interests me intensely because my own experience was the exact opposite. It was in 1885 that I came

to life, and I believed then, and since, that my experience was very general. I left England in February for the Soudan, a disciple of Marcus Aurelius (because I preferred him to Herbert Spencer). And I came back, if not quite a Christian, still certainly on the high road to Catholic Christianity, having passed—rather rapidly—through Pantheism in Egypt, Paganism in Cyprus, and Mohammedism or monotheism, which began to merge into Christianity during the sunset hour in which I passed the Island of Crete. I remember the thing happening to me, or in me, quite distinctly, as the Island turned into a long opal far off on the lapis-lazuli sea. I had been reading the Decline and Fall, Ockley's Saracens, and the Crusades at the top of Mount Troodos. And that is what happened to me, there and then, as the ship passed Crete.

In the same way—to turn from Religion to Politics—I left England persuaded (by my elders and betters) that 'the Country was going to the dogs.' And I came back to find that the Reform Bill had made a General Election human. 1885 was to me, and I believe to many, the end of disbelief in religion, and the end of fear in Politics. It was the end of the two horrible by-products of the French Revolution—doubt and terror. It was the end of Herbert Spencer and rebirth of Christianity. It was the end of Bob Lowe and rebirth of Democracy. Nobody could believe after 1885 that the many would ever again trust the few. But everybody began to believe he would trust the many. Nobody could believe after '85 in the Protestant view of damnation; but anybody could begin to believe in the Catholic view of Salvation.

But enough of this, and many thanks for 'A yawn is a silent yell.'

P.S.—On the voyage home after passing Crete I read an egregious book by a man Drummond, called, I think, 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World.' I rejoice to think I discovered it at once to be sheer rubbish. I wrote and informed my Mother of that fact. It was not till 1887 that I read the Confessions of St. Augustine and found out that what happened to me off Crete had happened to him whilst reading Cicero in a garden. Shortly afterwards I realized that it happens to everybody and is no more, or no less, miraculous than the other things that happen to everybody, such as the change from a boy's voice to a man's and 'the throb of courage like a sense newborn.' To these should be added losing one's hair and becoming more happy at a later period. 'And the end I know is the best of all.' Because there is no end.

507

To Philip Hanson

35 PARK LANE, W.,
6.xii.09.

I said in Yorkshire that there would be a deficit of £6,000,000. I am, therefore, interested to see that the 'Financial Times' of 3rd inst. says ditto, and even speaks of £7,000,000.

The only sensible plan I have ever seen for reforming the House of Lords is, I fear, outside the range of our old friend, practical Politics. It comes from Horatio Bottomley! He suggests that the H. of C. and H. of L. should each elect one half of the Second Chamber for the duration of a Parliament.

The root of the matter is that no Second Chamber, however composed, would pass the kind of Bill that a modern Liberal Government brings in, *i.e.* a Bill to please one relatively small minority—*e.g.* Licensing Bill, which is passed through the H. of C. by other log-rolling minorities expectant of their turn. If the Liberal Party cannot exist without that, then either there can be no Liberal Party, or no Second Chamber; and if the Liberal Party drive the country into that choice, the country will—I think—prefer a Second Chamber to the Liberal Party. That is a matter of opinion. I am not certain and no one can be. But that—for what it is worth—is my view; and the view of some Liberals.

508

To his Sister, Pamela

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 13th December 1909.

I was thinking of you vividly yesterday and to-day. So I was not surprised to find a letter to-night, mysteriously, at 10.30 p.m., and apart from known deliveries of the Postmaster General. Certainly there was no letter at 8 p.m., for I had cleared the decks of all correspondence, before going into action on a big speech to-morrow. I felt vividly that I had not touched you for long. And that, of course, was you touching me.

And now for my dear little Clare. I long to see her. Let her stop here 18th to 20th. I must to Dover on the 20th. But that Saturday to Monday she would find here Sibell, Perf, self, Mahaffy and Hanson. We should be talking about Greek

Influence and Hunting. It is my only lull in this whirlpool of Politics. Perhaps—in spite of all you say—she might return to hunt herself when the battle is over in the last week of January or first week of February. But she would like that Sunday of books, and horses to feed (8 lovely hunters) and dear dogs. Mahaffy's last book on Greek Influence is by far the best thing he has done and a good book for Clare—or you—or me—to read. It is so good and cool! Just a perfect pool to bathe in, with none of the mud of forest pools and none of the clamour of the ocean. It has only the seclusion of woodland haunts and the salt freshness of the main. So send little Clare here on Saturday. Even if I have to work many hours, she will grasp the place and come back to read and hunt and be a little dear one in my life. I have a gap for her to fill. I have been speaking a great deal and have to speak very often. But to-day I had two hunts of 1 hour and 1½ hours with Bendor and Perf. I loved it. I sweated through everything and forgot Tariff Reform, and my flesh was made new like the flesh of a little child.

509

To his Sister, Mary

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 23.12.'09.

I meant to write no Xmas letters, but, somehow, I must send my love to you, tho' I don't quite know where you are. You wrote to me but I was in the whirl of the Platform mellay—(or *mêlée* if you prefer French to Old English).

I have been just sticking to it, like a boy in the bully at football, with no art but endurance. I shall stay the course. But just now am hampered by a comic and most painful handicap. It used to be called a 'face-ache.' Dentists call it, now, *periostitis*; it means a good deal of pain and the chance of an abscess in the jawbone—fit retribution for a platform speaker. I spoke 1 hour and 20 minutes Monday, and made 2 speeches Tuesday, and 2 yesterday, with this gnawing evil at me all the time. And it is well worth it. For this is quite a good fight to be in.

At such moments a little vanity may be forgiven, 'just a touch of Cyrano's panache. I am really pleased to find my tag—'We want eight, and we won't wait'—speaking of Dreadnoughts, incorporated in the Burlesque Epilogue of the Westminster Play: '*Nos poscimus octo Naves, nec mora sit.*' But

this is no echo of passing tumult. It just sings the old song—A Merry Xmas—and all love to you. ‘Interea, quicquid mutato erit ordine rerum mutatum, nobis floreat alma domus.’ The last couplet of the Westminster Epilogue. And my free rendering—‘Meanwhile whate’er of change shall be in all established things, For us may our dear family renew eternal springs.’ I should like to carve the Latin couplet in the hall at Clouds and date it Xmas 1909.

510

To his Mother

HOTEL BURLINGTON,
DOVER, January 9th, 1910.

This time my opponent is a very good fellow, Montague Bradley, about my age, Colonel of the Territorial Artillery, Chairman of the Liberal Party, son of the old Chairman, solicitor to half the undertakings in the place, and a relation by blood or marriage of all the Liberal Party, also a nonconformist and benefactor of Chapels, etc.

We get little help from our three Conservative papers, whose only idea of contest is to ask me for money.

On the other hand, we have capital meetings. I spoke four nights last week and also to three open-air meetings, the Railway Works, Iron Works, and Brewery. I speak all five nights next week, and in the daytime, to Harbour Works, Paper Mills, and the ‘Shore Force,’ that is the porters who handle the continental goods.

Sibell is working like a beaver. Also Miss King is canvassing, and Jenny, Sibell’s maid, and Arthur, my valet.

He came in flushed with triumph the day before yesterday, saying, ‘I’ve got one’—as if he had caught a fish. His method is not to argue, to show the picture of the Graves in the Transvaal, with the names of dear Wiltie¹ and David Airlie on them.

Our old Friends are all to the front. There are specially Mrs. Rhodes and ‘Snowball,’ the hostess of a rather rowdy public-house and a costermonger, who have a special devotion to Sibell and wring our hands before and after the meetings. I only ‘claim’ to win by 700. But I shall do better, I hope. The ‘mob’ and the ‘children’ are fond of us.

Talking of my opponent, I wonder if he is a relation of the Bradley who taught me Latin in the little room next the drawing-room at Deal Castle?

I wanted a rest to-day. So we went off to Deal in a taxi.

¹ Marquis of Winchester.

I rather dreaded it. For it is 36 years since I was there. They have built up to the Castle. But it is there untouched and unspoilt. The bridge, the dint in the door from Cromwell's cannon-ball, the archway which you painted, the bastions, the guns, the prints of sailors, the fig-trees in the moat.

I was flooded with memories of the boat the old sailor made for me, cricket beyond the wooden bridge, seats with publick on them, and the K painted over to suit modern spelling, the hard-bake shop, the sports of the Marines at the barracks, Sandown Castle—blown up and lost in the sea—Shellness—dear old Godfrey, and George Sumner, and Lord Clanwilliam himself who took me to Isel after my first term at Chittenden's.

I went into your bedroom, and there, on the walls, were the photographs of Albert Durer's Knight (Sintram) and Titians. They carried an echo from those days. Nothing was gone except the broken shell-bomb, in the drawing-room ; a thing like a shattered bit of iron piping. I remember, or have invented as children will—that its explosion had killed Lord Clanwilliam's eldest son. Is that memory of a fact, or memory of a child's imagination ?

Now I am four years older than at the last Election and twenty years older than when I was first elected. I am an 'institution' ; and yet, my immortal soul feels the same boy's soul, and the same youth's soul. As I looked at the moat I felt my old dread of earwigs, and in the little room could see the page of the Eton ' Latin Grammar ' from which I learnt ' Amo ' ' Amas ' ' Amat.'

Anyway ' Amo ' I love you.

511

To his Sister, Mary

HOTEL BURLINGTON,
DOVER, *January 9th, 1910.*

If, by chance, you have a moment to spare it would be a charity to write a line to brother George. I know that you did write the other day and that I did not answer except with the heart. I realized Archie Gordon's death through my affection for those who knew him well ; and I had a vivid image of him at your house. I am glad you told me that his suffering and death belonged to the brilliant kindness and courage of his life. But I was not surprised to hear that. I had seen enough of him to know quite well that he was himself and not a patchwork of imitations. Anybody who is himself is all of one piece in life, and death, and, I believe, afterwards. Of the patchworks

I am not so sure. It may be that the little shock of death resolves them into their constituent parts. But, again, it may be that it only strips the harlequin's mask and coat off them, and reveals their self for the first time. This is more probable. I felt Harry Percy's death deeply. I was very fond of him. We were closer friends than most of you knew. Except Arthur, at rare moments, Harry Percy was the only man with whom I have talked over the future of England. And we had talked of much else and been drawn together. He came to Park Lane often last Summer, and I went to his lodgings in Curzon Street and we had settled that he should come to Saighton and that I should travel with him. I loved his courage and intellect, and expected that he would one day be Prime Minister. This has been a dark year of bereavement.

I am rejoicing over the splendid way in which Arthur has put himself at the head of the fight. His last 2 speeches were perfect. I look forward to the others. I have been distressed by being prevented from saying 'yes' when he wired to ask me to take a meeting at Stafford. I longed to go. But in these matters one must consider one's chairman. I should not have accepted my Chairman's decision if it had been based on Dover alone. The decisive consideration was that we cannot risk Kent and the South, which we hold, in order to win elsewhere. It is a nice point, and therefore exasperating.

When the fight is over I want to get Arthur to listen to me on the organization of (1) districts, (2) star speakers, (3) Provincial Press—taken together.

I am persuaded that basing ourselves roughly on the Heptarchy, we could have 6 other dominions, comparable to the Birmingham area, which used to be Mercia.

There you have (1) the district, (2) Chamberlain, (3) the Birmingham Daily Post.

What we want is to take, for example, Northumbria, and run Northumberland, Durham and Yorks, together; or the S.E. and run Kent and Sussex together; or Wessex, and run Hampshire, Wilts and Dorset together.

In each Dominion there should be one or two 'star' speakers, with natural influence and backing; the peers and magnates on their platforms; and the Press syndicated to give full reports in that area.

The existing Press Agencies, or Harmsworth and Pearson, could do this if it was explained to them.

What happens now is that, for example, I speak in Dover. The 3 local papers, all incompetent, compete with each other, to sell a column, or a third of a column, of my speech to the

2 London Agencies, Press Association and Central News, who compete with each other to sell a third of a column or 2 inches, to the London and Provincial Press throughout the Country.

That is absurd. On our side, Arthur and Lansdowne and anyone else who is a 'star' to all the Kingdom, ought to go 'verbatim' everywhere, through the London Press agencies.

But 'stars' of the 2nd and 3rd magnitude who now twinkle fitfully and are often subject to obscurity, would blaze like Mars in their own Region.

Such an Organization of Districts, Speakers, and Press would, indirectly, assist in getting the right candidates. What a long dull story! Everybody here is 4 years older than at the last election and there are no new men. That is the tragedy everywhere. The new generation has not the grit and dash of the old lot. 'Is the Caucasian played out?' or to quote once more 'Their tameness is shocking to me.' I am the Alexander Selkirk of Dover, and my man Friday is 20 years older than I am.

512

To his Father

DOVER, 11th January 1910.

Your letter is cheering over our prospects in Wilts. I should be particularly pleased if we won Johnny Fuller's seat, not from any ill-will to him, but because it is that type of Liberal which most misleads. If Johnny Fuller, with a stake in the country, an officer in the Yeomanry, playing polo, etc., connives at socialism and bolsters up Free Trade, it is not easy to convince Mr. Jones the solicitor, or Mr. Smith the builder, or Tom, Dick, and Harry, that we are being beaten in manufacture and threatened with defeat in War.

The other class, who do even more harm, are the Conservatives who merely amuse themselves. I prefer the cackling alarmist. It was the geese who saved the Capitol.

We are doing well here to the best of my belief. But there was never so uncertain an Election over the country generally. Sibell is working like a Trojan. I have no view on the general result, beyond this. Two months ago I said we should win 130 seats. Now, I believe we shall do better.

Of five years hence I can speak with more confidence. I am confident that by then we shall have a large majority for Tariff Reform and Defence; unless—'absit omen'—we have been wiped out by Germany and social discord before the five years are up.

To his Father

35 PARK LANE, W.,
January 16th, 1910.

You are still asking about five years hence. I agree; that is my point. My view on it is that in five years' time two things will have happened. The 'English' will have realized that they must resume their part of deciding policy. They will deny the right of the Irish, Welsh, and Scotch to deflect Imperial policy because of Home Rule, Disestablishment, or a belated regard for Mr. Gladstone.

The 'English' will use all constitutional means and, if need be, extra-constitutional means.

(2) In the same way the 'English' will take note of organized 'Labour' and deny its right to deflect Imperial policy.

Against (1) the Nationalist and (2) the class forces of separation they will assert their own qualities of (1) Individual independence and (2) Imperial consolidation.

For these two objects Tariff Reform is essential.

I am quite sure of the result five years hence. If I knew I was going to die next week I should die a happy man in the certainty that our English love of personal independence and Imperial inter-dependence was going to triumph.

In this present acute controversy I see by the first day's results that candidates of definite personality win. For example Tommy Bowles beats Eddy Cadogan.

The new House of Commons will be much more like the House of Commons you knew than any we have had for many years.

We shall have the best 'men.'

To descend from these generalizations, the Central Office (and A. J. B.) will perceive the absurdity of fighting with Candidates called 'Profumo' or 'Bellilios.'

Sibell will tell you what the children of Dover were like. They swarmed like bees on our carriage. They were the children of the poorest. But they might, any one of them, have been my child or Bendor's child. The race has not degenerated. It has been cramped and sold to the foreigner. These half-fed, badly clothed, wretchedly poor children, had clear eyes, good features, clean limbs. They were all 'gentlemen.' They cheered me, and Sibell, and—mark this—'Mr. Wyndham's coachman' and 'the old horses that pull us.' I said no word of politics to them. Sibell—as a Christian—only suggested that instead of hooting the other side (when we

passed their strongholds) they should only cheer louder. That puzzled them, for they love conflict.

But—of their own selves—they said from time to time ‘We want a strong Navy,’ or ‘That’s shut because the Germans take away our fathers’ work.’

These little ill-fed, clean-bred, English children are my guarantee of the future and my answer to what will happen five years hence.

The whole of Dover went mad last night. I had a crowd of 6000 or 8000 shouting themselves into delirium.

Even the night before, on Friday, so many got on to the carriage that they broke the front wheel, and Sibell and I walked home arm-in-arm escorted by thousands of the poorest people in England, who love us because they know we love their country.

514

To his Father

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
January 25th, 1910.

I know that Tariff Reform is not everything. But it is a great thing in itself, and, also, in my opinion, the only weapon by which we can defeat the kind of legislation that alarms you.

It is a great thing in itself, because you cannot have a healthy State, or Nation, even in Peace, unless it has a *Frontier*. You must think on all matters of your country as a definite organism, and not as a chance part of a cosmopolitan community.

It is the only weapon with which you can fight Socialism; because ‘Labour’—or even the wrecks and misfits of ‘Labour’—will always look somewhere for help and subsistence.

Cosmopolitan Individualism was never a truth, only a dream, and, I think, a nightmare.

In Feudal times, Labour and the ‘misfits’ looked to the ‘fief’ and were helped and sustained.

When Feudalism—as an ideal—was destroyed a hundred years ago, people tried cosmopolitan individualism. It never worked.

Now they must either look to the State as a State, or to the world as a Socialistic community.

The second is insanity. The first, if realized by Tariff Reform, can help the individual without sapping his independence.

The foolish blend of Individualism and Socialism to which the Liberal-Labour Party is reduced is worse than the two ‘ideals’ of which it is compounded. They are each insane.

For each neglects the Frontier and the Home, which are the two poles of political existence. There is something more repulsive than insanity, and that is sheer Folly ; known to be folly by those who practise it. This foolish Blend—which the Lib.-Labs. call a policy—combines mental aberration with mental turpitude. There is no mixture more nauseous and deadly.

515

To Hilaire Belloc

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 30th January 1910.

' Now the Hurly-Burly's done ' it is time for us to exchange signs of life and signals of amity. I should not have mourned over your defeat—nor you ? But this I will say, if any one of my political opponents was to win I would have chosen you. You ought to be in the House of Commons on public grounds, and I am glad that you are on the private grounds of friendship. For we are companions.

I do not propose to write much to-night. Since my election and an incursion into Lincolnshire I have been in bed with congestion of the lungs. But now I am up and well and eager for life and light and brave words about the wonder of living. When the House meets we will eat sausages and drink beer and be merry and wise together. I was glad to see that ' Marie Antoinette ' has gone into a second edition and sorry to recall that you sold her before she was born.

516

To Philip Hanson

STANWAY,
WINCHCOMBE, 13.ii.10.

I read your two articles with interest and will send them back when I next come across a large envelope. They arrived opportunely to give my mind a suitable list, for the Sidney Webbs are here and conversation gravitates into the pit of social regeneration. We are also A. J. B., the Salisburys and Hugh Cecil, and John Hugh Smith.

Excepting one talk with A. J. B. I have done no Politics. I have been ' pickling ' rather idly and pleasantly over material that may, or may not, help in my Rectorial Address. Literature of the Dark Ages, troubadours, etc., etc., and making notes.

Side by side with an historical attempt to account for

Romance, I am thinking more obscurely (!) of a physical, or metaphysical, explanation of what Romance is. It is still very dim. But whether this is, or is not, of use to the Address, I want to write something more to accompany my Scott some day in a book of essays. I know that Zola's realism is wrong, and that Pope is inadequate. As Dr. Johnson said, 'He excelled all others in poetical prudence.' I know that Scott was right. And I ask myself why.

Chesterton's criticism is nearly right, too, when he says that Dickens was realistic *because* he was Romantic—only, as usual, he uses words in a way that confounds. His examples, that Murdstone is the step-father as he is to a small child, or, that the characters in 'Copperfield' are large because David was small, are illuminating.

In my Scott we carried it, I think, as far as that Realism (= observation) and Romanticism (= imagination) are the primary modes.

I think I see my way to two further steps, perhaps to three further steps.

(1) Romanticism = the reaction of the mind on the real, not its mere reflection in a mirror.

(2) Romanticism reacts chiefly on the strange, instead of repelling the strange—as the Greek mind and Latin mind repelled it.

(3) (And this, my dear P. H., is the devil !) Romanticism in accepting the strange, performs an act of *recognition*, because man's mind is, teste the Greeks (?), a microcosm, and the Bible—'in the image of God,' and so holds all in itself implicitly. But after Classicism, or prolonged routine, some things are atrophied in the Mind. Then, on being met by the Mind, they are *recognized*, like the prodigal son, and re-united to the *familiar* with jubilation and extravagance in the matter of a fatted calf.

I believe this. But will anybody believe me ?

P.S.—To revert to Unemployment and 'without prejudice' to Tariff Reform, but looking only to research and classification as preliminaries, I had an idea last night.

It sprang from your section on seasonal trades. I rather demurred to your inclusion of Gas-making, merely practically (not imaginatively), for I know that the Dover Gas-works have for years—in Winter and Summer—employed the same numbers. I also know that Gas-works make a great many things beside gas, *e.g.* dyes and ammonia as by-products. I wondered whether therein lay the explanation. Then I had the idea.

Why not discover and classify the by-products of the workers'

faculty, e.g. a paper-hanger may be qualified in a secondary way by his aptitude for hanging paper to do something else. Ditto the house-painter, and so on.

I think this ought to be true.

I know that some faculties disqualify for some other channels of activity. Now if the reverse is also true, we might find that the paper-hanger and house-painter had developed a secondary aptitude which could be exercised after the summer holidays are over.

I tried this on Sidney Webb, with whom I had a strenuous two hours, and he did not scout it. But that may be due to his politeness.

517

To his Father

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
February 16th, 1910.

I had some interesting talk with Arthur Balfour at Stanway. Redmond will, I feel pretty sure, accept Asquith's assurances whatever they may be; and then quarrel with the Liberals later on. Redmond cannot afford another General Election this year, and Asquith wishes to stay in for a year and a half or two years. That being so, they will both humbug their respective parties and connive at nothing much happening till 1911 at earliest. That is what they will try to do. They may, however, be stampeded by Lloyd George.

I hunted yesterday and am none the worse for it, so I shall hunt to-morrow and Friday and go up for Arthur's dinner and the King's speech on Saturday. Perf is very well. He won a race last Saturday against professional jockeys over hurdles. It was a good performance and has brought him fame in this part of the world. But I hope he will soon be too heavy for such exploits. Bendor has been hunting six days a week, going well, and giving complete satisfaction to an exacting Field.

We are still full of politics in Cheshire and determined to win more seats next time.

518

To his Father

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, February 18th, 1910.

Perf, Bendor and self are just in from a 'Red-letter' day. After the gale yesterday, which of course spoilt our sport—though we did have a rather nice gallop in the evening—we

settled that to-day, as the wind had dropped, we were going to do great things. As we motored to the Meet about three miles the other side of the Cheshire Hills from Saughton, we settled what run we would like to have and chose the best you could have, by way of the longest point over the best line. Well, we did it twice! and once back again.

We only drew two coverts all day. We found at once at Wardle, a good covert half a mile from the Meet. Viewed away a big dog-fox, ran first away from the hills to Hurleston covert, which is six miles as the crow flies from the hills. Viewed the same fox away and then raced slap for the hills and killed our old dog-fox fair and square in the open after 50 minutes of the best, just a mile short of the hills.

Benny then trotted back slowly the whole way to Baddiley, which is one and a half miles further from the hills than Hurleston. I have just measured it, a full $7\frac{1}{4}$ or $7\frac{1}{2}$ as the crow flies. We found at once, ran fast along the canal—*i.e.* parallel to the hills the 7 miles and more from them. Then we turned and ran right to them without touching a covert, racing a field off from where we had killed. Fox, and hounds, and the first five or six of us were all together into the little outlying wood of the big woods on the hills. I said to the whip, 'Perhaps the fox can't face the hill'—which is very steep. He said, 'It may break his heart.' But he was headed by rustics screaming with excitement and that saved him. For he lay down and another jumped up and took them all the way back to Baddiley! I stopped at the hills and rode home. It was just 50 minutes again to where he lay down. A day to remember.

519

To his Father

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
Sunday, 9 p.m., March 6th, 1910.

I am just back—9 p.m.—from a Saturday and a half Sunday at Saughton. I agree that we are in a political crisis of suffering from a National illness. I cannot prove that we shall recover, but I believe we shall. As Disraeli said, 'The history of England is a history of reactions.' So was the history of Rome. Indeed our case is far more favourable than most of the grave cases from which we, and other nations, have recovered. It is mainly due to idleness and pusillanimity of 'moderate' men, especially among liberals, but also among conservatives. We

have not, so far, to contend with famine, general bankruptcy, and the fierce passions which these engender. Yet our ancestors, and the Romans on several occasions, dealt faithfully with these also. Perhaps one might say—in a gloomy mood—that the absence of such scourges delays the reaction. There are no violent causes to force thoughtful men to think and brave men to act. So, for lack of decision, the crisis and the malady are prolonged. But I am not gloomy. On the contrary, it is my knowledge that we are in a tight place which reconciles me to politics. If all were well, I should retire, write a book, and keep a pack of hounds.

520

To his Wife

TRAVELLERS' CLUB,
PALE MALL, S.W., 10 p.m., 30th March, 1910.

I believe I talk more to you when I am away, and at work than in holidays. The truth is there is an immense amount of what I call brain-time under the two conditions of (1) being alone, (2) having to grasp the minutes during most of the day for original work. If one is not alone time is swallowed by others. If one is alone, and idle, it melts away. But if one is alone and strung up to work, every hour is equal to a week.

I shall never make much more of politics than I do now. I admire F. E. Smith and Hugh Cecil. We parted before 10 last night. Since then I have not spoken, except to make a speech, or say a word on the bench, or to whips in the whips' room.

But look at the difference. F. E. made a glorious, splendid, rapturous speech. Linky¹ made a very individual and wonderfully brave speech; too autobiographical at one time; too intricate and premature at another, when he explained his plan for a reformed House of Lords; but ending with a long peroration of deep poetic insight and breathless beauty, that mesmerized the House.

What did I do? Je me le demande. I got to work about 10 last night. There was not time to prepare—as I like to prepare for a great debate—so I took a pencil and wrote down 7 things in one line each, each of which I felt naturally to be 'of the centre' as Matthew Arnold had it.

Then I went up at 12 midnight and had a few illuminating thoughts. As each came, I lit the candle, and jotted it down.

¹ Lord Hugh Cecil.

Then I dreamt, of being tired ; of the Speaker not calling me ; of having nothing to say ; and suddenly woke, alert and collected for a spring at 7.45. So I got up, found Arthur¹, ordered breakfast at 8.45, gobbled it. Then found nothing to help in small ways ; no paper of the right size ; no sharp pencils ; no new nibs in pens ; not even a pin in the pincushion to pin my tie behind the collar.

That is all my fault for being an artist who has allowed himself to drift into politics. The situation was absurd ; but not altogether through any fault of mine.

Until after Asquith and Arthur and others had spoken yesterday, *i.e.* till past 6, we—the front Opposition bench—did not know what line we were to take officially, or the order of Debate, or the Opposition amendment, or who was to move it, or when it was to be moved.

All that had to be settled. Jack Sanders had an Amendment which I thought utterly wrong. It was cast. Ultimately we got a composite amalgam of self and Bonar Law and Austen.

Arthur said ‘Do you want to speak, George?’ Now I am as obstinate in being myself as he is in being himself. So I said ‘Yes, if I can be of any use.’ Then he asked Alfred Lyttelton. He said ‘I should like to have a go.’ Austen was not keen.

So here was the absurdity. We had all been dinning in the necessity of a ‘big Debate.’ Yet no one was prepared—and *no one could have been prepared.*

Then back to the Whips’ Room. I forced the pace for F. E. for I knew he wanted to speak. I insisted on his being asked in to that conclave. Practically, it was settled that he was to move the adjournment and speak first to-day.

Then Alfred came in and said he couldn’t speak to-day ! Then, and only then, as there was *no one* on our front bench to speak, I said ‘I’ll speak, of course, and go home and think over it.’

That is how things happen. I jotted down my first obvious 7 central propositions—slept more or less—bolted my breakfast—pointed out to Arthur that I ought to have pins, and pens and paper ; took a sharp turn to the rabbits and back in the park, and sat down to adjust and expand my 7 propositions.

Structure is all I can do. By 11.30 or 12 I saw that the structure would not work out unless I threw up proposition 4, added it to 2, and so reduced my total points to 6.

Then I made notes, with a blunt pencil, and wrote them out with a wobbly pen, on paper of the wrong size.

¹ His servant.

It was past 2 o'clock, and with only 20 questions, little time before F. E. would begin, and I make it a point of honour to listen to others.

So I taxied to the Carlton, bolted some chicken, got to the House, heard F. E.'s brilliant speech; then Birrell who ought to have followed funkcd. I understand that. I was desperately tempted not to speak to-day. But if I once funkcd, I should hardly ever speak again.

So Simon followed Smith; Linky followed Simon, and Birrell then spoke.

He is always difficult to follow, for he advances no serious argument, and makes good jokes, and says jolly sort of things. Everybody laughs. It is all insincere; but funny.

It is also 6 o'clock. Everyone is tired; and no one more than myself. They want tea. So do I.

Until I read the report to-morrow—if there is one, I shall not know what I said. I only know that I could have said it much better.

Had I spoken an hour sooner, or a day later; or had a fresh house—I would have done the trick.

As it was, I think I gave them the bones of a good argument.

The rest of our front bench went away after that, and left me 'in charge.' That means that I had to sit on the bench till 8.15.

I tried to catch Belloc, but he was gone. Then I telephoned to Edmund. But he has influenza and May and Magdalene were dining out. Then I drew Queen Anne Street for Pamela. But she is in the country. Then I looked in at the Carlton. But no one was there except two who were finishing dinner. So I came here and dined at 9 o'clock—grilled sole, two cutlets, *Les Deux Mondes* and a French novel. And now I am going to bed.

P.S.—As Smorltork says 'Politics surprises by itself.' It is, in some ways, a ghastly trade. . . . I was told by Balcarres that one of our supporters (!) was indignant at F. E. having been given the adjournment. I said 'But not after hearing his speech?'

Yes—it was after that. Now isn't it *odious* that men should only manœuvre for the lime-light like painted women at a Music Hall? It makes me retch. And this is a debate on a proposal to destroy a Constitution that has lasted 800 years.

It makes me sad. No one comes into the House except to speak themselves, or to listen to a speaker who makes good jokes, or to look at 'a scene.'

All that Bob Lowe and Carlyle prophesied of democracy has come true, and more than all.

And yet I'm not downcast. Not a bit.

This sharp disease means a quick recovery.

The reaction will come all the sooner. I want Papa to see it and Percy to enjoy its results.

And for that, and the two generations which they represent, I must give up my personal life. For my maturity has fallen into one of those vague, indeterminate, regurgitations which follow, and *precede*, the high, buoyant tides of a Nation's endeavour.

For pleasure I should like to be 70 years old and look back, or 23 years old to look forward.

Quand même I 'cocorico' with a tired voice; but absolute belief in the Dawn.

Perhaps I shall see the sun rise and say 'Il est énorme,' with pardonable pride and infinite satisfaction.

521

To Charles T. Gatty

35 PARK LANE, W.,
27.iv.10.

I have 10 minutes before starting to Crewe to speak; I use them to convey a 'clinger' on the Sonnets which I saw in 10 seconds, opening at hazard. Sonnet 70, lines 5, 6-7, 8, *demonstrate* my theory, because apart from it they are nonsense. 'Time,' at end of line 6, is the *Enemy*. 'Being woo'd of Time,' means to suffer from the tyrant, but that shows the worth of the sufferer, because he is attacked by Time, the Tyrant.

The 'pure unstained Prime' is the eternal past. The wounds and mud of Time are the 'accidents.'

You see that in this sonnet, which seems *so* personal, the Immortal Bard touches on his perennial theme, *i.e.* his attack on Time.

No upholder of the ultra-personal theory can explain 'being woo'd of Time.' 10 minutes up and I'm off to defend the Constitution which is also being woo'd of Time; and, indeed, debauched.

522

*To Charles T. Gatty*35 PARK LANE,
28.iv.10.

Just back from Crewe to resume our talk on the Sonnets.

I have thought that 'Informer' was an apostrophe to Time. And it may be that. On the whole, when I was writing and more soaked in the stuff, I compared it to 'frailer spies' in cxxi. I felt that c to cxxv was one poem.

Still you agree with me that the sonnets generally, and c to cxxv specially, are primarily a metaphysical outburst, but, secondarily, based upon and built up with actual experience, and, probably, addressed to an audience also steeped in neo-platonic attacks on the reality of Time, and also acquainted with political and personal and literary (rival poets) events which had troubled the relations, and darkened the atmosphere, of a poetical circle of friends.

You will find what I said on this in the last half of page 250.

I had a 'full house' at Crewe, spoke for one hour and five minutes, and also at an overflow. But my chief interest was to see every bridge between London and Crewe crowded with rustics waiting for the flying-men and silhouetted against one of the most lovely April skies I remember.

523

To Charles Boyd

SAUGHTON, 17.vi.10.

I knew 'The Shropshire Lad' of old, but I read the book through twice to myself in the train, and a quarter of it aloud to Sibell after dinner. The roses in the garden and buttercups in the fields are beyond science. Tho' seen, they belong to Faith; like young love and armies at last confronted! Of the clusters and explosions of crimson roses on the crimson tower I will not even write. Some other art must be invented by man before we too can shout of that summer without making any noise, even of a pen. An element in that art will be to have oceans of green round our silent crimson trumpets, and new-mown lawns leading to them and the shadows of trees.

When I see Summer I feel justified of the only attack I have ever made on the Roman Church. How easy it is to write of

the contrast of what we adore. Housman writes of death and suicide because he loves the May and the dusty roads of England, and lads insolent with life. All the Art of the world has only caught a few larks in a few cages to remind man of Summer in the blind-alleys of his slum.

524

To Leo Maxse

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
8.7.1910.

Your letter needs no excuse. Let me be equally frank, and, therefore, speak first of myself. When I began political work in 1887, Lord Salisbury was, perhaps rather academically, in favour of a property vote being given to women, and so was Mr. Balfour, and Lord Selborne. I took up the same position and have not abandoned it. The last time I spoke in favour of Women's Suffrage was, I think, in 1892.

I have never discussed the subject with Mr. Balfour, and have no knowledge of what course he will take. But I am quite sure that he will not 'commit the Party' to a course on which it is divided.

I have, as I said, not abandoned my early attitude on the question. Nor do I think it right to do so when it would obviously be to my personal advantage. Proper concern for Party Union, at a time when our Party stands alone for Tariff Reform and Imperial Union, is another and a far more important matter. Actuated by that concern I informed a deputation of Union Suffragettes at Dover, prior to the election, that I would do nothing to split the Party and that I held we must concentrate on Tariff Reform and National Defence.

I am asking my secretary to send you a copy of the correspondence.

525

To Hilaire Belloc

SAIGTON GRANGE,
29th July 1910.

I came here this afternoon. In the train I finished Chesterton's 'What's Wrong with the World.' When I told you the other day that I did not care for it so much as I care for his other work, I had only read the first half. I find, now, that I have dog's-eared all the last half, blazing my track, and

turned down only one page in the first half. It is a big book when finished. And note, it is finished before the little appendix with a reference to my Irish Land Act. But for that, I was on the point of writing to him myself. Not that I have any modesty. I should like some day to tell him and you what a lot of smashing I had to do to get that act made. I agree with him that 'Jones's garden' is the goal and momentum of my reaction and his revolution. We both want the same thing for the same reasons. But—well, let me put it in this way—the family lawyer, the manager of the Bank of Ireland, the young man whom Lord Ashbourne would job into the office of deeds, but for the Land Act, the orphans and widows—acting through solicitors—who had borrowed on the expectation of remainder-men—an expectation destroyed when we bully and bribe the tenant for life to sell out, and, probably, the second cousin to a young man in the office of Crown and Hanaper are—each one of them—just Jones with a garden. When you barge in as I did you blight their gardens. That amount of splintering is nothing compared to the stocks and shares business; the commissions to the Bank of England for floating the stock, the commissions to the National Debt Commissioners (and rightly so called) for managing the loan, the commissions to the Bankers, and brokers and jobbers (again named as poets name)—here is the rub. (I pray you not to fly off on the Anglo-Judaic oligarchy.)

I do not believe that the rub is with the landlord. You and Chesterton hold the opposite view. I wish we could talk it all out one day. You and he know facts which I don't know, and I know facts which you don't know, and it is on our ignorance that Sidney Webb and his active consort build their gaols and penitentiaries.

Chesterton's excellent recapitulation, page 283, breaks down, I believe, on the usurious landlord.

At any rate the big landlords are not the usurious landlords. Mind you, I am not, therefore, in favour of big landlords. I want many small land-owners.

But I want Chesterton to consider this. The big landlord, as such, owns in land a property that is worth *less*, even absolutely, and relatively far less than it was worth 150 years ago. But, when it was worth more absolutely, and far more relatively, he invested his savings, first in consols, then in British railways, now in outlandish enterprises and the municipal loans of Mexican cities. Still, as a landlord he prevents the conditions which determinate the hair-cutting business.

On the other hand, the men who prepare the way for destroy-

ing the glory of dear little English girls, are those who trafficked in the 'agiotage' of outlandish enterprises, and lent money to rich boys, and, at last, bought landed property. This they treated precisely as a Financier treats the bonds of a Mexican corporation.

Now, I believe that you can get the Landlords to sell their land, and be English. 'Young England' and 'Merry England' are ideas.

But investment, and re-investment, are simply devilish 'paperasseries' to which English landlords are seduced and driven. God knows what they are doing and piling up for the vengeance of other centuries. They don't know. How should they? But they do know that their fathers loved the English and were loved by them. And they still love the English. I would use that love.

If the Noailles gave up their titles because they were French, the big English landlords will give up their land because they are English.

What they resent is having their money taken—not their land—in order to pepper the country with Sidney Webb's penitentiaries. They also resent—and I am absolutely with them in that—having their son disinherited from his home in order that Sidney Webb may live in it, as Lord High Gaoler, and conduct experimental slavery in their park. If I am forced to choose: I prefer a herd of fallow-deer to a labour colony for people who refuse to become teetotallers.

The mere knowledge that there are fallow-deer in the parish and the off-chance—not of shooting them, for this is a degenerate age, but of trying to pat them, might be something in any boy's life. On the other hand, the knowledge that his father—because he frequented the 'Bald-headed Stag'—was to water beans with a chemical solution in the park, would be a desolating reflection even for the young people in a County Council school.

But why this choice? Why not more homes, and more properties, with, as a corollary, more publicities?

526

To his Mother

ST. GILES'S HOUSE,
SALISBURY, August 30th, 1910.

I loved getting your telegram on my old birthday. I am alive and kicking after a great excursion into parts of France that I knew nothing of before. Belloc telegraphed to me,

'Will you come to France on Wednesday for two or three days?' I telegraphed back, 'Done with you,' and on Wednesday last we started from Charing Cross at 9 p.m. each with only a small hand-bag besides the clothes we stood up in. I did not know where we were going; nor did he. But he had in his head some places he wished to see. We reached Paris at 6.15 Thursday morn, drove across to the P.L.M., had a cup of coffee and caught the 7.10 South. We travelled third class in a crowded train, admiring the babies and discussing the crops with our companions. We also hailed, each time we saw it, the great road from Rome to Paris, and looked with awe at the mounded hill of Alesia where Julius Cæsar conquered Vercingetorix. We talked of the Senones who over-ran Asia Minor from what is now Sens. And all the time with a railway-guide and map we debated what we should do. At last we settled to get out of the train at Blaisy-Bas, 12.30 p.m., and march right over the hills down into the Burgundian Vineyards of the Côte-d'Or. We sent our bags on by train, round the hills to Gevrey-Chambertin, and, at 12.45, swung off on foot up into the Forest. We tried a track marked on the map, but, as eight years have passed since the map was made, the track was interlaced with boughs. We had to push through like rhinoceroses, taking turn about to lead. In the end we were beaten by the growth of underwood and had to strike west by the sun, to get the driving path. We struck it, emerging from the tangled wood on a height that overlooked the wide valley of the Ouche; the view was like Costa's Assisi, only on a wider scale. Below we could see two little hamlets we had to pass, and beyond the pine-covered heights. We had to cross two more ridges and then the descent guessed on the far side 20 miles away. It was a baking hot day. We passed a holy well with a bronze bust of St. Bernard over it against the burning deep blue sky. At Pralons, a little hamlet, we drank beer and talked to its seller. Of the well, he said—cautiously (for religion is a ticklish affair in France just now)—'C'est de l'ancienneté. Autrefois il y avait un seigneur au Couvent.' The vines have been spoilt by this awful summer. Of the prospective vintage he said, 'For this year there is what calls itself nothing—Pour cette année il y a ce qui s'appelle rien.' We only rested a few minutes and then pushed on to our bridge—the Pont de Pany—over the Ouche, which we reached at 4.15. Then we toiled up a wonderful road that left the river and canal of Burgundy and wound like a snake past low cliffs up to the crest of that ridge, about 2000 feet high. Here there was an undulating plateau. At Uray (beer again),

reached at 6 p.m., we could see the next valley, and got another short cut by track over fields and up to the crest of the next ridge and over to Champ-de-bœuf, another little homestead. It was dark, for the night falls sooner and more suddenly in the South. The stars were marvellous and the Milky Way and all about the glow-worms shone. But we—for the moment—were beat and our legs too stiff to move, so three-quarters of a mile beyond Champ-de-bœuf we threw ourselves on the ground and looked up at the stars through the leaves of a little chestnut tree. Then we rubbed our legs and swung down the road by a gigantic ravine—a black chasm on our right, with high cliffs on our left. We sang all the songs we could remember, and at 8.30 saw a light in the valley. That was Gevrey-Chambertin, 'where the wine comes from.' We reached the little Inn at 8.45, after walking for eight hours and doing between 22 and 23 miles. It was good to eat and drink. The station—two miles off—was shut, so we rolled into bed without any change of clothes in a hostel which was much the same sort of gîte as any occupied by anybody from the time of Hadrian down the centuries. I woke at five, they got our bags by seven. We went to the station and took the little local train along to Côte-d'Or, past Nuits-St. Georges and Pouilly and all the vineyards to Beaune at 10.30. There we saw the church and belfry and hospital of 15th century, and eat and took a motor and shot 100 kilometres North by West into 'le Morvan,' a wild upland, 3000 feet high of forest and mountain, more like Wales than France. Then we walked again three hours to Avallon, a little town on a peak. The forest was full of large red slugs. Just as Avallon appeared like a vignette, a storm burst on us. We took refuge in a wayside cottage and made the children dance. Then we climbed up and arrived like draggled rats at the Hôtel du Chapeau rouge. The coiffeur next door by a few dexterous strokes of his comb transformed me into the image of a retired Colonel of French chasseurs. I let him have his way, which included waxing my moustachios into two sharp spikes. I woke at 5.30 and began to mobilize at 6, and started soon after. We walked till 10.30, when we reached the wall of the wonderful pinnacled town of Vézelay, where St. Bernard preached the 2nd Crusade to Louis VII. and Conrad on 31st March 1146.

O my! What a church! Byzantine and rebuilt just after that crusade. The XIIth century. One of the Councils of the Empire met there. Our Cœur-de-Lion was there, too, before the 3rd Crusade. And now it has 800 inhabitants only and is sound asleep, dreaming of the past. At 1 we got a little

trap and drove to a railway. Vézelay is what it is because it is far from any railway. We travelled 3rd class till 4.30, then got out and walked for three hours to Auxerre with its three great churches. We meant to go on at 9 by train to Melun. But no. We eat and drank and slept. We started at six and caught the 7 a.m. to Paris on Sunday. Arrived at 10.30. Saw the Luxembourg and Panthéon, and traced the old Roman road and the spot where the first Frenchman re-entered Paris after Jeanne d'Arc had turned the tide of war. I left Belloc, caught the 4 p.m.—slept to Boulogne. Dined on board, reached Charing Cross at 11, and came here by the 8.50 yesterday—motoring out from Salisbury as I had promised Cuckoo to celebrate my Birthday with her.

Now was not that a good scamper ?

527

To his Mother

SAUGHTON,
September 8th, 1910.

I am hard at work on my Rectorial Address. I take a run in the garden before breakfast. Work from 10 to 1 o'clock, run, lunch, ride, and then work from 4 to 8 o'clock, dine, and then think till 11.30.

It takes a power of thinking to decide on a track through a forest of delightful lore, in which it is all but impossible not to lose oneself.

I shall not *write* till Monday, leaving myself three weeks in which to write. But this is the agonizing period. I have to prevent myself from writing, and to curb myself from reading too much. But there is a savage joy in reading, and noting, as one does during the preliminary stage.

And I say to myself that, even if I cannot get a clear track, still I shall have had the zest of reading—for example, la Chanson de Roland—and much else—a little library—with a devilish racing-for-blood concentration, which I cannot get except when I am preparing to write.

I know la Chanson de Roland. I sometimes read it. I often want to read it to you and others. But I can't do this unless I am on the trail to get my scalp.

Now I am on the trail. But whether I can make the trail endurable to an audience of Edinburgh Students is a question which cannot be answered until I have worked for another ten days.

I will not allow myself to write until I have reduced what I have to say to six, or at most seven, definite propositions, which lead the one to the other, and ultimately compose into a truth.

I know I could do this if all went well. And I think I am going to do it. If I don't I think I shall have had a wonderful four weeks of exploring.

I can tell you what the real trouble in my mind is, as thus :—

You remember Charles Kingsley's '*Madam How and Lady Why*.'

Very well ; I can tell them *How* Romance came into Europe in 1050, culminated in 1150, and influenced to 1550 and even on to 1600.

I can almost tell them *Why* :

But can I tell them *What* it was ? ? ?

That's the point. Prudence suggests that I should only announce the *How*—sketch the *Why*—and throw out the *What* in a few mystical sentences.

Still, it is a strange thing that Europe soon after 1750 began to feel it had lost something it could not spare (like its shadow or its soul), and that from 1800 till now it has been recovering what it had lost.

Now this becomes more strange and significant if we admit, as we must, that the same thing happened before on a greater scale.

And the whole thing becomes deliriously interesting when you find that all the business of Romance was written in the French language, in *England*, by *Normans*, who had touched *Bretons* and *Welsh* on the West, and Arabs in the *South* in *Spain*, and in the *East* owing to the *Crusades*.

It is almost too good to be true.

Yet it is true that the *Chanson de Roland*, the tale of *Troy*, the tale of *Thebes*, and the tale of *Arthur*, all the lays of Marie de France, and all there is—except perhaps the Alexander tale—and the fables about animals—were all written in England between 1150 and 1220 by Norman and Southern Frenchmen—and Welshmen who wrote French.

And that all this happened because of two accidents.

I. Roland, a Frank, overwhelmed by Basques in the Pyrenees, was Count of the *Breton* marches.

II. Henry II. married Eleanor—the divorced wife of Louis VII.—who brought the Troubadours of the South, and the Trouvères of the North, into England and through Wales into Ireland, *after* going to the *East* in the second Crusade.

Those two accidents do the trick of 'Madam How.'

But then there is Lady Why, and *after* that the inscrutable *What* was it that happened?

That being in my mind I shall refuse to *Define* Romance and set out to *Discover* it: Citing the precedent of Columbus who went to America before there was any Map.

528

To his Mother

SAUGHTON,
September 20th, 1910.

It was good of you to send back the French book in white and gold binding. I lose some books that I can ill spare and, notably, I have lost a little old Latin book, 'Historia Regum Britanniae,' by Geoffrey of Monmouth. Luckily I remember it, since it must play a big part in my Address. Possibly I am better without it. For, if it were here, I should find something else in it which I should be tempted to cram into the Address. Anyway 'it's gone,' like the chicken from the ship in 'The Lady of the Aroostook.'

I am sure that you and Papa could give me a reference I do want: for the story is one of our old favourites. Who (?) was it who said what (?) on a Cumberland mountain, the gist of which was that he had to remember the cook-shop (?) in (?) (London). Was it Lamb? If you can give me the reference I will send to the London Library for the book. The tedious part of address-writing is that one has to 'verify one's references'; and nobody knows what that is till they've tried to do it.

The alarming part of writing an Address is that one has to write a book afterwards. An Address on Ronsard at Oxford entailed a little book. This Address will entail a larger book. I shall be driven into writing a book. Just now I am being driven into writing far more than I can say in an hour. I shall select bits out of it for the Address. But the rest, which I must leave out, will haunt me like a ghost till I lay it in a book.

It would be much simpler to write Poetry, or even to paint Pictures, than to search for the soul of Romance by the historical method. Still, having set myself that task, I mean to do it, and to limit myself, for its execution, to the tools of dry historical research.

When that is done I will let myself out in a book and, when

that is done, I will write about the other theme of which I spoke to you.

Hunting and literature are *not* incompatible with politics. Henry of Anjou—(our Henry II.)—who made the Empire from the Pyrenees to the Grampians always had ‘a bow or a book in his hand.’

529

To Mrs. Drew

SAUGHTON,
September 23rd, 1910.

‘I, nimium dilecta ; vocat Deus ; i, bona nostræ
Pars animæ ; mœrens, altera, disce sequi.’

You little knew what you were ‘in for’ when you sent me that perfect elegiac couplet. You must not trouble to read all my shots at translating the untranslatable. But apart from gratitude for its evasive loveliness, I want to thank you for giving me a ‘whetstone for wit’ ‘cos ingeniorum’ just when I needed one. Now, at odd moments, I sharpen and exercise my wit on ‘I, nimium dilecta, etc.,’ instead of blunting and tiring it by mumbling the Rectorial Address; if that ever become something saner than Casaubon’s ‘Key to all Mythologies’—was it? in Middlemarch?—so fortunate a result will be due to my possession of and by ‘I, nimium, etc.,’ for that affords a strenuous relaxation and that was your gift. Thanks to it, the rectorial has made strides. Many pages have been re-written that are at least intelligible and sometimes melt into lucidity. After that exordium I must tell you what has happened in my leisure, since I received the couplet.

It seemed to me that there were only two things to be done with it: either to forget its form and attempt an original English poem on its theme, or else to aim at the most literal translation compatible with the retention of an English rhythm.

I have not tried the first. But who knows? That may follow the effort at translation. So far, I have tried my hand only at translation.

I have always felt that in a translation two rules must be observed. The translator must try to echo the form, *e.g.* he must not turn a couplet into a quatrain. If the original is a couplet, a couplet he must write. The other rule is that he must try to express all the meaning of the original and add nothing to it.

Within those limits he must seek to obey Rossetti's general injunction, viz. 'not to turn a good poem into a bad one.'

All this is, of course, impossible. But that is why it supplies so excellent a whetstone for wit.

If 'I, nimium' is to be translated at all, the translation must be a compromise between a complete and exclusive rendering of the Latin's meaning, on the one hand, and a decent approach to English rhythm on the other. And that compromise must be contained in a couplet.

I am still vacillating between two alternative compromises.

If the translation is to be more literal in its meaning than English in its rhythm, it would run :

'Go, too beloved ; God calls. Go, our soul's happier part,
That other grief shall learn to follow where thou art.'

But if the translation is to be more English in its rhythm to English ears, and more lucid in its syntax to English minds, it would run :

'Go, too beloved ; God calls, our soul's more happy part :
What's left shall learn from grief ; I'll follow where thou art.'

Sibell prefers the last.

I think I am right in translating 'bona' by 'happy.' 'Bona,' of course, means 'good.' But the word for 'good' in all languages often stands for 'lucky,' or 'happy'—which is the same, with greater dignity. Certainly in a celebrated Latin line—'O fortunatos *nimium*, sua si *bona* norint'—'bona' means 'happiness.' The author of our couplet probably had that line singing in the back of his head, as he puts both 'nimium' and 'bona' into his first line.

Again, if 'happy' be justifiable as a translation of the Latin meaning, 'more happy' is justifiable in respect of English rhythm, for it is taken from Keats' 'Ode to a Grecian Urn.'

Probably the first course, which I have not attempted, is the best, viz. to forget the form of 'I, nimium' and write an English poem on its theme. 'Manet sors tertia caedi'—i.e. 'take a licking' and leave the Latin as it stands.

530

To his Sister, Mary

SAIGHTON,
CHESTER, 6.X.10.

The great point is that we shall all five be together at Clouds on the 15th.¹

¹ For the Golden Wedding of their parents. The discussion of the arms was in connection with the presents the five sons and daughters were preparing.

I am not skilled in Heraldry, but I like it. If done at all, it must be correct.

One thing I do know, and that is that no woman can have a crest. Indeed, in the case of a married woman her husband bears her arms for her. It seems to me that this would not only be correct, but appropriate, to a Golden Wedding. The technical term is that the husband impales his wife's arms. The effect is like this :

[Drawing]

Au Bon Droit

In the half of the escutcheon which I have left blank the Campbell arms of Mamma's *Father* should be displayed in full.

A woman does not have a crest because she is not supposed to wear a helmet. Her husband is her helmet and her shield. So long as he lives, her arms appear beside his on one shield. Nor does a woman have a motto ; for that is a war-cry.

Before marriage, young ladies, and after marriage, widows, display their arms, not on a shield, but on a lozenge.

I will see what I can do in the way of a dedication.

531

To his Father

WHITTINGHAME,

PRESTONKIRK, N.B., *October 30th, 1910.*

I have booked December 1st and 2nd for shooting at Clouds.

I tried Adey's British Cigars and liked them pretty well for a time. But I got tired of them. I think Havannahs are the best.

I am posting a bound copy of my Address. It is beautifully printed. Sibell has, I know, written her impressions of the scene, the interruptions made the delivery a strain ; but I managed to fire off a good deal of it and all the end. We motored out, starting at 9.30. I saw dear aunt Connie¹ and Pamela ; and had quite a company of close supporters in the front row. After the Address I inspected the Officers' Training Corps in the quadrangle and said a few words. Then Arthur and I were photographed in many groups. Then we had a huge luncheon—about 250—at the Union and, again,

¹ Lady Leconfield.



THE GOLDEN WEDDING AT CLOUDS OF GEORGE WYNDHAM'S
PARENTS.

a few words in response to our guests. By that it was 3.30 and we were due at the General Council of the University, where Arthur took the Chair. Then to tea with Sir Ludovic Grant, the Regius Professor of Law.

I got an hour to myself before dinner and composed my next speech. I dined with all the Professors at the Balmoral Hotel. The dinner is called the Symposium Academicum. The other guests were Lord Finlay, Lord Dunedin and Lord Dundas. We turned out in the balcony to see the Students' Torch-light procession—a fine sight like the Carnival—with many cars and mounted men. The dinner lasted from 8 to 11.30. I returned thanks for 'The Students' as their representative and made a rather amusing speech. I walked back to the North British with Hepburn Millar, now a professor of law, who used to write in Henley's paper and hails me as a comrade in arms. We smoked a cigar together. He is a Tory of Tories. I took a walk at 8.30 the next morning and had three of the leading Students to breakfast with me at 9 o'clock. The two leaders of the Conservative and Liberal party and the President of the Union. They were very agreeable and we had quite a good talk. Then I motored here—where the strenuous life still continues, urged on by Sidney Webb and Mrs. Webb.

To-morrow I return to Saughton for a week's hunting; and then a week's politics.

532

To Mrs. Drew

WHITTINGHAME,
October 31st, 1910.

. . . I read three chapters of 'Martin Eden'¹ last night, and read it right through to the end to-day. It is a big book. I have marked many pages. Success did *not* come too late to M. E. If it had come a few weeks earlier, he would have married the false fool; and that would have been hell for him; not because she was false, but because she was so little in every way, mind, heart, body. When he was an awkward sailor he mistook the absence of mind, heart and body for the presence of the soul. The author may have lived this in his life or in his imagination. As it seems true, I incline to the belief that he lived it in his imagination. Chaucer could make Emelye, Creseyda and the Wife of Bath; Shakespeare could make Juliet

¹ By Jack London.

and Lady Macbeth : this creative business is done by imagination, not by suffering life. It is a protest against that suffering. What I believe to be true is that the author—at *present*—is under the spell of Herbert Spencer and Nietzsche. If he had read poetry instead of biology, Martin Eden would not have climbed through the port-hole at the end, but up to the stars and down again.

This book is a work of Art, and, like all works of Art, has a practical value which is—mercifully—denied to manuals of common sense. I say ‘mercifully’ because I hope they will all perish and leave the field some day to Imagination and Art.

The by-products of practical value are twofold. In the first place, it ought to be read by every young lady who contemplates matrimony : in the second, it ought to be read by every poet who contemplates publication. The young ladies will learn what they are, and the poets will learn a great deal from the change in the author’s style. At the beginning, by his Americanisms and sham culture, he disgusts—as *he meant to* : near the end and in the middle he writes the language which belongs to the truth that transcends nationality and sex and philosophies. In the last six pages he relapses into bosh—as we all do at moments of fatigue—and relapses the more deeply because he still, doubtfully, believes in Spencer, and still, doubtfully, admires the superman.

I infer that he is still young ; still so young that he can be ‘as sad as night for very wantonness.’ If I am right, he will, in middle age, cry out, ‘Hang up Philosophy ! Can Philosophy make a Juliet ?’ He will never make a ‘Juliet’ or a ‘Falstaff,’ but he will make some people, and *is* somebody.

533

To Mrs. Drew

SAIGHTON,
November 1st, 1910.

Your dear human letter is opened last of 40 I found on my return to-night. Sibell tells me she has written about the Address. The youths meant well, but their occasional interruptions, paper darts and snatches of song would have beat me, if I had not worked so hard at the Address that I knew it by heart, and believed in it so much that I made them listen to the last part, after sparing them a good deal of the history and all the qualifications.

The only ones who really made a noise were the Officers’

Training Corps. And the jolly, illogical fun of this kind of business is that immediately after the Address I inspected them in the quadrangle. They stood up like rocks and dared not blink an eyelid. To them—in *that* capacity—I was a grown man who had been a *real* soldier—that they respected. Romance they considered excessive. Then we had a public luncheon, and I made them all laugh. Then we had a General Council of the University, and A. J. B. was profoundly perturbed at the suggestion to make French and German equivalent to Greek and Latin. As I discovered that the General Council has no power, I felt calm. For the time being Universities and Courts of Law are not democratic, which is as much as to say the puppets of Financiers and the halfpenny Press.

Then Sibell and I went to tea with the Regius Professor of Law, and were 'death on culture in Chicago' with the elect of Edinburgh, all in 'Edinburgh English.'

Then I dined with all the Professors and made them laugh again. Then I walked back to my Hotel with Hepburn Millar, who wrote 'The Literature of the Kailyard' and 'The Bounder in Literature.'

Then I had the students—3 leaders—to breakfast with me at 9 a.m. on Saturday, and thoroughly enjoyed myself.

Then I motored back to Whittinghame.

On Sunday I played lawn tennis in a grey suit, as a concession to the Sabbath. Then I read 'Martin Eden' from cover to cover.

P.S.—And all the time A. J. B. was quite delightful, a perfect host and friend.

534

To his Mother

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 6.xi.10.

I loved your letter, and if I don't write to you now, 'when will I?' For to-morrow I begin a row of speeches in our Lancashire campaign. I have written the first one out and sent a typed copy to the 'Morning Post.' The others must take their chance. I shall be staying at the Midland Hotel, Manchester.

I enclose a precious letter. Please return it. W. P. Ker, the writer, is the one man alive, now that Gaston Paris is dead, whose praise of my 'Romance' is a thing past belief. It has flabbergasted me. I asked him, humbly, if he would

allow me to dedicate it to him ; and he gave his permission. That pleased me more than I can say. And he is not the man to gush over anything. The ripe embodiment of the old Oxford tradition—‘nothing new and nothing true, and no matter.’ Besides Oxford, he is the history and literature Professor at the London University. Finally, and ‘therefore I love him,’ he wrote ‘Epic and Romance,’ ‘The Dark Ages,’ and ‘Mediæval Literature.’ And yet . . . I can’t quite believe that he wrote me this letter.¹ Of course one must discount a good deal. It is the tribute of a sportsman to a poacher. And now I must forget it, and get to fresh work. But I must just explain that what he says ‘I don’t like being spoken of as a master’ is because, in the copy I sent him, I wrote ‘To William Paton Ker, the master, from George Wyndham, the disciple,’ and I meant it.

The fresh work I must get to to-morrow is all Tariff Reform and such tedious botherations, and suspicions, and jealousies, and ‘bull-rushes’ from Leo Maxse, and hesitations and all the -ations that rhyme with Damnation.

But, on that best of all days which we call ‘some day,’ I promise myself a combination of joy and work.

It occurred to me quite suddenly about 4 days ago. I remembered with regret the big book I meant to write about romantic literature, with a leaning towards the French. Then I began to remember all the things I have written, which I had forgotten. They are hidden away in ‘The New Review’ (extinct), ‘Cosmopolis’ (extinct), and in introductions to books that are out of print, or don’t sell. Then it suddenly flashed on me that, without knowing it, I *have* written $\frac{2}{3}$ (or $\frac{3}{4}$) of my book ! And I see exactly what remains to be written. The ‘Springs’ is the first chapter. I never thought of that ; it was a toss up to the last moment, whether I wrote it, or an essay on the theme of the 2 sonnets I read to you the other day at breakfast. Chapter II.—not written—will be ‘The Chroniclers and the Crusades.’ It is not written, but I have all

¹ The letter was as follows :—

ALL SOULS COLLEGE,
OXFORD, 5 Nov. 1910.

MY DEAR WYNDHAM,—This is a glorious thing—only I don’t like being spoken of as a master—tho’ it is better than professor, when one thinks of it. I have read the discourse with great delight—it is encouraging, and so is your letter. Very different from the organised mechanical research that I come upon in the way of business. An American said to me yesterday that it was a complaint in the Universities there, how people seemed to give up reading when they took to the study of literature. Nothing good is done except by adventurers—in that branch of learning anyhow—and I hope you will go on.—Ever yours truly.

W. P. KER.

the stuff and many notes. That takes me right through the 13th Century. It may become 2 chapters in order to bring in Dante and the Spaniards. Then, just to please myself, I am going to have 'Songs' (not written). But after that it is nearly all finished. IV. (or V.) is my old Poetry of the Prison, about Charles d'Orléans and Villon ('New Review,' out of print); V., or VI., is Chaucer (not written); VI., or VII., North's Plutarch, written—indeed I must cut it down; VII., or VIII., is Ronsard, written. Indeed I have written it twice and there is a great deal in the old article in 'Cosmopolis' that I must print again. VIII., or IX., is Shakespeare, written, and must be cut down. IX., or X., is Elizabethan Mariners in Elizabethan Literature, written in the 'Fortnightly' twelve years ago. X., or XI., is Scott, written. XI., or XII., is the new French romantics—not published, but almost all written with many translations.

And besides all these I have written and printed, for a last movement, two speeches on literature to learned societies, my panegyric on Henley, my introduction, about Ruskin, to Mary Drew's book, that made £500, for her church not for me. My articles on Henley and Maeterlinck, printed in the 'Outlook.'

Aren't you astonished? I was. I must have written three volumes of prose, without knowing it—like M. Jourdain, all on Literature, and quite apart from 'The Development of the State' and articles on Politics.

535

To his Father

35 PARK LANE, W.,
November 18th, 1910.

I am sorry to say that I shall not be able to shoot at Clouds on the 1st. There is more at stake in this election than in any of our time and I must be free to fight every day.

If I have a contest in Dover I shall speak there once. Perhaps even if I do have a contest I shall get leave to fight where the issue is in doubt. In either case I cannot amuse myself during the battle.

As at present advised I shall begin in Manchester and surrounding District, work down the West to Cornwall, via Wiltshire, and then ride a finish in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire.

Arthur made a splendid speech last night and things have gone well with us in the House to-day. So far there is nothing to regret and, even if there was, we have only to fight to the finish.

536

To his Father

35 PARK LANE, W.,
November 25th, 1910.

Delighted to get your letter in such good heart, considering the stresses we are in.

The Declaration of London is—as you guess—the outcome of Campbell-Bannerman's tomfoolery at the Hague.

In spite of what you say—justly—about the action of Conservatives in the seventies, I think it possible that this extreme folly may lead to a reversion in favour of your contention against the Declaration of Paris.

This new Declaration of London has been attacked by the Chambers of Commerce of London, Glasgow, Liverpool and Bristol.

The attack will go home.

Incidentally it is a great collateral support to Preference.

It is almost incredible but—shortly—this is the position.

(a) We abandoned our right to take Enemy's goods (by the Declaration of Paris) in *neutral* ships with—as a set off—the abolition of privateering (not subscribed to by America and Spain).

(b) The new Declaration of London puts 'Food-stuffs' *first* in articles of *conditional* Contraband.

The conditions allow Germany to take or sink any ship bringing food-stuffs to England; and leave us powerless.

It is a premium on War by Germany on us, without declaration of War.

We may not transfer our shipping to another flag (an ignominious expedient—but the main argument for the Declaration of Paris urged by Sir W. Harcourt) unless we do so thirty days *before* War.

But Germany may change a merchant ship into a vessel of War, *after* hostilities. That is tantamount to reviving privateering.

And this is to be the rule of the game after

(1) We have surrendered the supremacy of the sea.

(2) Concentrated all our Fleet in the North Sea, leaving the Ocean unprotected.

(3) With no punishment for destroying a ship, except paying the cost if you are in the wrong!!!

(4) Whether you are right or wrong is to be decided by an International Board on which Roumania and Argentina have a voice equal to our own.

It is mad.

And so are the Government.

537

To Charles Whibley

SAIGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 21st December 1910.

I ran up against Northcliffe in the corridor of the Houses of Parliament, just before the Election. We suddenly met and pleasantly. I would now like to do what we have spoken of more than once. I want to get five or six or seven who belonged to W. E. H.¹ to dine with me in February. I note that W. E. H.'s 'lines' are becoming parts of English speech. He would have been glad to see that happen. It was inevitable. But it has happened soon. I wonder if this always happened soon. Did everybody with an inkpot quote 'I could not love thee, dear, so much,' etc., within ten years?

I purposely take a hackneyed quotation. Some things stick. 'Where's Troy and where's the Maypole in the Strand?' sticks. 'It's only pretty Fanny's way' sticks. And now quite a number of Henley's lines have begun to stick. But it is of his best that sticks. He is there with his best. That is a great sign of excellence.

538

To Hilaire Belloc

SAIGHTON,
Xmas Eve, 1910.

I will write to you once more about your 'Verses'; but only garrulously. This is not a considered appreciation. It is the resultant of two forces. New poetry compels my attention. Old letters—and how many lie unanswered before me—dispel my industry. I will have none of them to-night. I have done my share of work the last six weeks. I had taken a resolve not to lapse into letters. I had sworn to myself that I would rest and ride and tackle Politics in four days' time. And, then, here you come along with your volume of Verse; and I don't want to rest; I read them before dinner; read some of them to Sibell at dinner; read them again after dinner. Now I am in a warm, lighted room at the top of my tower. The wind is trying to say the world's story of wrong and liberty. It is trying to talk like a dog whose feelings have been hurt by its master's absence, or like a ghost with a tremendous secret and no articulate tongue to tell it. The wind shuffles and whimpers round the corners of the tower and bluffs off in gusts of despair to the hills, and then comes

¹ W. E. Henley.

back suddenly and tugs at the latticed windows. The wind's inarticulate tongue and wounded wrath and soft gushes of clean air prove to me the great need of verse. Without verse Man is as helpless as the wind and more miserable. Glad am I to have not only the lighted warmth but also your Verses.

I will not deny that people are right when they say that 'The South Country' is the best of them. Nor will I deny that your sarcastic verses about the rich and South Africa seem to me not so much out of place as in the way of the larger sayings.

'Everybody,' I suppose, will say these two things: and I belong to the herd.

Perhaps because this is Christmas Eve I am lured by 'Noel' and 'The Birds' and 'Our Lord and Our Lady.' But, of that group, 'In a Boat' is the one that hits me and will hit the herd, some day.

In literature a great deal depends on what the writer does with the great emotions of Man; and by these I mean—(at this moment)—Passionate love, Passionate courage and Passionate fear.

Now most writers shirk Fear. Some—and I am one—smother it under Courage and Love. I have said that courage is the fundamental thing. But—after reading your Verses—I am prepared to be taught that Fear is under courage. I used to hate the 'Fear of God' in the Bible. But no honest man will deny that the sense of chasm and inanity and being lost—like a child—is the base of man's being. You get that in 'In a Boat'! You soothe that in 'The Night.' You comfort that with magic in 'The Leader.' 'The Leader' is large enough and vague enough to help us all. It helps the practical man in us with 'And after them all the guns, the guns.' It helps the seeing man in us with

'She stretched her arms and smiled at us,
Her head was higher than the hills.'

And then you revert to the primal truth of our station, or absence of station:

'She led us to the endless plains,
We lost her in the dawn.'

'The Leader' is a poem: I believe, a great poem. But the *biggest* thing in your book is 'The Prophet Lost in the Hills at Evening.' That is great; because you have taken the emotional vision which came to you in the Pyrenees, and made it true for us all anywhere. It is as true of a General Election as of ascending a mountain range and coming down on the

same side. This is the *biggest* thing you have done; and you have done it on the right, crusading, side of Faith. When Peter Wanderwide meets St. Peter, the Porter of Heaven, and St. Michael, they will both know beforehand that you wrote it. They will love you for your faults but they will respect you for this.

You will, probably, be very angry with me for saying so, and furious when I compare it with Henley and Kipling. Yet that is the comparison. Your 'Prophet' is as vast and true as 'out of the night that covers me' but it is more true. It is as brave as Kipling's 'But I didn't, but I didn't, I went down the other side'; but it has the humility of a greater courage. 'By God 'tis good' (Ben Jonson), and it is by God. . . .

At this moment the Waits have come to sing outside my Tower. In their way they are singing 'And harbour me—Almighty God!' under the inscrutable stars. And the uneasy wind has dropped. It is rumbling an obligato accompaniment to their simple crystal melody of certitude in the inane.

Naturally I delight in the 'Cuckoo' and the Drinking songs and 'The Little Serving Maid.' These are the songs that men have sung for 30,000 years and you sing them well.

If I presumed to 'appreciate' I should rank them next after the Christmas Carols—Our Lady—group. Both these groups are of things that are necessary and you have done them right well for us, once again.

'In a Boat' is a transition from these to the heights of 'The Leader' and the summit of 'The Prophet Lost in the Hills at Evening.'

The other Group in your book that ranks with these and will be preferred by some—though not by me, is made up of 'A Bivouac.' (That's true! It happened to me in the Soudan. I was asleep dreaming behind the Zariba of those I loved, and then the Hadendowas suddenly shot at us and knocked out the signal lamp.) And of 'The Yellow Mustard.' The Yellow Mustard is as good as it can be. Some will prefer it to the 'Prophet.' It is the way, or a way, by which some, who cannot defy the chasm of space, or appeal from its grisly immensity—'And harbour me—Almighty God!'—do get to an absolute release from horror. Any man who can sing

To see the yellow mustard grow
Beyond the town above, below,
Beyond the purple houses, oh!
To see the yellow mustard grow—

is happy, and *safe*.

He doesn't know why he is happy and safe. But he knows

that he is secure. He breaks out of the prison of Time into Eternity. Like God, in the first chapter of Genesis, he sees that it is good.

I am not as well versed as I should be in the Old Testament. But, speaking from memory on the moment, I believe I have always felt that in Genesis alone God descends to Man, and that, between Genesis and the Incarnation, you have nothing but the Chasm and Jeremiads.

The best things in your book are—each in its separate way—the ‘Prophet’ and the ‘Yellow Mustard.’ One gives a refuge and the other an evasion. But the refuge is best. In the ‘Prophet’ you sing of immortality in immortal words. . . .

And now, once more, the Waits are singing the English version of ‘Adeste Fideles.’ I am glad to know that the tune is comparatively modern. ‘I am not Time’s fool,’ though I do hanker after the thirteenth century. I can say with all my heart and more than all my brain ‘O come, let us adore Him.’ The little figure of Notre Dame de Paris which I bought, ‘*te duce*’ after our walk into Burgundy, is now in a beautiful gold shrine (in Sibell’s chapel) made by the village carpenter.

How and when did you write ‘The Prophet Lost in the Hills at Evening’? It does not matter. Thank God that you wrote it and accept my thanks as an earnest of Man’s gratitude. ‘By God ’tis good.’ I don’t suppose you know how good it is.

The critic will say that

I hunger and I have no bread.
My gourd is empty of the wine.
Surely the footsteps of the dead
Are shuffling softly close to mine!

is the best thing in it.

He will fail to observe that this imaginative simplicity is led up to by the two preceding quatrains. He will fail to observe the ‘It darkens,’ that follows immediately, and the repeat, ‘it darkens,’ which precedes the climax.

Stand about my wraith,
And harbour me—Almighty God!

I am glad that so big a thing has been done *secundum Artem*. To make ‘wraith’ rhyme with ‘Faith’ at the finish—not only inevitably but, accumulatively, ‘beats Banagher.’ But all the rhymes are glorious and the Poem they wing on its flight hits the gold of emancipation from the sorrow of Man.

P.S.—‘And I am awfully afraid.’
I bow to you for that line.

The whole poem is the best I have read by any man now living. It will be repeated by little children—knowing nothing of the horror you have sounded—as long as our language is spoken. My Christmas present to you is a solemn declaration that in this poem you have ‘done it.’ You, who are more troubled than I over Immortality, have attained it in this poem and given it to others.

What a mercy it was that you lost your way in the Pyrenees !

539

To his Sister, Madeline

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 11.i.11.

I must wind up to-day with a word of love to you. For one reason, naughty Sibell only gave me *to-day* your little Christmas note of 23 December 1910 ! I do not blame her. In the absence of Benny and Shelagh she tries to run everything. To-night she went, with Clare, who is here to hunt, to Chester to judge a children’s Fancy Dress Ball for the League of Pity. But where does Pity come in ? It left me in, even for me, the most funny surroundings. I dined alone with (1) Clare’s French Governess, (2) Ursula’s German Governess.

Well, I made the best of it, and really enjoyed my evening. We talked French all the time and wound up with Rostand’s ‘Chantecler.’ I was quite happy and welcomed the opportunity of three hours’ French on end.

Pamela sent little Clare here, to hunt and be with us. So far it has been a great success—I think—and we are off to hunt together to-morrow.

Charles Gatty, George Street, Mark Sykes, Mahaffy, Ronny Norman, and so forth, have been here—all very literary and archæological.

But we did get a point on Saturday. We went to Beeston, the old Norman ruined castle on a crag. On the way up, Mark Sykes said, ‘That cutting—the way they rode up—must be Roman, not Norman.’ I answered, ‘Roman ! My dear boy, a knob like this has been held by man for 10,000 or 20,000 years before the Romans got here.’ Hardly had I spoken, when at the very top, loosened out from its secure abode by the last night’s rain, we found the most perfect *little* flint arrow-head I have ever seen, with clear cut edges, point and both barbs, and as transparent as onyx—a gem.

My dear ! why do we fret ? Life is immortal.

540

To Wilfrid Ward

SAUGHTON,
CHESTER, *January 13th, 1911.*

I have read the January 'Dublin' with deep and varied interest.

Your political article is most true, because it is profound and calm.

My knowledge—such as it is—informs me that 'Democracy' has never lasted a whole generation. Ferrero's new history of Rome demonstrates this. When an oligarchy, based on war and farming, perishes, you get a good two generations, or three generations, of 'Roman Equites.' The prudent and thoughtful oust the political militia. But, they always invoke Democracy after thirty or sixty years. Then Democracy develops the 'cry' and the 'caucus' and so dies; giving place to Bureaucracy, or Cæsarism, or a combination of the two.

My 'little knowledge' tells me that this is our disease. But my astonishing—at forty-seven years of age—credulity and buoyant animal spirits say to me 'Tush! the English will do something that no one else has done.'

If it were possible to tell one's friends all that one thinks and writes and does, I should like to show you all the memoranda I have written during the last year. But that would take as long as it has taken to play my part in this obscure drama.

Again, in the January 'Dublin,' Belloc is good. Some will denounce him for making things too obvious. Still, he does, in that article, explain to Tariff Reformers and Socialists what it is that is worrying them.

I read again, after many years, Ruskin's introduction to 'Unto this Last.' Some one, who has time, ought to write an article on that. It is wonderful that any man in 1858-9 should have demanded (1) for the start of life, National Education; (3) for the end of life, 'Old Age Pensions.' Given these ratifications of what *then* seemed ranting, it is well worth any man's while to read his (2) for the middle of life. It is the middle of life that I care for. The voyage is more essential than the yard in which the ship is built or the 'port' which she makes. The 'yard' and the 'port' exist for the 'voyage.'

Of course I was enchanted by Eccles on Romance. I can't say how glad I am. I knew where he would criticize; and deliberately left out the argument founded on St. Michael, which he puts in a foot-note.

To his Mother

SAUGHTON GRANGE,
CHESTER, 23rd January 1911.

It was like you to produce the very box for my flint arrow-head. I got a glimpse of Cyncie on Thursday and dined with Benny. I had not seen him since his South African tour. We had a great talk over S. African politics and his 2nd property there on which he is growing wonderful crops of cotton. This venture is exactly the kind of thing which rich people ought to do and all the cotton magnates are agog with interest. He has grown £5 worth of cotton from each acre for which he paid two pennies. But, then, he took the lead and the risk and is now deeply interested in getting the Chartered Company and the Colonial Office to realize what has been done. I do not suppose that you know what good work 'Timmy'¹ is doing as a director of the Chartered Company. Timmy, with Birchenough and Jameson, are the three whom everybody respects for their work, and for 'developing' the country instead of merely 'floating' shares.

Benny, Perf and I, had quite a good day's hunting on Friday, and on Saturday we had the 'real thing'—a slashing gallop and forty minutes to the first check. I enjoyed it hugely, but was *very* stiff after it. Yesterday I dined with our new General, Sir W. Henry Mackinnon, at Government House, and had a useful evening. At last we have a man who will move. We have got one, and may get two, ranges for musketry. Mary, Ego, Letty and Guy Charteris came here Saturday to Monday. We hunt to-morrow and other days. On Friday I must attend my half-yearly Railway meeting, but get back to have the 2nd in command, 4 Squadron Leaders and Adjutant to dine and sleep here; so as to discuss Yeomanry before I am engulfed in Politics.

Of course I am doing too many things. But . . . well? I still like doing them; and the Railway people, and Yeomanry and soldier people, and hunting people all help to pull together; so do the literary people. I brought Belloc back late last night after my dinner with the General. He had been lecturing in Manchester and Liverpool and lectured again to-night. He was in great form and enchanted us at luncheon to which Benny came. The Political people, on the other hand, with whom my lot is cast, do not pull together and do not enchant me. Yet—as a consolation—I reflect that the great woof of

¹ The Marquis of Winchester.

English life, with its soldiering, and railways, and sports, and literature, goes on getting woven and is far more substantial than the intrigues of Party Politics or the grasping dreams of Socialism. That is why I cannot share dear Papa's depression over politics. The real working life of the country is so much more to me than the mischievous tomfoolery of cranks and scamps.

I do not deny the menace of their tomfoolery. But I do defy it. I do not believe in its lasting power for evil. I know that all the people feel with me and would follow if one ever had to give a lead. Meanwhile, no doubt, it is irritating to be bound down to the theatrical insincerity of Politics. But that is the price, paid beforehand, for perhaps one more chance of making something—an army, perhaps, or a sensible Poor Law, or an Imperial Tariff. It is so delightful to make anything that will last. That being so, naturally, the price of the chance of making anything is a high one in Politics. But it is not higher than the price of making anything in that or literature. In any case, to 'make' anything—from a horse out of a colt, or a book out of the English language, or a human society out of the jealousies and vanities of mankind—is not easy. It is not meant to be easy; and demands, in each case, a sort of careless courage, which helps and calms.

Of course there is the danger of getting to like 'the pretty quarrel as it stands' for the sake of its neat antagonism. But the truth of the matter is that even Sir Lucius O'Trigger does not enjoy pretty antagonism, unless he believes in something worth fighting for. If a man believes that the Universe is not necessarily absurd because it is incomprehensible, he can be happy in that belief, and all the happier because the riddle exercises his ingenuity and patience.

542

To Philip Hanson

35 PARK LANE, W.,
1st March 1911.

'Them's my sentiments.' I believe that everything turns on achieving fairness between 'Parties.'

In work of this kind one must expect 'ups and downs.' After writing to you I had a bad 'down' on Monday. But yesterday I had a much better 'up,' and I am hopeful. When I say 'hopeful,' I am not thinking of the immediate future: I mean exactly what you say, viz.: that honest work, based

on the facts and on prolonged thought, without any party bias, must have a touch of immortality in it, and must be useful.

I have a speech to make to-morrow in Hammersmith. Unluckily I have a heavy cold on me, so that 'the dull brain perplexes and retards.'

In spite of that, I shall try to do some 'thinking aloud.' The occasion is fairly suggestive. It appears that on the 2nd March twenty-five years ago, Randolph Churchill invented the name 'Unionist,' and we celebrate the anniversary.

I am trying to say that 'Unionism' is a true and lasting Political Creed opposed to all other -isms, and profoundly different from Opportunism and from log-rolling.

(I did not know I was saying that till I wrote it to you.)

I did mean to say—and shall say—perhaps with that addition—that Unionism consists in finding certain principles common to several 'parties' or 'States in the Empire,' and then standing on those principles, and inviting others to stand with you; and that this involves the mutual concession of many political predilections which do not conflict with those principles.

Suppose, for example, that quâ the Constitution I laid down

- I. Stability.

- II. Predominance of the House of Commons.

- III. Ultimate decision of the People.

I could deduce from those principles a Constitution on which most people could agree if they were ready to waive non-essentials.

I. Stability does involve two Chambers on facts and possibilities, for a 'written Constitution' comparable to that of the U.S.A. is neither actual, possible, nor desirable.

II. Predominance of House of Commons does involve a smaller second Chamber, and does, I believe, exclude a second Chamber wholly elected, from huge Constituencies.

III. Ultimate decision of the people does involve either frequent Elections on mixed issues, or Referendum for rare and grave cases.

These are only examples, but they are fundamental.

I should then say that on the political creed of Unionism it was impossible to present such a scheme unless in a shape which was not only sincerely, but obviously, free from Party bias.

I believe I can make something of this. But to-morrow the offspring of my brain can only be embryonic. By next week, when I speak at Cambridge, I shall have licked the cub into shape.

My crux at this moment is the difficulty of persuading good, clever and honest men that they must not 'pack' the initial 'second Chamber.' They cannot 'cast their bread on the waters.'

The clever ones give excellent, and sincere, reasons for refraining from that imaginative exercise, *e.g.* 'We shall be betraying the Union'—a shaft peculiarly deadly when it is shot at me, although, if Ulster speeches mean anything, I am now credited with having done as much to save the Union as anyone else. I can think of a far more clever defence for 'packing,' but God forbid I should tell them of it. The clever defence of 'packing' would be that under any reasonable plan for a second Chamber, *e.g.* with longer tenure of office on (a) 'big constituency elections,' and (b) nominations by P. M., *we* should now have a 'remainder' majority in the second Chamber, that *we* are, therefore, entitled to 'make it so' in initial, transitory, provisions; arguing, at the same time, that the permanent provisions will give Asquith a majority in the second Chamber before his majority in the House of Commons is melted or reversed.

That argument is not only clever, it is, also, sound. But to strike the imagination it is essential to be, not only fair, but generous. If only all could grasp the exaggerated profits of the 'beau rôle,' all would be well.

Unluckily they grasp neither that nor anything. They clutch the air with cramped fingers.

543

*To Charles T. Gatty*¹

CLOUDS,
EAST KNOYLE, 16.iii.11.

Bless you for your kindness. You know what the loss is. My Mother is splendidly brave; my dear brother, Guy, has just arrived from Petersburg. It is hardest for him.

I believe dear Benny is coming to the funeral. Come too. We shall all love to grasp your hand and you will see nothing here but courage and peace. Of course you must not if it is at all inconvenient. The train leaves Waterloo at 11 a.m. on Saturday.

¹ His father, the Hon. Percy Wyndham, died at Clouds about 10 a.m. on March 13th.

544

To Mrs. Mackail

CLOUDS,
EAST KNOYLE, 17.iii.11.

I loved your message. I have thought of you and yours very often during these last days, because of Wilbury, and because of Rottingdean, Dear, when I had a second vision of you, doing, so beautifully, what I have been trying to do.

And before this came I often thought of you as I realized that I could not bicycle down to see you and Angela and Denis and Clare and the Dormouse—(was it a Dormouse?)—as I did once or twice, to be happy, and learn about clavichords and spinets.

I have realized that very often. But I did not regret. Because I am quite sure that the few really beautiful things that come to us, are immortal, somehow or other, and, probably, in millions of ways.

I do thank you and bless you.

545

To Philip Hanson

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 5.iv.11.

I would have written long ago to thank you for your letter, had I not been in bed for a week with tonsillitis. My dear Father was absolutely himself to the very end, and was, indeed, ready for either alternative. He did not surrender weakly, but neither did he struggle to live. His mind was as clear as crystal to the end. The evening before he died he saw Percy, asked about his hunting in Ireland, and his musketry at Hythe, and then said 'I'm very sorry about G——'s marriage, you won't do that, Percy?' in a clear, kind voice. And Percy answered 'No, I won't.'

All the work I have to do here only increases—if that were possible—my deep respect for his definite character and my admiration of his justice and generosity.

Let me know if you are likely to be over any time after Easter. Nothing could be more consoling than a good stump with you round Regent's Park. My dear Mother sends you her love and is wonderfully brave and well.

546

To Mrs. Hinkson

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
May 29th, 1911.

I love 'The Dearest of All.' The poems are beautiful and most true of this sorrow which has come into both our lives. I will never shrink from the dear Dead; and am sitting in my Father's chair at this moment.

547

To Hilaire Belloc

SWAN HOTEL, WELLS,
(SOMERSET), 5th June 1911.

I did not answer your letter because you threatened never to write again if I subjected myself to that exertion. Also I was busy and could not see you on Friday. I was busy because I meant to escape—a good word for a great adventure—on Saturday. And escape I did with Sibell by the 10.30 a.m. from Paddington to *Westbury*, where a slip-carriage pulled up in obedience to immutable law (of gravitation). There I remembered with a sharp pang that I had so waited, on the same platform, on my last visit but one to my father, and my last visit that was to find him as I had known him from my childhood.

But I did not dwell on this, since my purpose was to escape. I 'changed' and went more towards the west to *Witham*. There I 'changed' again and went still more towards the west in a panting little train by *Shepton Mallet* to *Wells*. I thanked God, and the imbecility of the English, for a train service which—so far—has protected *Wells* and left it habitable.

I went to *Wells*, for a number of reasons: *imprimis* Sibell loves to live near a Cathedral; (2) I wanted to see the Cathedral again myself; (3) I wanted to have a quiet spell in the library; (4) I did not know Somerset and cherished a great regard for Somerset. It is a Diocese which coincides with a settlement. It is a part—indeed it is—of the Europe before Rome conquered Europe. It was a settlement of the Belgæ 800 or 900 years before it was a settlement of Saxons. It was once upon a time a system of sea meres (Sea-mere-settlement)—akin to your Landes and to Venice of the Veneti. It was and it is a part of Europe, and not a settlement for coal-soot.

In the train I glanced—but once, say twice—at a Guide

book and learned that Wookey Hole was near Wells. I walked from the station to this town whilst Sibell took the one-horse bus. Twenty years ago there was a one-horse bus at Chartres. That is still the vehicle at Wells. As I walked I read 'Wookey Hole' on a sign-post: and that determined my fate.

[But here I must digress. I admit that the sign-posts in Somerset are enamelled in white and blue like advertisements of 'Simplex' or 'Cymplus' water-closets. I admit this. But take it that the boys of Somerset have so bombarded the sign-posts with stones as to leave little of the enamel and much of the rusted iron foundation.]

That sign-post decided my Fate. On the plea that I needed exercise—after a perfunctory turn round the Cathedral—I walked to Wookey Hole. It is a pure joy: I think the only natural wonder and human legacy from languages in this country which has not been spoilt. You ask for a guide at a farm; walk through somebody's stable-gates, into somebody's orchard full of white chickens, wander on by a path that undulates on one wooded bank of a dell hewn by the river Axe and wait for the guide. When he comes he is a farm lad of fifteen years armed with two candles and a can of paraffin. With that boy you penetrate into the entrails of the Mendip Hills. You climb and descend tortuous corridors into great chambers, like Chapter-Houses, and see beneath you the subterranean River Axe. Now, the boy-guide speaks of one, Mr. Balch, as the excavator. So when I emerged (like Virgil) and returned to Wells I sought out Mr. Balch, the assistant Post-Master, and found him in a cottage—no more—with a garden full of flowers and his children. In two minutes we were at it, talking as we talk together of old times. That man has the fiery particle. He is a Celt, with blue eyes. His pride is that Wookey Hole was not inhabited in the Stone Age, but was a fastness of Celts, who used bronze and iron and made pottery, and wove and kept goats. He has an immense collection of their works. He rejoices (as our grandfathers did over Waterloo) because when the people who lived in the mere by Glastonbury were swept away, some Celts—'our people'—held on in that 'reduit' of the limestone crags.

I could tell you of the coins and combs and needles and querns that he has found. But I won't. Not I! For I purpose that you and I shall one day—and *quam primum*—start from Clouds, with a motor (merely to revert to old routes and save time); and that we shall ourselves try to understand the civilization of 300 B.C. (1) on the upland of Salisbury plain, (2) by the Seameres that—being reclaimed—are now So-mer-set.

Meanwhile I am sure of many things that I suspected and of one that I never guessed. The one thing I never guessed, though you may have known it for years, is that the comb, as an ornament for a lady's hair, is the comb with which she pulled down the warp on the web, when weaving, and, sticking it in her back-hair (as a clerk puts his pen behind his ear) retained it for an ornament and symbol of married estate. It would be great fun to discover that the spinster only spun and that the mother who wove stuck the weaving comb in her tresses. What fun that would be! And that is the kind of fun which I mean to combine with shooting partridges for my younger friends.

I have mentioned the comb. But I have three things¹—much more marvellous and enticing—of which I will say no word; no! not one word even when we meet. They are the bait that are to attract you to these parts.

You may infer that I have cared only of archæology. You are wrong. I had a great time in the library also. What I liked best, and far beyond an autograph of Erasmus, an Aldine Aristotle etc. etc., was just a Papal Bull of 1061 A.D., five years before the Conquest. It was a comfortable thing, in legible Latin; Petrus et Paulus—or it might be of last week.

¹ The three things alluded to are thus described in a letter written to Mr. Charles Gatty on the same subject:

'There are the querns from Wookey Hole which he has mounted, and with which he has ground flour to taste what it was like. Then come the simple questions, "What do you think of this Denarius of Marcia 124 B.C.?" It is nearly 200 years before the Roman occupation." I say I think it was not hoarded by a Roman, but that it filtered through the Europe of 124 B.C. He agrees. We get on to Rhodes' gold coin of Antoninus at Zimbabwe in Rhodesia. He knows all about that and has a brother there. Back, then, to Wookey Hole and Conundrum No. 2. He shows me the bulk of an earthenware jar with stripes from top to bottom, and between them *holes deliberately made with a wooden tool*, but disposed—well—like the constellations, or the chance holes made by bookworms in wooden bindings. And he asks what I think of that. I say "I have never seen anything like it." He answers, "Nor anyone else till six weeks ago when I found it in Wookey Hole. I've sent it to London. What do you think it can be?" I felt excited and said, "If there's any repetition of pattern, or anything like the oghams,² holes in clay, instead of notches in stone, you may have got a script." His blue eyes blazed. He said "They all think that in London except one man. We read the Egyptian hieroglyphs and dig in Crete; why don't we try to understand the things here?" I said, "I hope you can stay here." He answered, "I have stayed for sixteen years and prevented my promotion, and now my friend, who worked with me, is gone." I asked if the P.M.G. knew of his work. He answered "No."

'Then he came to Conundrum No. 3. A bronze equilateral triangle with a round hole in each angle. I was absolutely flummoxed. I thought of silly solutions—an ornament for harness stuck on with gold pins, etc.—anyway a plaque of some sort. But he said "No; each of those holes is striated. This is the invention—perhaps of one man—for making a perfect *rope with a triple cord*; and I've made them with it."

² Ogham is a particular kind of stenography, or writing in cypher, practised by the Irish.

To his Mother

KING'S HEAD,
CIRENCESTER, 7th June 1911.

Sibell and I have been drinking in this miraculous June weather, so I just write to tell you that we do know how wonderful it is. We have never had a motor. I have known for long that Sibell would like to do a tour in England, Benny lent us a motor and—here we are. I told you a little bit about Wells and forget where I left off. But that does not matter, for the beauty of these days is continuous, like Eternity. It has no end and no beginning; but pervades.

I have seen some things in these two or three days that belong to eternal beauty. And I enjoyed them all the more because a rush south from Dunster to Exeter, through 'scenery' (the Exe river valley) set an edge on my rapture over things that are so much more beautiful than 'scenery.' If I tried to tell you of orchards, and the horizon of the Down and many churches and some tombs, and high walls with valerian in full bloom, and one rose-bush near Glastonbury and the after-glow this evening, and the moon, with a planet hard-by, this night: I should drop into the language of Bottom the Weaver. 'This shall be called Bottom's dream because it has no bottom.'

Wessex in such a June is profound and ethereal. I have learned much history and invented more.

But to take the bones of our voyage:—We left Wells yesterday morning; sped across the old sea—Mere—(whence Somerset—Seo—meare—soetan)—past Glastonbury, the Isle of Avalon (built by Hugh of the other Avallon in Burgundy), up the shoulder of the Polden Hills (here was the rose-bush) and then down the spine of them (they are low amicable hills) with the plain of Sedgemoor to the Quantock on our left (or West), and the inland mystery of Avalon enclosed by the Mendips on our right (or East), and so, turning West, to Bridgewater and over the Parrett river (with ships in it) that was for over 100 years the frontier between Saxons and British. We sped then along the coast of the Bristol Channel to Dunster. The Priory Church is beautiful, the screen right across the church, from wall to wall cutting off both aisles as well as the Choir, is evidently the model which Bodley has imitated and profaned. Beyond it were many monuments of the de Mohuns and one that made me gasp. It had a head on a cusp—one of four heads. But one is of such surpassing beauty—of the beauty of 1220 A.D.—that I go on bowing to it like a china Mandarin. Need I say

that there is no copy, or drawing, or photograph or cast of it in all England? But there it is, and also in my mind's eye for ever.

Then, as we have done forty-six miles before luncheon, as I knew Sibell liked to see all Cathedrals and as Exeter was but another forty-two away, I plunged right South to Exeter along the Valley of the Exe, and we watched it grow from a spring to a river. It was a glorious day. But that valley is 'scenery' and Exeter Cathedral is *not* of the 13th, still less of the 12th, century. It has two Norman towers, oddly enough, perhaps uniquely, at each end of the transept. And it has one tomb of my Black Prince period. (There is no photograph of that tomb.) Then back those forty-two miles to Dunster.

We are glad we did this. Because it is glorious to move through the air on such a day and because it made to-day more beautiful. To-day, with a fresh wind blowing and a power for seeing for forty miles, we came back up the Polden Hills, saw the Tor of Glastonbury and understood its place in the Europe of 300 B.C.

Here I digress, to give, or anticipate, a view—long held—which I focussed at dinner and, now, know to be true. Near Glastonbury there is a lake village. Archæologists start with the idea that Lake Dwellings are *primitive* and almost savage. They are surprised to find combs, bronze bowls, etc., etc. They don't see two things. (1) The point is, that if people lived thus on mud-piles in a swamp, other people in 300 B.C. must have lived far otherwise and to more splendid purpose on the Isle of Avalon. The Lake Dwelling was to Avalon what Pentonville is to St. James's. (2) The second is, that a few years before 200 B.C. the 'Gauls' captured Rome, and overran Asia Minor.

Now, think of those two things. Do they not demonstrate the absurdity of considering all that happened *before* the Roman conquest of Britain as barbarous and primitive? I could go on. But what a digression! I conclude it.

We got back to Wells and shot up the East shoulder of the Mendips—on to the uplands—and lunched at Ammerdown with Lord and Lady Hylton. We started again at 4 p.m. through Trowbridge, passing the old Inn at which Monmouth slept the night before the Battle of Sedgemoor. Then we turned due North to Melksham, and Chippenham and Malmesbury. At Malmesbury we had tea, and saw all that is left of the Abbey. I cannot explain my satisfaction at being back—architecturally—in the 12th and early 13th century. But I know. Without attempting argument I assert; and, if challenged, I avoid

discussion to silently believe, that the art of 1180 to 1230 was a perfect expression of man's tenure of this planet. There it was ; and there, thank God, some of it is. Then we called at Charlton ; a good Jacobean House. Then we shot, further north, to this place, Cirencester. I had associated it with rhymes to 'sister' and Percy's 'point-to-point races.' Instead of which the church—though late—is wonderful. There is nothing tremendous between true 'Romanesque' (Norman and transitional, if you like)—and the ethereal decadent (?) attempt to say 'I will build my Palace of God out of Glass.' This Church is a wonder, of aspiration and stalwart discovery. Because—evidently, to the eye—when they pulled down the old thick walls of the Early English nave, in order to build four naves, which you can see through (such is the extent of the glass) they said to themselves—'But will the old Tower stand?' They asked themselves that question. And they answered it by two stone flying buttresses—such as I have never seen : for they go from the shoulders of the Tower right down into the earth. And they undulate to leave free the West windows of the naves. This was long after dinner in the after-glow. The tower was rosy from the after-glow and, when you went beyond it, a dark blue concentration of stone against a star-lit aquamarine sky. But, to me, there was something greater and more homely and immemorial. My Henry II. had built Almshouses on arches. And there they are. For nearly eight hundred years his foundation has sheltered the wrecks of men.

Well, well, enough, if there could ever be enough. The moral is : to travel, and in England, and in June.

549

To his Mother

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
29th June 1911.

The last few days have been rather strenuous for me. I had said, weeks ago, that I would move the first resolution at the Annual meeting of the National Service League. Lord Roberts asked me to do this. And the debate on 'The Declaration of London' came on at the same time. So, on Saturday to Tuesday I had to study all the voluminous material on two big and complicated questions, and to prepare a speech on each. Then the usual things happened. I spoke to a full audience in the Queen's Hall on 'National Service'—and no

paper except the 'Morning Post' reported me. In respect of the speech on 'Declaration' I was told to speak to-day, then telephoned for to speak last night, then told no more. So I had to speak suddenly at a few minutes' notice. Under all these discouraging circumstances nothing but my love of Papa would have helped me to prepare, at all, a speech on the Declaration of London. But, just because he worked so well against the Declaration of Paris in 'the days of ignorance,' and the House was counted out on the night when he had first place, I did, superstitiously, and filially, work at the second speech. So, when, quite suddenly I had to get up, I spoke for forty-five minutes in the House.

I did this work as a tribute to Papa, who understood forty years ago what the people are learning now. But for my memory of his undeserved neglect, I could not have gone on.

I had such happy dreams after making up my mind to go on.

550

To his Mother

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
1st July 1911.

I loved getting your letter. It made me glad to have spoken to the House and glad to have written to you about it.

The ills from which England is suffering demand a long cure. I may not live to see her convalescence. But I think we have 'touched bottom,' or sunk so deep that we *must* believe in rising.

I do believe that we shall rise and emerge. And I know that when that happens all men will revert to revere the memory of those who, like Papa, saw clearly in the dazzle of false sunshine. My duty is to see clearly in the gloom of real darkness. I do see, and I shall act.

I am not gloomy. There is less light. But the *things* are here in England. We shall see them when the sun rises.

551

To Wilfrid Ward

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
July 19th, 1911.

I have read the eleven slips. But I doubt if, beyond chronicling that fact, I can say more that is worth saying. For, at this moment, I am not only watching, but taking part in the political welter, comparable to the theological welter of seventy years ago and onwards. And this demands all my energy.

But—and this is my excuse for writing at all—it does not exhaust it.

On the contrary, your acute analysis of Newman's temperament and intellect in a theological whirlpool, helps me to grasp the antics of my comrades in a political whirlpool.

Let me jump to the moral. The moral is that action (by martyrdom or championship) does more at the moment and, often, for many years, than can be effected by a balance of acumen and virtue.

On the other hand, the strange, or rare, (same thing) combination in one man of 'sceptical' acumen with 'military' loyalty—if he has the gift of speech—leaves a cue to the progressive integration of Truth, which becomes intelligible and illuminating after seventy or one hundred and fifty years. Then, and then only, is that man acknowledged as something else, or beyond, a martyr and champion. It is then seen that he was a seer.

The mechanical difficulty with which you are to contend consisted in the anachronism of writing the life of Newman 50 or 100 years before the world can be expected to detect the prophet as the third person—(if I may use an analogy which is *not* profane)—in a Trinity, which includes the more obvious champion and martyr. For any great cause there is needed the champion of the past—and the past is the Eternal Father of the present and future; there is also needed the Martyr to the exigencies of the present, in conflict with tradition; and there is also needed the Prophetic soul, *proceeding*.

It is this proceeding which gravels the critics. They can dimly perceive and, in part, assess the creative tradition; or else, they can assert the majestic agency of the irreconcilable offspring. But they rarely connote the two; and the critics never apprehend the ghostly emanation from that conflict which is the Comforter of the elect.

Now, to drop this parable, you have tried to explain the co-incidence in Newman of the Champion and Martyr; and, not satisfied with that attempt, you have proceeded to invite a world-wide acknowledgment of a ghostly emanation from his alternations of triumph and despair.

You are right! But you are so right that you are in the same boat with him. That is to say that you are in the boat that is always—apparently—wrecked by the waves of the world that sin against the Holy Ghost. But that is the only boat that—in reality—reaches the Haven of Peace.

I know that boat; and am trying—very ineffectually—to navigate it through my little cess-pool of Politics.

552

To his Mother

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
29th July 1911. 10 a.m.

If anything could make me love you more your letter would. But nothing can, as I love you all together and your letter is a piece of your own self.

If only the 304 Peers who mean to 'walk out' of History into limbo and nothingness had been born of Mothers like you History would be different.

'Non ragionam di lor ma guarda e passa.'

Now I am back to the fight.

553

To Hilaire Belloc

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
29th July 1911.

I have read your article on the Declaration with interest and approval. But don't you think that amendment should not be confined to food, *i.e.* to Food as conditional Contraband?

Surely we ought also to insist on amendment in respect of the destruction of neutrals when taking them to a port involves 'danger' . . . to the operations in which the captor is at the time engaged?

The destruction of neutrals in 1904 by Russia shocked the world. We protested and received some assurances. The practice was discontinued. When it was repeated in 1905, we protested and Russia replied it was a mistake due to their maritime disorganization. Surely it is preposterous for us to ask the world to sanction the depredations which shocked the world at that time and condoned, perhaps more than anything else, to precipitate an attempt at improving International Law? As a minimum of compromise (1) Food should not be contraband unless obviously for the use of armed Forces, and (2) Neutrals should never be destroyed unless (*a*) carrying munitions of war and (*b*) no other course is open to the captor.

Please read the report in Hansard of the speech I made yesterday. The 'Times' report is an outrage. Yesterday they 'boycotted' my speech on National Service. To-day they mutilate my speech on the Convention and put (hear, hear) at the end instead of (cheers).

This declaration of London is a bad business.

554

To Wilfrid Ward

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.

July 30th, 1911.

Your letter needs no excuse. It states simply what is in the minds of most men.

There is a fierce indignation against those who threaten to vote with the Government against their own convictions, for the sole purpose of preventing the creation of peers at all costs, including the cost of a general acquiescence in a policy which the majority of Englishmen believe to be disastrous. That indignation will burn up the Unionist party if this outrage is committed.

Against the Peers who have formed no judgment of their own nothing can be said if they follow the advice of Lord Lansdowne. But among those who have announced their intention of 'walking out' with Lord Lansdowne there are some who will do so from a sense of loyalty, although they have formed a judgment opposed to his view, and are sincerely convinced that they ought—if free—to vote against the Government.

There is a strong feeling that Lord Lansdowne ought to restore liberty of action to men whose consciences are wounded by what he asks them to do, and that he ought to denounce the project of any Unionist Peer voting with the Government.

Those of us who act with Lord Halsbury will not yield to any pressure. The Peers among us will vote with him, and the members of the House of Commons will support their action in the country.

We shall not publish a list of Peers who will vote, for two reasons. In the first place, the essence of our cause, is that members of a second chamber ought to be independent, and ought not to be 'items' in a voting machine. We hold that their personal independence is necessary to the corporate independence of a second chamber; just as we believe that the corporate independence of a second chamber affords the last safeguard of the nation's right to pronounce on grave measures before they are decided by the Party-caucus. In the second place, if we withhold our list those who say they will vote with the Government must discover for themselves the exact number of 'black-legs' needed to consummate the ruin of the House of Lords and destroy the constitution for ever. We are not going to measure the margin of treachery

required to complete so infamous an act. They must attempt that nauseous task unaided save by the authors of the Revolution and the Harmsworth Press. We believe that they cannot effect their purpose and are determined to defeat it.

555

To Wilfrid Ward

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
August 4th, 1911.

I must write a line of thanks for your letter and enclosure,—although I am tired. Our Meetings to-night at Chelsea and Holborn—which were only advertised to put hearts in our troops—have been passionate triumphs.

I cannot explain the situation, for it changes from hour to hour.

Last night the Government decided to risk defeat without creation of Peers; as preferable to risking *both* defeat and creation of Peers.

To-night—on the brink of our Meetings—something like a white flag reached us by devious channels from the ‘Abstainers.’

But nothing will shake or divide, or puzzle us. We shall fight on Wednesday unless *all* our opponents—friends and foes—surrender. And we shall stand the racket of a ‘stricken field.’

If we are beaten by Unionist abstentions and desertions to the Revolution, all is lost except—and for this we fight—the one chance of restoring the constitution which resides in our refusal to abandon the constitution.

If we win on Wednesday we win ‘the day’; but know quite well that victory will be the mere beginning of a long campaign.

I do not share Froude’s regret and yours at the absence of public response to Norfolk’s letter. He has saved the State. We ask no more than he has done. It is enough if the Peers are not deaf to the call of Honour and blind to the signals of common sense.

All through the days when the Court, the Bishops, the Press, and both Party machines were firing at us, with threats and ridicule and bitter blows—I have believed. I told Sibell there would be a miracle. And behold!! we have the country with us and—what is far more—a sure faith that will survive defeat and save this nation.

556

To his Wife

44, BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.

10th August, 1911.

Well—it will be over to-night. It is a *very* close finish. I was a little bit more confident yesterday than I am to-day ; because there are more ‘Rats,’ *i.e.* Unionists who will vote with the Government. If all do who intend to, there will be 21 Rats. If there are 21 Rats, and 10 Bishops, there will be a dead heat.

That being so, there is only one move left. Norfolk will speak and vote with us. He ought to carry a few with him ; but, on the other hand, so passionately are Curzon and Middleton working for the Government, that they may detach more abstainers and turn them into RATS.

It, therefore, stands thus : if Norfolk carries 3 with him and frightens 3 into the Government lobby; we shall win by 1. If he frightens 5, we shall be beat by 1.

I have done all that man can do and am very tired.

Later. Same date.

Well—we are beaten. But I call the 114 Peers who voted like gentlemen “The ‘Beaten’ Gold.”

Many are angry. But, perhaps because I am not as good as other men are, I believe in taking a beating like a gentleman. I think I have persuaded all to keep silence for a week, perhaps for a fortnight, and not to care what the Harmsworth Press says of us.

We ought to be proud of our little Army. At noon to-day our full figures were 115 ; and 114 voted. We were beaten by the Bishops and the Rats.

But our Army stood the ‘heavy pounding’ of this first Battle. We have lost that Battle. But we have secured a Campaign, and we have not deserted our Cause.

The only thing I regret is the action of the Bishops. I cannot understand it. If they could have heard, as I did, the contempt poured on them by the Radicals on the steps of the Throne, they would have understood that they were selling the Crown and the Church to men who despised them.

557

*To his Wife*ST. FAGAN'S CASTLE,
CARDIFF, 12th August, 1911.

Thanks so much for little letter of kindness and consolation. I do need a rest. I cannot quite realize that it is of no use to write to anyone, or speak, or urge and persuade—any more. I begin to think of arguments and of Peers that might be brought in. And then it comes back to me with a dull thud of pain that it is all over and that we are defeated by men who knew not what they did.

I can rest here and bathe in the sea to cleanse myself of all the dust of the conflict. There is that simmer of youth about which is refreshing as one gets older—quite a lot of young men who are Ivor's friends. 'Bear' Warre, son of Dr. Warre, an architect—a Mr. Warrington Douglas—American author who lives at Versailles—Robertson (I think). These are all young—jumping over the lawn tennis net and the chairs as I used to do. Then for more sedate companionship, George Street who suffers from the heat and lives in the water like a porpoise.

Windsor is very calm and dear about it all. He is writing to the 'Daily Express' to say that he was with us from the first. The Daily Express put him down as one who joined at the last moment. You ought to look at to-day's D.E. There is a column and more of short descriptions of the Peers who fought well—Halsbury, Selborne, Salisbury, Willoughby de Broke, Norfolk, Plymouth and—I was glad to see—also dear Benny.

I think that the nation has been stirred. I am sure we must take action and not leave the simple workers stunned and embittered by this betrayal. But just for once I—who generally see ahead—cannot see the Future of the Unionist Party and Constitution. Perhaps there is no future. . . . But it is far more likely that there is only a mist of sorrow before my eyes: and that when I am rested I shall see again. Just now I have lost my vision.

558

*To Wilfrid Ward*ST. FAGAN CASTLE,
CARDIFF, August 13th, 1911.

The issue is tragic, even more so than you would deduce from our numbers—114—in the Lobby. We knew that we should reach that figure—there or thereabouts. But we

hoped—I did almost to the end—that we should get a rally from independent Peers who had not declared themselves. We thought that our case, being the best case, would win votes during the debate; and the more so, since our speakers by their sincerity ought—in our judgment—to have prevailed over the insincere and base and timid.

I went through our list of promises with Willoughby de Broke, for the hundredth, and last time on Friday morning. We numbered 115. In view of the chances and changes of life it was a splendid result to poll 114. In Politics we are always told to deduct 10% from promises. But our Poll represents over 99% of the result indicated by promises.

Of course there were slight variations of detail. Abercorn deserted in the afternoon and Mayo was too ill to travel. As against these two we got Norfolk and Halifax. There was only one missing whom I have not traced.

Our estimate on the morning was that—taking gross numbers, our 115 versus all official Liberals—adding to them ten Bishops and twenty-one renegades,—there would be a tie at 115.

Some of those who played the poorest part, kept assuring me that there would be few renegades. I was shown a list of nine. But I replied that we put them much higher. To all intents and purposes 37 men voted against their convictions and the Archbishops and Bishops were 13 instead of 10.

It is a bad business. For the moment I cannot see the future.

There is no getting away from the fact that Unionist Peers and Bishops carried the day for single-chamber tyranny, knowing that it inevitably involves Home Rule and Dis-establishment in Wales; and that they did so at the bidding of Harmsworth Press which was directed and informed by Curzon and Middleton. I would—and I will—dismiss the suspicion that our Leaders connived at this tragedy. I will believe that they were blind and obstinate. . . .

Even so, I cannot see any Future. Perhaps there is no future. I try to dismiss this as an effect of fatigue and prefer to think that a mist has risen between me and the future, and that it will evaporate and reveal some horizon again.

After a short rest, during which we have agreed to say nothing, my Friends will meet and consider the new situation.

I cannot get to 'Lotus' next Sunday and will write in a day or two to say if Monday the 21st is possible.

I have not shaped my views and must await a clearer vision. But they tend to condense round the three propositions:—

- (1) There must be action.
- (2) Action must *not* be hostile to the abstainers, but
- (3) It must be separate from them.

So it seems to me. But I must rest and think and confer. Then we must act.

559

To his Wife

ST. FAGAN'S CASTLE,
CARDIFF, 15th August, 1911.

Yesterday we motored in 2 motors to St. Donat's. Gay,¹ Lady Manners, Phyllis, the American author, Warre, Goschen (*N.B.* the one I called Robertson is Goschen—aged 24, son of the Ambassador).

St. Donat's is now inhabited by the next generation, *i.e.* the Williams who married Miriam Thelusson.

The father—Williams—now dead—has overdone the restoration. It is a pity. But nothing would spoil St. Donat's. The two things I regret are (1) that he has made the inside too much of a Museum—with an Armoury; (2) that the terraces down to the sea have been cleared and over-burdened with stone paths, stone pillars for roses, and in one garden quite 60 Heraldic animals in stone sitting up on their tails and holding aloft bronze bannerets. The mournful beauty has fled.

I tried hard to see the road by the Church in the cleft below. But the summer leaves shut it out. On the way back we stopped at Llantwit major and saw the Church—very interesting—a prolongation of pre-Norman, early 13th, early 14th, and late 14th Century.

There is a good carved stem of Jesse there—to balance your window; a beautiful 13th century capital and window; and a carved stone of 843 with inscription about a King in Latin.

They prepared a lovely sight for all last night. We dined on the terrace. The 'children' as I call them disappeared: as we were looking at the stars and making them out we heard their voices below and looked over the parapet.

They had made floating lights—as in India on the Ganges—by cutting 4 square windows in bandboxes, putting candles inside and floating them off on the ponds. It was very beautiful and they sang Italian choruses.

He (the American) asked for a regular 'interview' on

¹ Lady Plymouth.

'Politics' and induced me to explain everything and everybody from 1885 till now with the thermometer at 90.

I want to stay here quietly till Monday 21st. Before that I can do nothing and it may be hard to get many together so soon.

I have a very dear letter from Willoughby de Broke who proposes the 28th, and many other letters on the Crash and the need for action.

560

To his Mother

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
24th August 1911.

I never answered your last beloved letter. I go to Saughton to-morrow for only a day or two. As they have cancelled Army Manœuvres—a bitter disappointment to me—I must arrange for a Camp and training in Cheshire. I am coming to Clouds on the 31st with Perf and Guy and no one else just to look round at the partridges and shoot a few for your dinner.

I cannot write yet about the Betrayal in the House of Lords. But I have not been idle. I should have wished to act at once. But others cannot be got together at present. Still I am not letting the grass grow under my feet and the 'Conspirators' are in close touch through the post. I am afraid that the news about Germany is worse.

I was very pleased with my Yeomanry as I had only 20 applications for leave. I should not have granted more than ten and would have brought out the regiment practically at full strength.

I shall now put my back into training them and then prepare for hard politics all the Autumn. All love to you, and may England pull through the betrayal of politicians, strikes of socialists and menace of Germany. *Anny* way, we have to help Her all we can!

561

*To his Sister, Madeline*¹

SAUGHTON,
27.viii.11.

I must send you a line of intense regret over the cancelled manœuvres. It is cruel to lose such a joy. But there it is—precisely where most of the things one cares about are. It

¹ Army manœuvres were to have been held in Cambridgeshire and George Wyndham and his brother were to have stayed at Babraham for them.

was a shrewd blow to be beaten in the Lords by 13 Prelates and 31 traitors and 6 mountebanks. My 'book' on the morning of the 10th allowed for 10 Prelates and 21 traitors. And, behold, there were more.

But so things befall in these days.

And we must begin all over again like Robert Bruce's tire-some spider.

I have begun the manœuvre business 'over again' by getting a capital camp in the Park here at Eaton for training. I have fixed up the water supply, settled a road for access, etc., etc., and to-day walked 9 miles with Percy over the adjoining country making out schemes for field-days.

I mean to give them the best training I can, because—like Cassandra (who was always right though never regarded)—I take a grave view of the Franco-German mess in Morocco. It is always 100 to 1 against war till war breaks out. But one must treat the off-chance seriously.

Indeed, I cannot take the cancelling of our manœuvres because of 'drought' seriously. They were cancelled the day after an inch of rain fell. On the same day the German manœuvres were cancelled—I don't know why. The French manœuvres were cancelled because of 'foot and mouth disease.' Our Indian manœuvres were cancelled because of drought. And the French Ambassador to Berlin went to bed, instead of going to Berlin. All this is—as Alice in Wonderland puts it—'curiouser and curiouser.' So I train here close to head quarters and give no leave.

562

To his Niece, Clare Tennant

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 4th September 1911.

I loved your letter and the Equestrian portrait. I shall frame it and keep it in my room. It is very good and natural.

Percy and I have 8 hunters here. They love being visited. When they hear my steps, out comes a long row of long faces on long necks over the bars of loose-boxes. Then they rub me with their noses and think in their dear, slow, puzzled way about hunting; remembering dimly that there is something else in life more glorious than eating.

On Wednesday to their huge surprise at 6 o'clock in the morning they will see the Hounds and the Hunt Servants' liveries. Then they will remember it all distinctly, and give

a little squeak of joy and throw a buck. But the summer flies will remind them that it is only cub-hunting, and their slow thoughts will revolve back to the cool comfort of their stables. But on Thursday Terence and Cardinal will say 'Hullo, going by train, are we?' and get into horse-boxes by force of habit. When they get out in the evening they will think they are going to their stable at Saughton, and wonder why they are ridden to Eaton. Then they will see white tents and remember the call of trumpets and the other glory of mimic war, and 'the thunder of the Captains and the Shouting.' So they will be very happy doing the things that their ancestors did with Man's ancestors 15,000 years ago. For the men of the first Stone Age drew some excellent portraits of long-faced horses on the tusks of mammoths; and, we must suppose, loved the horses.

Terence and Cardinal will feel that it is wise to go on doing what horses have learned in 5000 generations to do. They feel this. They will not think it, for they are happier than philosophers and feel things—an art which philosophers lose the knack of. They will see and smell and hear that, in camp, there are as many horses as men, and be very proud of the equality, and of the number of horses all pawing the ground and grunting together. When the silver-throated trumpets blow 'Feed,' they will all neigh together; partly because they are always ready to eat; but, also, because they feel a strange thrill in their slow brains when one sound makes them remember one thing distinctly: the strange thrill that Man felt when he was learning to speak.

The next morning when the trumpet sings 'Troops right wheel'—round they will go—so suddenly that the recruit—more ignorant than they—will nearly tumble off on the near side. Thus, again, will they feel the joy of companionship with Man, heightened by generous emulation in the Arts of Peace and War.

563

To Hilaire Belloc

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 6th September 1911.

I write a few words of companionship. This letter is not to suggest or settle anything. It is only, in written words, that which, in spoken words, is called—by the young and careless—'passing the time of day.' For this is a profound truth and a nice discrimination between categories. The old, who

are wise and careful, say 'It's a fine day,' or, perplexed by doubt, ask 'Do you think it will rain?' But the young—and the very young with greater insistence and repetition—ask again and again—'Please, Sir, can you tell me the time?'

Now we, who are neither old nor young, may wisely avoid assertions about the weather, and yet, usefully, communicate knowledge about time. For example, I will—even now—tell you that it is twenty minutes to twelve, after noon, on this day, the sixth of September A.D. 1911 (6.IX.11). Of that I am sure. (For I have looked at a good clock, after looking at stars.) And, thus, we may hug some security: and take the heart of grace.

I have been happy to-day. I got up at 5 a.m. and rode out through the mists with my boy at a quarter to six and drew for foxes (Cub hunting) and found them and then breakfast at 9. And then, the Estate Carpenter (who employs ten men) at ten. And then the Secretary for a bit. (As a result *he* has written thirty-seven letters.) And then the agent (of the farmer class) and then lunch. And then household business; and then two hours' sleep. And then Lawn Tennis. And then old memories at dinner with my mother.

Now, all this sounds trivial. But it means content to a number of Englishmen.

And through it all I have been reading G. K. C.'s Ballad of the White Horse.

And through it all I have been hoping that you and he will—some day, on a day of the days—come here and take in the downs and the vale with me and be glad of England.

I say 'and be glad of England.' Of course, politically and economically it is sad and we are divided about remedies, and prepared—if it must be—to be beaten, or shamed by Germany.

But the lovely land is here and the loveable folk, and the old memories and the hope as good as when the same stars shone on it, any time these ten thousand years.

Some day I would like—I would love—you and Gilbert Chesterton to poke about the detail of this bit of Wessex with me; not as archæologists or 'literary gents' but as lovers of this land and of its people.

You may consider this letter an affront to Sussex. On the contrary the *Habitable* or *Œcumenical* parts of the earth consist for *Englishmen* in the counties of Sussex, Wiltshire, and parts of the counties of Gloucestershire, Hampshire and Dorset. With the rest we have to do, but it is in these that we can live. And to applaud the excellence of any one of these is—for us—to assert the necessity—to us—of them all.

If we grasp that we can understand—on equal terms—the Latin and the Gael. I will not be troubled over others. And, we can revel in ‘The Ballad of the White Horse.’ Nay more—if you come—we can go and look at him.

I am aware that Chesterton has gone to live in Kent—and deplore his departure from London. There was much to be said for Kent and something may still be said. But, O Lord, the aliens that infest it! London—but to write of London would be excessive. It is enough to say that London—if Cockney—is respectable.

564

To his Mother

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 1st October 1911.

I cannot say how much I miss you here at every moment. I don't think I have ever been at Clouds without you. I went out early the morning after you left and found two doves, one on each feeding-bracket to right and left of your window, like supporters to a coat of arms.

Detmar Blow put in good work over the Memorial¹ and the Library. The Partridge shooting was a success, 136½ brace and 110½ brace. I have been wandering about the Park and, when next you are here, we will toddle round together and you shall confirm or advise on some cleaning up and clearing out, which would I think enable people to enjoy the views and good trees better.

I shall have to be in London on business and Politics (Die-Hards) for a day or two this week. So we will meet.

Perf thinks that when there is Electric light—when?—the lamp-room would make a beautiful Crypt chapel for Sibell.

Charles Gatty has been looking through some of the old deeds about this place and has found two beautiful ones:

(1) of Charles II, with engraved portrait of the Monarch and gold letters.

(2) of Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector. I am going to frame them—leaving a record that this has been done and putting the record also on the backs of the frames. They are beautiful bits of engraving and writing and interesting. So they ought to be seen.

The Pomegranate has blossomed on the 1st of October!

Willoughby de Broke was enchanted with the place.

¹ To his father.

565

*To Mrs. Hinkson*35 PARK LANE, W.,
October 12th, 1911.

You have often given me joy by your books ; and by your letters, at those moments of life that count for ever, a sense of peace and companionship. But I like your last letter because it is long and a letter of a friend, though we have never met. As life goes on, and some are taken from us, and some whom we love are away for long absences, we realize the minor importance of such accidents as seeing and hearing. Such a friendly letter from one whom I have never seen chimes with such thoughts. I did like the new poems and am glad that you write in the 'Eye-witness.' To read a poem by Katherine Tynan in a paper edited by a friend carries me back to the days of the 'National Observer' and Henley. I will send you a photograph and believe that prayer and kind thoughts are an armour of protection.

566

*To Leopold Amery*35 PARK LANE, W.,
18.x.1911.

My conclusion is that, now, with a fight before us, for National and Imperial existence, we should, in respect of the Irish section of the Fighting Line, do 3 things.

A. Denounce the tainted origin of the Home Rule Bill ; decline to look at any measure by means of the overthrow of our Constitution ; insist that the Union was handicapped by *charges* of political corruption and duress and that Home Rule cannot—even by Home Rulers—be launched by the actual commission of those crimes. And retaliate by declaring that, being at war, you will disfranchise Redmond's rotten boroughs.

B. (1) Strike at the false analogy with Colonial self-Government and strike hard.

(2) Declare for Ulster and never abandon her.

C. (1) Insist on Tariff Reform and National Tariff.

(2) Restoration of Land Purchase ; National welfare.

(3) *National Transport*. This needs more careful consideration, in the course of which two factors must be taken into account. (i) We shall have a recommendation in favour of nationalizing Railways ; supported by Socialists and resisted

by Shareholders. (ii) If credit and cash is devoted to this object, there will be neither for the institution of small ownership.

My inclination—and I would be glad of your view upon it—is

To defend the shareholders against the Socialists, and, as a quid pro quo, to get *through rates* for agricultural produce on all railways in the United Kingdom; accompanying this stipulation—if need be—by guaranteeing existing profits on transport of such produce in return for the construction of suitable rolling-stock, refrigerator cars, etc. This has been done in Canada.

We have a great opportunity which will be missed unless we link up a 'Rural policy' with a 'Railway' policy; and cannot be taken until we get Tariff Reform.

Such a Policy would tighten the Union and relieve our Industrial centres from the back-wash of ruined husbandmen.

It is a Unionist Policy for all parts of the United Kingdom, and leads to what I most desire, a square fight of Unionists against Separatists and Socialists.

567

To Hilaire Belloc

35 PARK LANE, W.,
22nd October 1911.

I am ignorant and eager to learn. I only know of Alfred's doings in our country by oral tradition and the names of 'King's Settle'¹ and 'Alfred's Tower.'

But I am sure you are right. Alfred camped just west of Great Ridge Wood. I have always felt the mystery of that spot. You may remember that I pointed it out to you as we motored from Warminster and that I told you I must take you to Wylde Wood: that's the place, or hard by to it. Why called Wylde Wood I don't know, for it is miles from Wylde village and the river of that name.

I am sensitive to such places. I discovered some such interest about the Lea Mill near Saighton and took people to see the place and feel it for years before I knew that Sir Hugh de Calverley lived there. But the wild land between the west of Great Ridge and Wylde Wood is haunted. Here we have one of those eddies of deep emotion which persist long after the stream of Time has passed on. It is a haunted spot. The Stone-Curlew or Thick-knee breeds there.

Just off to Clouds after making a speech about Nelson last night.

¹ A wood near Shaftesbury.

568

*To Charles Boyd*SAIGHTON,
23.xi.11.

I am grateful for your thoughts. Think of me again tomorrow, Friday, night. I have to take on the Free Trade Hall—a large order. I am deeply interested in Tariff Reform, but it is difficult to put it to a vast audience.

I felt the sadness of things when Arthur Balfour resigned. But he chose the moment with all the wonderful clearness of his mind, and the manner with all the kindness of his heart.

‘He nothing common did, nor mean,
Upon that memorable scene.’

And he wrote me an affectionate letter which I prize, and told me not to be too pessimistic. For all that, and all that . . . you can understand.

569

*To his Mother*CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 11th December 1911.

I was just going to write to you ‘for company’ when Sibell brought in the design of Fisher’s Cross for dear Papa’s grave. I am so glad that you do not like red brick. Here in this land of green and grey waiting for the glories of blossom in Spring and Summer, and of the Sky at many hours on most days in the year, it is an outrage to put red bricks anywhere, and an insult to put them in the grass, near a wood, hard-by to a 13th century Church tower and under a northern sky that changes from dove-colour to crimson and gold, and Persian blue behind the shifting scenery of soft clouds.

Your cross with green-sandstone about it will begin my monument in the right way. I shall finish my monument or—if I die—Percy will finish it. But the great thing is to begin in the right way. Then the rest has to conform.

I shall finish our plot in the church-yard and my library just with Mallett,¹ using the wood that grows from, and the stone that lies beneath this soil. And, most beloved, your beginning will guide me.

All the ‘ways’ of life show me that Eternity is true, and not time, and that other ‘times’—however good—are manifestly false. Blow,² who lived in 1220, now lives in 1690. But we

¹ The estate carpenter.² Mr. Detmar Blow.

live for ever and must say so in what we make. I shall, therefore, to come back to the library, do it in my own way and not in Blow's 'period.'

All this consoles me for the cross-purposes of Time. I had arranged my duties so as to be here with Percy. But, I had to make speeches while he was here and now that I am here he has to do Adjutant at Wellington Barracks. So it is and how can I regret?

I do mean to get out of Politics when I can. But I can't now. Percy is so sought after in his soldiering that I have had to pursue him in order to arrange my own Time-Table so as to see him sometimes.

He was offered, and accepted, a staff post as Aide-de-Camp—to General Rawlinson commanding the 3rd Division at *Cholderton* (!) Then he was offered the Adjutancy of his battalion; and he had to choose. He has chosen the A.D.C. job. I think rightly; as he had said 'done' on that before the other chance opened. I think that Papa would have liked him to stick to the thing he had accepted.

As that is so, he will live—and that does 'touch up' the past—at Park House where we used to go and see the race-horse Foxhall!

I hope—after the next three days at the House of Commons—to get four weeks solid here and to get Percy for most of it.

After that I have to run a political campaign in Herefordshire and another—big one—in Lancashire and Cheshire. Meanwhile I am to write an essay on 'Land Purchase' for a book—jointly composed—against Home Rule: and I am Chairman of the Sub-Committee on 'Defence' in the Halsbury Club. So that with these two campaigns of speaking and two campaigns of writing and organizing I am 'full up' till Easter; as I shall have to do 'Army Estimates' and also—so I hear—our opposition to Welsh Disestablishment.

I got a day's hunting to-day and—as Perf is away—had three horses to ride. I enjoyed it very much; had good talks to farmers, got very hot; and felt fairly young.

570

To his Mother

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 21st December 1911.

I send you all my love for Xmas. I miss you here all day long; and am counting the days till you are back to look at the first flowers. I hunted Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday

and hope to hunt Friday and Saturday. Meanwhile Mallett and I are getting on very fast with the library. We had to change Blow's design as it would have cut down the windows outside and spoilt the face of the house. So this gave me a good excuse for changing his plan inside too. Only I wish, most Beloved, that you were here to tell me how to do it. I must send you his drawing and Mallett's; so that you can tell me to stop if I am spoiling it. I don't think I am. Blow left $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet between the book-cases and the beam in the ceiling with an ornament squashed by the beam. Mallett and I are carrying the cases up to support the beams.

It will look safe and I believe be safer.

Then, in the Lamp-room I am making Sibell's Chapel. I bought about 100 feet of very dark, formal, beautiful panelling, with a lovely pilaster every twenty-seven inches dividing the panels. It is exactly the right height; and with a white-washed barrel-vaulted ceiling, and red brick floor, gives a simple deep colour chord to the whole.

It was the deuce to know how to manage the panelling round the two square brick columns that carry the two low arches running North to South between the three barrel-vaults. But I think I have done it and Mallett approves! I put a pilaster in the centre of each face of the two columns; and in the centre of each face of the four projections—two in north and two in south wall, that are opposite the columns. Then I put a pilaster, the middle one of nine, in the centre of each of the side walls West and East. By a miracle if you mitre the panelling on each side of the pilasters round the two square brick columns they fit with a waste of only two inches of panelling.

It is almost miraculous that a chance purchase should fit the lamp room. (Sibell is really pleased.) It is not quite miraculous because the whole thing is—as men of science say—'susceptible of the simplest explanation.' The explanation is that Philip Webb¹ was a man of genius. Sibell tells me that the wine-cellar—if properly treated—might challenge the forest of pillars at Cordova. I shall look for the Lion-Court in the *Brush-room*!

¹ The architect of Clouds House.

To Hilaire Belloc

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 22nd December 1911.

It is high time I should write to you and Christmas is the time for writing to friends. Yesterday I wrote to my Mother, my brother and three sisters. To-night I write to you: not that I am overburdened with news or with views. I have nothing to say. I follow a natural inclination. As the vernacular has it 'I feel like writing to you.' And I just do it without excuse, explanation or purpose. It would be an impertinence to tell you what I have been doing (and suffering): because we have not been doing and putting up with it together. It would be a savage act to solicit your account of your farings. But I must fore-gather with you in the lull of Christmas. Lord! How I love that lull. Like so much else it is mechanical. I contrive it by sending my secretary away to his home, for his holiday; and then, treating my correspondence with contempt. He 'barges' in from Chester, where his Father lives, with 'urgent business.' I lock it up in a despatch box and swear to Xmas that no business will I 'transact'—That was the word?—before the 5th of January. I escaped from the cut-throat cage of Politics, in which slime usurps the place of gore, last Friday. I became once more an animal and a man. I shot rabbits with two neighbours on Saturday. I hunted the fox, with neighbours, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and to-day Friday. I shall hunt the Fox to-morrow with neighbours. On Thursday I wrote of my love to my nearest and dearest.

This Fox-hunting is a great matter. I have not lived here since 1886-87. But, just by these few days, I know the whole terrain 30 × 20 miles and I know many who—such is the pass we are in—were eager to welcome me. Now, to-day, just because my boy Percy and I asked forty Farmers to course hares here twice, farmer after farmer found me out and begged me to ride over their land. The coursing of Hares—stigmatized by the Pundit of Fox-hunting as 'mad for a minute and melancholy for an hour'—is the oldest sport. And now that—Alas!—fewer farmers can afford to hunt the Fox—it is what they love. They breed the greyhounds and have, as a rule, only two outlets for their skill and keenness. They read the *½d.* Press about the Waterloo Cup and have one rotten, betting-bedevelled-meeting. But when you welcome them all on to the land and have a lunch of sandwiches in a barn and a bottle

or so of vintage port, why then you feel that in the South Country we have not been Jew-ed out of the England of Shakespeare and Chaucer (before him) and Michael Drayton who in Poly-Olbion has a great passage about coursing hares.

What a glorious piece of the earth is South England! And how happy we can be together in it.

Now—about your coming here and Mrs. Belloc and your musical cousin, if she so pleases. My holiday lasts only to the 5th January. Then I must work and go to Hell, viz.: the Platform till the end of January. But, after the end of January, I mean to take the first fortnight of February solid here, with my friends. So, if it smiles on you come from now to 5th January or, from 1st to 14th February; or both. February would be the best time; as Christmas and the New Year involve local duties.

I hunt the Fox most days and you may infer that I should not be companionable. On that supposition you would err. Because I have a motor. That implies that my friend—if he likes—can go out with me in the machine leaving at 10 a.m., see the country, visit the ancient monuments; lunch at an Inn and take me back at 3 to tea here at 4 and have four hours to dinner, two hours at dinner and two to three hours after dinner. During these hours—9 to 12—I prosecute the Muses and two—as I think—interesting ventures. I am making the whole top of the house—on South side—into a library, and in the bottom of the house I am making a chapel for Sibell. It is great fun. I am doing it with my carpenter. We have knocked a vista from one side of the house to the other upstairs: and are just at the ecstatic moment of deciding the size and shape of a band of mullioned windows West and East of the roof. Downstairs in what was the Lamp-room and will be the chapel of Our Lady I am having the time of my life. This crypt—for such it is—consists of three barrel-vaults with two pairs of low arches between them. I found thirty metres of old Italian panelling with thirty-nine pilasters. I am enthralled in the task of making that Lamp-room a counterpart to the underground church at Assisi:—with no silly pedantry. The carpenter and I do it.

I have just read the last ‘Eye-Witness.’ It is very good. Wedgewood is insane and that spoils his paper. But the rest is all I could wish. But here I stop. God forbid that I should slide back into the slime. I liked Junius’ letter to Brookfield. He puts far better—what I said to Selborne and others three weeks ago. They were babbling in chorus on the false line. I stopped them by saying ‘If I make a silly joke about the

Holy Ghost it may be in the worst taste but it is not so offensive as a long dull book to prove there is no God!' I gather that Robertson in 'Pagan Christs' has concentrated the range and venom of Frazer. I have thought since the *first* (mild) edition of 'The Golden Bough'—that comparative Mythology ambushed Christianity to a more deadly result than (1) Astronomy, (2) Geology, (3) Darwinism.

But, when I first reconnoitred this new attack, I replied to Wilfrid Ward (1) If there was a revelation it could not be in Choctaw. It was in Greek. (2) It could not be in mythology as alien from Mediterranean thought, as Choctaw from the Greek tongue. It was in the religious tradition of early Europe.

Since then I have reflected that Western and *Northern* Europe (with Baldur) provided the channels which the Jews and Arabs could not provide for a—relatively—fuller revelation of God. The Epiphane was the other way about. It was only when the Jews hit the West that Christianity began. It was only when the North hit the Mediterranean that God was—in part—revealed. The true date of the Epiphane is about 1170 A.D. The result may be seen in the architecture and social fabric of the 13th century. The effects of reaction towards the East may be read in the 'Eye-Witness.'

572

To Hilaire Belloc

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 29th December 1911.

In order to be clear I begin about dates. Your dates are the best for me, say 6th February to 13th. On that day I must dine with Bonar Law before the By Our Lady Session.

I have steeped my body and brain in wind and rain. For I hunted five days last week and four this and always got soaked to the skin. But in the ancient riding-coat, leather breeches and boots this does a man good. He becomes a hot, happy, soppy, sweaty animal with a blithe heart and no mind. so I cannot write lucid prose or undulating verse. I can only wish to you and Mrs. Belloc All Happiness in the New Year and say how glad I shall be, and Sibell, to welcome you on the 6th February.

573

*To Mrs. Hinkson*CLOUDS,
SALISBURY, December 29th, 1911.

I did not know to whom I was indebted for the 'Life of Edward FitzGerald' and now hasten to thank you for the gift which I shall prize. It will be a link between us if you should live at Frascati and will deeply interest my beloved mother. She was touched and pleased by your book which reached her through Lady Grosvenor.

I can only thank you with all my heart for the unseen, but nearly felt, friendship which you show me and wish to you and yours all happiness in the New Year.

Your letter made me home-sick for Ireland. We talked only of Ireland last night.

574

*To his Mother*CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 29th December 1911.

This is *not* a letter, only a line of LOVE and little outburst of my need to talk to you, at every moment of every day, here. Mallett is a real trump.

I keep getting further and further away from Blow's design for the library. Having 'scrapped' it in principle I am now at new detail in close harmony with Philip Webb's work. But I walk warily. I was struck the other night by the fact that Webb's oak panelling on the staircase does 'die into' his white panelling round the Hall. That made me look at his oak panelling round the column in the library. Out of the two Mallett and I have concocted a flat 'bench-end' with panels; and set it up in dummy. I think I shall get it quite right by degrees. The new windows outside will be $\frac{1}{2}$ -sisters to the window in the roof of the kitchen; and the panelling and book-cases inside will be $\frac{1}{2}$ -brothers to the wood-work in the hall, staircase and dining-room.

I think that dear Benny is coming to hunt here with Perf and me. Indeed I feel sure he is as he is sending four grooms and six horses! So there will be twenty horses in the stables.

And now, once more I wish you a most Happy New Year, and *lots* of it spent together.

575

To Hilaire Belloc

85 PARK LANE, W.,
29th January 1912, a Monday, 10 a.m.

Your letter rejoiced me. And, when you and Mrs. Belloc come to Clouds I shall rejoice the more. Sibell is grieved at having to be away but she always goes to Lettice when another little Beauchamp enters this perplexing place of existence and this time her presence is exacted by the fact that Beauchamp has to be away a good deal for Cabinets. If anything could increase my pleasure at your both coming it would be that without you I should be very lonely during the last few days before the horrors of Parliament. I had kept them clear for merry-making, and merriment there shall be, seasoned with deep discourse on the possibility of saving agriculture and creating owners of the soil.

There I am with you, and, what is more, I found that working-men in Lancashire, weavers, spinners and a miner (one) quite understand that Rural England must be restored.

I cannot write about politics for I am but just reviving. I was 'ridden out' by Saturday night, having made eleven speeches in five days at Chester, Southport, Blackburn, Warrington, Bolton, Manchester and Rochdale. Golly! what a country or, to be precise, what a town. It is one town. But the people are sound and strong. It is the Merchants who live on commissions and the Oriental Financiers that ruin it.

I was so tired that I could not eat, and could not drink. The last day I drank only light beer; which is meat and drink and the only fuel for a tired body. I went to bed at 9.30 last night. This morning I hear from you of your 'Enchanted Mug.' I might have gone on another week had I possessed such a treasure. I want someone to give me a simpler aid to existence; a case for my glasses (pince-nez glasses) that shall be of a brilliant scarlet colour with gold spots on it. The dark-green one I try to possess eludes possession. It performs its own 'escamotage' and I spend say one hour fifteen minutes a day looking for it in my pockets and on the floor.

I read the 'Eye-Witness' with close attention and interest on (1) Expeditionary Force, (2) Belfast. I could say—not write—much on these subjects and listen to any amount. It is strangely refreshing to find a newspaper and one mind that sees these problems and refrains from hiding them. Ninety per cent of our countrymen cannot see them. Nine per cent see them and say 'O Lord! nobody else must be allowed to see.'

The main objection to a separate Expeditionary Force is a conviction—not negligible because it is based on experience—that separate Armies go to the Devil themselves through pride and exclusiveness and send other Forces to the Devil through a soured humility. It may be that a solution lurks in a revival ‘up-to-date’ of the old system of a ‘rota’ by which a particular regiment, keeping its tradition, is ear-marked during a period of years for a particular kind of service. There are remnants of this system in the practice still observed of a regiment going to India for fifteen years with a different—and larger—establishment and longer period of service with the colours.

This might be expanded and differentiated to subserve the several military needs we have to meet. I worked it out once and have the Memo somewhere. *E.g.* as a rough illustration—out of 100 battalions 30 for Expeditionary force, 20 at Home, 50 in India. Next you must decide on colour and reserve service for each, during its allocation to its task, and these will have to be shortened all round (*a*) to meet the difficulty of landing men in civil life when too late to learn a trade, (*b*) because with the multiplication and cheapening of transit it is foolish to keep a man eight years in India and cheaper to increase the vote for Transport than to increase the vote for pay and *Pensions*. The Recruit will choose the service which he fancies and the first should offer better terms in pay and deferred pay; *e.g.* for Expeditionary Force three years with colours, three in reserve, for Home battalions two and six. For Indian battalions five and 3.

The last adjustment I shall not attempt—it is for what periods the *battalion* (not the man) shall be detailed for these three services and in what order, it can be done. But enough of this except to say that (*me judice amico contradicente*) National training however short in a Territorial Force would enlarge, and not restrict, the number of men who would be tempted to take any one of the three options in the Regular Army, each of which must be voluntary.

The main objection to the Belfast Enclave is that (*a*) there are many Nationalists in Belfast, (*b*) many Orange-men in Down, Antrim, Monaghan etc. Intellectually the heart of the problem is that you must ‘satisfy Ireland’s aspiration in a way to which you can secure England’s consent.’

Unless you believe that can be done in a new way it is better to stick to the old way—however unsatisfactory. Dismissing—for a moment—the ‘tainted origin’ argument against the Union, (for why bandy words? It is easy to retort that the

alternative is being launched by bribery and corruption) it remains true that Pitt and, above all, Cornwallis sought by the Union to give Irishmen (not, you may say, Ireland) political equality with Englishmen and that Grattan, Sheridan and other Irish leaders said that Ireland would *not* be satisfied with anything less than political equality. It is probable—and I believe—that this is still true.

The 'dry light' shows me that to give Ireland 'self-government' and deny her government any say in Defence and Finance is an enormity too monstrously divergent from all known types of politics. It would not last two years.

On the other hand psychological instinct tells me that the English will not consent to making Ireland a Sister State with as much latitude in respect of Defence and Finance as is granted to Canada, Australia and South Africa. The English instinct is probably right; just because of Defence and Finance. It is not that Ireland is more important than Canada. It is that altering a Frontier and dividing an Exchequer are damned ticklish jobs.

That is the heart of the problem.

The 'representation at Westminster' argument is merely dialectical; because who is represented at Westminster now? And by whom? and how? and why?

Observe—to go back—that if England treated the sister state solution with a gambler's generosity it might work. But, also, if Ireland treated the Union in like manner, it also might work.

Either might conceivably work. But to me it is not conceivable that a Plan would work which pretended to give Ireland self-government and gave her no say in Defence and Finance.

576

To G. K. Chesterton

PARK LANE W.,
(Feb. ?) 1912.

You are not to answer this letter. I must write it. I must thank you for the 'White Horse.' I cannot go on reading it to myself (4 times) and reading it aloud at the top of my voice (5 times) and refrain any longer from thanking you. It is your due to be told that many eyes shine with delight at its strength, and that knots climb up the throats of women and men at its beauty. Its wisdom we shall patiently learn. 'At last!' and 'Thank God!' are what people say when they

read it or hear it read. But I thank you in addition to thanking God and my stars, for having been given what I most needed in the largest measure. I am not selfish over it. I do not hoard it for my own satisfaction. On the contrary, I read it aloud to all my friends and have huge joy in watching it working in them. This I can easily do over the top of the book, as I know most of the plums by heart. Like all great gifts, it goes round. It can be shared. It is not like a diamond or a sonnet in a language that few people know. To read the 'White Horse' aloud is like bathing in the sea or riding over the downs in a company that becomes good company because of the exhilaration.

577

To his Wife

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.

*Rather late on 16th February, 1912.**(Indeed on stroke of midnight.)*

I ought to be in bed as I have not written any more since dinner, because I needed rest and mean to finish to-morrow the first draft—or on Sunday. After that comes 'combing out' and 'cutting down' and transposing the type-written copy. Then to press and then proofs and correction for a week or more. I am quite 'wound-up' over this work. I am using all my knowledge and any daring I can show, to rescue my Land Act and kill Dillon—politically—in Ireland. I may succeed.

I had written so much yesterday and to-day and got so far ahead of Mr. Hyde's typing, that to-night I relaxed and read the 'White Horse' (Chesterton) to Mamma. None the less my mind blazes on and I have not only charted the course to the goal—but jotted down some stinging bits.

I have no personal feeling in the matter. I am not trying to 'get home' over 1905 (resignation) or 1909—Birrell's destruction of my Land Act at dictation of Dillon.

I believe that my Land Act, if permitted, would have made Ireland happy. I believe that it was killed, owing to foolish misunderstandings on my side and the sheer devilry of Dillon, and the cowardice of Redmond and the cynical complaisance of Birrell.

So now I am fighting for my absolute belief. And I hope to win.

It would be funny if I did win after 7 years of premature

old age. And it will be very blessed and peaceful if I am beaten again. For, in that case, I can retire to Clouds. Selfishly I should prefer that result. But, looking dispassionately at the battle, I see that I ought to win it. Either way, it is a good fight and I am getting troops round me. The Tariff Reform Central Committee passed a vote of thanks to me yesterday and are going to give me a Dinner, etc., etc. I care nothing for 'garlands.' But I like troops when I go out to war. And—I cannot deny it—I like fighting.

578

To Charles Boyd

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
27th February 1912.

Your letter is most helpful, and please thank your brother from me for the information it contains. I hate bothering anybody about my private affairs, but the difficulties of the gentry have ceased to be private. I hear next year's Budget is to finish off those who love the land.

Very well, I don't believe it. But even if it should prove to be true, we have no grievance against Fate. We are not forced to say with Fleury, after Sedan, 'Never mind, we have amused ourselves well for twenty years,' because we have been a happy part in the being and doing of England for much longer. I shall stick on—and your letter helps, in its degree, to show how.

These personal and class problems do not interest me much. I am not supercilious; the pictures and 'marbles' and books that the Gentry collected, were worth collecting. The sport they gave their neighbours was worth giving; the service they gave their country—when others had no opportunity—as soldiers and sailors and ambassadors and statesmen, has been duly—perhaps excessively—acknowledged: their 'urn will not be unlamented.'

What does interest me—I will not say frightens me, for, rather, it suddenly arrests attention, is the census of production. It startles to know that, of all our people, only 7,000,000 produced only £700,000,000 worth of goods (omitting agriculture and fishing) in a 'boom' year 1907. For think what that means. It means less than £2 a week per producer for taxes, rates, depreciation, experiment, profits, wages.

In the light of that revelation the 'minimum wage' and

the National Insurance Bill become incredible. The 'balance of wealth' falsely so-called, comes from investment—*e.g.* the Robinson Mine; and 'virtuoso' performances, *e.g.* the barrister who earns £20,000 a year, and the musical comedy lady who earns £100 a week. It is—politics apart—impossible to tax *Finance* and [word illegible] *i.e.* skill in producing intellectual or sensual luxuries, without smashing the machine which makes production possible, and extends the higher rewards that persuade a people to produce.

The situation—quite apart from Germany's challenge, Ireland's dissidence, and the coal crisis—is dark and damnably like Byzantium before the Turks took that Banking Centre in 1453 (I think?).

But just because the future is so dim and the present so precarious, it is more worth while to be living. To hear a thrush sing in February, or to see a soldier on sentry-go, prove that it is well to live in England and right to die there, or elsewhere, for England. I am dropping into the ballad vein, as thus . . . how shall it go?

THE SOLDIER'S SONG

(TO GERMAN AIR)

I'll not bewail my home
Or loves that waved good-bye;
Soldiers engaged to roam
Without a sigh.

Far lands are calling loud,
Louder than winds that cry;
But I am glad and proud
To do or die.

That is the sort of stuff that soldiers like to sing. But, as Ruskin observed in the 'Roots of Valour,' they *do* go and they *do* die—if need be; whereas the merchant and the usurer do not go and do not die; they remain and prosper.

P.S.—The socialists' argument depends on asserting that a paint-brush is a little broom; because it looks like it, and the house *must* be swept; whereas the picture *need not* be painted. For all that I am—this may shock you—theoretically persuaded that a minimum wage is right; with, of course, the corollary that the man who can't earn it is a deserving object of discriminating charity. Ruskin was right. The State ought to launch the young; and provide a haven for the old. Between youth and age, the State should say that a good man deserves a living. At what year in the human span you can end youth and begin age depends on the amount of wealth accumulated. It is really simple.

579

*To his Sister, Pamela*35 PARK LANE,
11.iii.12.

I simply *must* dine with you on the 18th, if you will have me on the basis that I may be forced to return to the House about 10 p.m. I hardly ever accept an invitation to dinner; but this is different. On the days of the *week*—owing to Leap Year—this is the day on which Papa died. All that happened last year on the Sunday, Sunday night and Monday morn was very present to my mind.

I can't tell you the loveliness of the dawn at Clouds this morning. I watched it, and sunrise, and the mists, and the moon, from my window for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. It was more beautiful and more dramatic than any opera of Wagner.

All the while I felt glad that Papa's spirit was not perturbed by the incidence of strikes—and so forth—through the limitations of illness. He would have been unhappy if he had lived.

Do you know Richepin's poem about a Mother's Heart? It means something like this:—

'There was a poor wretch who loved a woman who would not love him. She asked him for his Mother's heart, so he killed his Mother to cut out her heart and hurried off with it to his love. He ran so fast that he tripped and fell, and the heart rolled away. As it rolled it began to speak and asked "Darling child, have you hurt yourself?"'

'The last person in the world' etc.—*i.e.* a political agent—asked me to locate a quotation which he could not remember, or attribute. But he wanted it for a speech against killing birds, for ladies' hats! This is the best news I have had of Party Politics for a long time. Even agents perceive beauty and shrink from silly destruction.

I feel sure that the quotation he sought must be—

'Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that *feels*.'
WORDSWORTH, 'Hart-Leap Well'—

and I advised him to that effect by return of post.

580

*To Hilaire Belloc*35 PARK LANE, W.,
14th March 1912.

Only a word between friends before I go back to my task at 11 p.m.

I have just read to-day's 'Outlook.' I daresay all I read in it on the pro-striker side is untrue—'What is truth?' I am sure it is *ex parte*—the presentment of a case from one side. But it is profoundly interesting, illuminating and moving.

I do not easily surrender to another's will and I never surrender conviction.

Yet I say to you that I am now persuaded that you were right over the falsity of Parliament and the venality of the Press.

A fortnight of free Debate in the House and of free journalistic comment would not have been too much for a free country to ask.

I daresay—again—that the case of investors in coal mine securities would be—*ex parte*—very powerful on the other side.

What I declare to be intolerable is that neither side should be able to state their case in Parliament or the Press. Yet that is true of this urgent, immediate national domestic problem.

It is also true of Defence.

To-day the Speaker prevented any demand for a reply from Seely on the criticism of admitted gaps—yawning chasms—in our Army Defence. So we talked about pensions.

On Monday the Navy will be 'starred' and 'boomed' to side-track the Coal-strike and—only no one thinks of that—the need for an Army.

Times are bad; but friends are good—so I wave to you in the gloom.

581

*To Hilaire Belloc*35 PARK LANE, W.,
23rd March 1912.

Just a 'signal of Amity.' I have not had a moment last week. But I think we ought to meet Tuesday or Wednesday. This has been a tense week.

I doubt if we should agree about the problem. I don't

mean the solution—on which any two intelligent men differ—but on the terms.

To my thinking the only question at issue is whether it is best to have a statutory presumption for rates of wages by 'callings'; or for rates of wages by the custom of districts. Let me illustrate that. In the North, railway-men get higher wages, which are lower than the wages of artisans. In the South railway-men get low wages which are higher than the wages of agricultural labourers. Which is best, to create a parliamentary presumption that 'porters' and 'signalmen' are to have a normal wage, as such, with exceptions *quâ* districts; or to create a parliamentary presumption that 'porters' and 'signal-men' are to have a living wage in their respective localities?

The test case of the *whole* problem is the agricultural labourer's position.

Unless we can help him the whole nation is damned. Can we help the agricultural labourer by saying that no Englishman ought to be such a 'mean white' as to earn less than 20/- a week? That to me is the crux. And I say no; we cannot help him in that way.

We might enact a 20/- minimum per week for him—and it would be little enough. But if we did—as a Free Trade country—all England would go under grass, of which two-thirds would become mossy grass.

With 'the best intentions' we should depopulate rural England.

I would like to hear your comment—or denunciation—as your lucid mind may decide.

More widely. Does not a minimum wage imply that if any trade, in any District, cannot support that minimum, then it ought to be 'scrapped'?

Now I admit, and assent, that a Patriot can patriotically say 'yes' or 'no' to that question.

But I incline to the belief that Ruskin was right in 'Unto this Last' and that the true answer is for the State to run industries with a high minimum wage against any who prefer—masters and men—to run industries at a low minimum wage, in order to have any wage.

I think Ruskin will prove right here, as he has proved to be right about Free Education at the start of life, and about Old Age Pensions at the end of life; both of which were scouted by all men in 1860, when he laid down the three propositions. However that may be, I am unable to understand any one of the views we are asked to consider in the absence of a Tariff.

To Hilairc Belloc

STANWAY,
WINCHCOMBE, 4th April 1912.

Deep gratitude for your letter and adequate information *in re* Hague Conference. But I have got my mind hitched (like some weeds caught round a snag in a river).

I have been riding for two days on the Cotswold. I have read at night your last volume of Essays 'First and Last Things.' The snag that snared my mind was the essay called 'The Lost Things.' It told me of other, and more notable, examples of what I saw : and could not understand.

What I saw : (a) on the map, the Roman roads shooting out from Cirencester; (b) as I rode, undoubtable pre-Roman roads along the heights that were lost in some valleys, to reappear on the next height and so on all the way to Kelmescott on the Isis.

How, when, why, were they lost ? Again, how, when and why did your road to Boulogne get lost ? The answer came to-night, '*Perdo,*' I lose, is also '*Perdo,*' I destroy. They were *Perdita*, destroyed. Yes, but how thoroughly ? I would say as thoroughly as the degree we may glean from the Old Testament—an excellent book. Not one stone was left upon another; then the thing was ploughed up; and, afterwards, salted. These 'things that are lost' were destroyed as Bridges and Railways are destroyed by modern armies; but to a more lasting purpose.

Each conquering race—with its plan—meant its plan to succeed. Each conquering race effected that object by two means : (1) by the excellence of their plan; (2) by the imbecility of the older plan.

They made the best plan they could as, *e.g.* the roads (Roman) of which Cirencester is the star-point. But they took jolly good care to make the plan they superseded imbecile. They 'blew it up' where it could not be mended.

I know that this is the answer to your question, because I have followed a pre-Roman road on horseback in the morning and read your Essay in the evening. It was so.

Even if I had not seen it,—I could have guessed it after reading your Essay.

I now know that this has happened many times. What the Romans did to the Roads of their predecessors, the Normans did—when it suited their strategy—to the Roman Roads. And the predecessors of the Romans with iron

weapons, did it to their predecessors with bronze weapons, and they did it to their predecessors with flint weapons ; and each wave of intelligent strategy was guided more—in this matter of perdition—by the transport-habit than by the missile-habit of the people they ruined : and shoved off the open spaces into the bogs or mountains.

This truth can be *seen* on the Cotswolds and on Salisbury Plain.

I have, also, seen it in Africa. There, too, when once you are up above the morass-level, you see a network of roads and tracks.

Everywhere some of these roads, or tracks, end inexplicably—except on the hypothesis, that new-comers with new tracks for new military and commercial needs, spoil the old tracks by deleting them where they descended into valleys, or approached harbours, or fastnesses.

The Arts of War and Peace consist in making your Roads, and destroying the Roads of your predecessor and possible antagonist.

That has always been true and it is true now ; but the Cobdenites have forgotten the truth.

I do not ask you to believe me. If you ever come to Salisbury Plain or the Cotswold, you will believe your eyes.

You asked me to write of anything. I have written the truth.

583

To his Sister, Madeline

35 PARK LANE, W.,
6.viii.1912.

When your dear letter reached me at Clouds, I did not understand it, as I had no idea you were all going to spoil Sibell and me with such a lovely present. I am most grateful to you and dear Charlie for joining in this beautiful gift.¹

We took in with great solemnity and put the Cross on the altar.

I wish you could have been at Clouds for Mary's birthday : and you must come some Sunday after manœuvres. I shall see you then. I am by way of going with Sir John French, but could I come to you just before, or just after ?

¹ His mother and brother and sisters gave as a silver wedding present a cross designed and made by Mr. Fisher. It was placed on the altar in the chapel that he had designed and was then carrying out the work of at Clouds.

To Wilfrid Scawen Blunt

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 12.ix.1912.

I am moved to write first, to ask whether you will be at Newbuildings 27th and onward, because—if that be so—I will send you 3 hares; secondly, and generally, to exchange such news as either of us may feel disposed to give; not that I have a large parcel. On the contrary, for my part, I have become a squire with an interlude of Tariff Reform speeches in Cumberland.

The interlude, of aforesaid propaganda, had its touches of mortality and the remembrance of childish joys, for I stayed at Cockermouth Castle with Charles Leconfield. I had not slept in that house since I was 6 years old, or seen it since I was 14. I found and recalled my night-nursery and day-nursery. My Mother's room over the gateway is now the housekeeper's. The place is the same. I felt that I had dreamed for 43 years of the ruins, and the sound of the weir and of the wind through the trees in the courtyard. The eagle-owl I knew in confinement is now stuffed in the sitting-room. The stone hall, adorned in old days, somewhat gauntly, by the skin of General Wyndham's charger, has fallen in and joined the ruins. The frame of the large window that commanded the Derwent river remains in a framework of touchwood. I left Clouds at 9 a.m. and reached Cockermouth at 9.40 p.m. I had not dined. I supped with Charles and his wife looking on. The next day, after preparing a speech in the morning, I looked on at two 'sports' of which I had heard, but never seen. Both are good for spectators. The first was a trial of sheep-dogs who, obeying the gestures and whistles of their owners, tied by a string to the starting point, persuade 3 sheep to follow an intricate course round flags and between hurdles and finally—but how rarely!—induce them to enter a narrow pen. The second is called a Hound Trail. Some 15 lean fox-hounds, all baying the welkin in agonized expectancy and wild recollection of earlier triumphs and defeats, are unleashed in a row on a drag, and are off like a flight of arrows. They disappear into the scenery. I am told that the drag has been laid over 17 miles to Bassenthwaite Lake and Skiddaw, and that I shall see them again coming down the ridge of Hay Hill. This prophecy—after watching the jumping of horses and wrestling of men in a withering wind—proves true. They appear and amid a hubbub of hoarse cries the winners and second and third

come through the last fence and are caught, 1, by Lady Leconfield, 2, by Charles, 3, by Jefferson, M.F.H. 'Climber,' the favourite, was beat by a neck, and 'Merry Maid,' an outsider, at 40 to 1, launched a lad of 13 years on the road to ruin, or fame, by winning him £5 for the modest risk of half-a-crown.

At 7.20 p.m. Charles and I went in an open motor through blinding rain to Workington, and there, in the 'Opera House,' I spoke for an hour and then for 20 minutes to an overflow. Next day, 30th August, I started at 9 and shot grouse with Charles on Fauld Brow, and recognized the mountain scenery that I knew long ago and have seen magnificent in dreams ever since. On the 31st Charles entertained 700 Tariff Reform delegates to luncheon in a vast tent, and I spoke to 3,500 people from a large—Punch and Judy show—platform, in the open.

I travelled back here, through the night and half the next day, to be a squire, diversified by being a conceivable Minister for War looking on at Manœuvres near Stonehenge, where I hawked and hunted, not so long ago, but still many years since, from Wilbury.

We have looked at what should have been the harvest; wondered if enough partridges have survived the deluge, sold 550 sheep at Wilton for just over 40/- apiece, exhibited 2 hunters at the Shaftesbury Show, and ridden over the plain 4 days to observe the final training and inspection of what I call 'Percy's Division,' because he is A.D.C. to the General. Manœuvres in these days are realistic. Nobody ate and few slept for 48 hours. In the course of such exercises the whole division passed the Avon between Amesbury and Bulford after midnight and fought till 1.30 the next day.

Now, that is all my news. My Library goes on and takes shape in close conformation to my idea. I shall roof in the Windmill before the frosts, with a stone-slate roof, like the shell of a tortoise, and four dormer windows from which it will be possible to enjoy the landscape of the South-West in any weather and ensure complete seclusion in an upper chamber, approached by a staircase winding in a spiral up the interior walls of the old building. Again, I am building a cow-shed for 36 cows at Pertwood, where I have already started a stud for hunters on the tiny scale of one mare, 'Justice,' with a filly 'Portia,' by 'The Duke.' The sire of the next foal being 'Border Prince,' the offspring—if a colt—will be named 'Jedburgh.' For the moment I am no more concerned with politics than to mete out 'Jedburgh Justice,' if I can, on the Plutocrats who have bought the Government in order to sell the country.

585

To his Mother

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 27th October 1912.

I am treasuring up next Sunday to be here with you.

What a bust we are going ! I have to make seven platform speeches between now and Christmas, in addition to House of Commons. I am really 'training' for it.

I have managed to put the dates on Thursdays in the hope of getting here for the Fridays to Mondays.

But two Sundays are gone—one the 8th to 10th to stay with Willoughby de Broke and 29th to 2nd December to stay with Cuckoo.

That leaves me Friday 1st (and you), 15th and 22nd to be here. Perhaps you can run back with me for those two also if the weather is fine and, any way, I shall 'infest' 44 Belgrave Square and sometimes bring Carson and your fighting friends to dinner from the House.

I have seen a good deal of Carson lately. We are closely bound by kindred passions for *definite* fighting. I have been too busy to write.

My 'raid' on Limerick was a joy to me, it made me happy. Perf accompanied me with a large stick. I think that—at the back of his head—he meant to hit anyone who hit me. But we revelled in it all. We crossed on Tuesday night the 8th, breakfasted at the North Wall with Hanson ! and then Hanson and I toured round all the old haunts of the Phoenix in a motor lent us by Horace Plunkett, it was a day of days, all gold and azure and diamonds in the air. Perf trotted off to see a horse near Sallins. I went on at 12.30 and picked him up ; having on the train two luncheon baskets. Then we bumped along the old line to Boher, near Limerick, remembering old days. We stayed with Sir Charles Barrington at Glendall. He was the perfect Irish host : aged 62 and singing all over the house. Indeed he sat down to the piano and sang 'The girl that came from Clare'—before dinner. The meeting was a huge success. Then we had a riot and ultimately had to wait in a garage till we could motor out to a wayside station. I had the old campaigner's sense to telegraph for luncheon baskets at Limerick Junction. It was 9 p.m. before we got them—half a hot chicken in each. After the meal you would have thought two hawks had been regaling, for nothing but polished bones were left. Then across the sea to Fishguard. The stars were shining and the wind warm. I lay in my night things with

the ports open and bathed in the sea-wind: an outing to remember and rejoice over for ever.

I liked your little hint about Death Duties and Insurance. But I have done it already. Papa used to say—and I quite agreed *then*—that people with an income from investments ought to save and not insure. Now all is changed owing to the heavy death duties. If I died before I can save, Percy could not live at Clouds, so I have insured my life and my saving must consist in paying the premiums. With that Perf could find the rest without having to let the place.

I have paired for Monday to attend the opening meet of the hounds with Perf.

586

To his Mother

35 PARK LANE, W.,
19th January 1913.

I'd love a talk with you one of these days. You will have known that—politically—the 'old' iron has entered into my 'old' soul, these last three weeks. Not that it's any use 'talking' even to you. Things are bad, and times are bad, and one must just put a brave face on them—and go on—and begin all over again, like Alfred in his march, and Bruce with his spider.

I didn't know that so many men were cowards. Yet, I ought to have known it! After the Lords ran away in the 'Die-hard' time on 10th August 1911, I never expected much.

For all that, and all that, I took them on at Llandudno on Wednesday week last, and at Dover on Wednesday last, and did the House of Commons Thursday; and spoke there Friday, and ran to Charing Cross and caught the train back to Dover; and made three speeches there yesterday; and attended the Parish Church; and got back here to-night; and, after work and the House to-morrow, I am off Tuesday to take them on at Gateshead.

I am not dismayed. But the words of Napoleon ring in my ears: 'Unless men are firm in heart, and in purpose, they ought not to meddle with War or Government;' and, again, 'Whether to advance, or *not* to advance, is a question for the gravest consideration at the *commencement of a campaign*. But, when once the offensive has been assumed, it must be sustained *to the last extremity*;' and, again, 'In a *battle* your

enemy's losses will be nearly equal to your own. But, in a retreat, the losses will be yours only.'

I say this to you, but I say it over and over again to myself; and dream of it at night; and wake early to realize its dawn-cold truth.

But I don't let the poor shivering Sheep-men know that I know this. I tell them to go on. And if they are too sheepish to listen, I go on alone.

But it is not so bad as all that. On the contrary, Bonar Law, Austen Chamberlain, and Edward Carson are good men and true. We have been crushed together for company. And there are seventy men who mean well, of whom, unluckily, only fifteen can say 'no' to a goose and quite one hundred who will 'rat' back to the seventy—if they think the seventy are going to win. So, to Gateshead, on Tuesday and—unless Fortune is a 'triple-turned whore'—a meeting soon in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester.

Indeed, I will go there alone. But I needn't be alone. Ten M.P.'s and three thousand artisans will back me up against a corrupt Press and the alien millionaires. Whatever else happens I do not think that Mond and Chiozza Money are the 'Natural Leaders' of the English people. '*I don't think.*'

587

To Wilfrid Scawen Blunt

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
30.i.13.

I write at once—although tired—because I appreciate a letter from you at any time, and, the more so, when I am having a bad time.

I got out to-day—a wreck—did a Railway meeting of shareholders at 12 noon; spoke in the House of Commons on Welsh Church; dined with Generals and the whole staff of the 'Times' on Army Defence:—a long, varied, exhausting day for the first day of convalescence. But so it is.

So—let me add—it should not be.

I do regret your departure from Chapel Street.

I hope that here, or at 35 Park Lane, you will be my guest, when Spring returns, and revives us; and I am determined to be your guest—with luck, when the birds are in chorus—and 'in any case' when the wild roses bloom.

You are fortunate. To select, and print Poetry, with dear

Dorothy's accomplished assistance, seems to me, after influenza, in a dark drizzle, and damned to the hell of politics, an inconceivable extravagance of joy. Now, if this World was made, the design must have been for joy. If it was not made, our revolt should be for joy.

You are accomplishing the Design of the Great Artificer; or else (if he never was) helping to fill the gap of his non-existence.

But I, Good Lack ! am a Member of Parliament !

I mean, however, to escape, and to get you to London to see pictures and plays ; or to go to you and hear the birds and see the blossoms.

I am glad that a Buck has been killed. Fond as I am of wild creatures and loth as I am to arrest their felicity, I am also glad when something definite is done.

Let there be murder, or even rape, rather than vague aspiration and no end achieved. Let something be done—even to DEATH. I feel this fiercely after my Parliamentary experience, in which nothing happens. Ajax defied the lightning because he knew that Achilles was an ass to sulk in his tent. A flash and a crash—even if they mean only the explosion of Obby's gun and the fall of a fat beast, are better, because more definite, than the murky drizzle of the Mother of Parliaments.

588

To his Wife

MANCHESTER,
11th February, 1913.

Last night was a great strain, but it was a success and—perhaps—worth doing. I will say a word about it later. At this moment I can only describe the horrors of Manchester and, above all bestialities, the disgust of this Hotel. I have not as yet murdered a German waiter. There are two who infest my room. I cannot understand a word of what they say. They make noises that convey nothing to my mind except the word 'schentlemans' which they believe to be the ordinary form of address from one person to another, as ' . . . obscure noises . . . schentlemans' which, from the fact that breakfast was on the table at the time the brute emitted these sounds, I assume to mean 'breakfast is ready'—in itself an unnecessary remark.

At breakfast there were two small jugs of equal size, supposed

to contain milk and cream. They did contain two different strengths of some mixture, in appearance like a cough-mixture, and not very dissimilar in taste. At my dinner, 6.30 yesterday, they brought a roast chicken—I had ordered grilled. There is a telephone at my bedside. Some one rang me up at 9 a.m. I had not slept till 2 and woke at 6, or rather was wracked by the trams into acute consciousness. I have, however, taken all the telephones off their hooks. So that nuisance is abated. Mr. Hyde has been very tactful (or alarmed at my demeanour) and has not been in to breakfast with me.

The only thing that has given me a gleam of human pleasure, has been dear Ashton Bagley's pale, eager face, irradiating his devotion to the Cause. Certainly he has organized it marvelously well, without asking, or receiving, any help from the Unionist Party. They—the delegates—had a very successful conference from 3 to 5; a capital Dinner at 6; and the Mass Meeting in the Free Trade Hall was full and keen. They praised my speech, my voice got stronger as I went on; and I pulled off the peroration. When I sat down I was dead beat; just a white, wet, rag.

I gave supper to Page Croft, dear Hugh Grosvenor, excellent Ashton Bagley, Col. Jackson, D. Barttley, M.P., H. Sowler, Chairman, and an American. It was filthy—the supper, and they charged £5 5s. 0d. for it.

This morning 'pour surcroît de bonheur'—the 'Courier'—our paper—owned I believe by Sowler but, I suppose, dominated by Jews, or Northcliffe—has a fair report—tho' unintelligent—but a leading article and head lines that make me vomit. They are enough to undo all that I attempted and—perhaps—got done. Nothing but 'No food taxes,' nothing but abject apology for your opinions, nothing but mean cowardice.

I am glad you are not here as I should be quite unbearable; a bundle of aches and heart-burning scorn and indignation.

I did love to hear of fair, quiet Clouds. I wonder what the inspiration is? I have made a resolve to like it, if I can, to please you. But I hope it involves the minimum of change, 'change and decay in all around I see' and I hate adding to its amount. But will do what you like.

I shall struggle to Hewell this afternoon and go to bed. And am coming to Clouds Friday; will then 'wash my face' like David—for I think my Child—an Imperial spirit in England—is dead.

I have mourned and now I must wash my face and put on new raiment and carry the sorrow only in my own heart.

To his Son

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 15.ii.13.

What a Valentine! You know how much I love you and that your marriage means far more to me than anything else could mean. You are evidently in love; and that is essential. I have read your letter several times, and the sentence 'I *know* I am doing right' is the one to which I pin my hopes, although when people fall in love they rarely do know what they are doing. Anyway I give you consent, love and blessing, and will do all I can to add to the happiness of your marriage. 'I agree'—as you put it—to everything except—again, as you put it—that you have been a 'Blighter.' You have been a loving child to me and a good soldier. And I know you will go on being the first. I hope you will go on being the second. I was much pleased to read that the young lady 'wants you to go on soldiering and everything.' I see that her family motto is 'Retinens vestigia famae,' and I hope she will make you stick to it. If she wants to win my heart—not a difficult enterprise—you may tell her—with my love—that that is the way to set about it. You remember my joke about the blank stone to be kept in the cellar? Already I shall not have to inscribe 'married nobody' on it; and if she helps you to serve our country, I need not put 'and did nothing.'

Darling Perks, I am deeply moved and will do all I can, and you must explain to Diana that I like being spoilt by being allowed to share in the happiness and purport of your life.

I have been saving every penny I could in case you came one fine day to say you wanted to marry. I make *no* conditions. I believe—as you know—in liberty and light hands. But you also know that, if you and she can, of your own free will, get to know this place, and help this little bit of England for which we are responsible, and '*belong*' here—then you will crown my life and I shall sing 'Nunc dimittis'—'my task is done.'

It was impossible to keep the secret here, what with asking to have your letter the moment it arrived and firing off our telegrams. So I told Icke,¹ in the stentorian tone his deafness demands, and, at once, with an XVIII century bow, he replied 'I hope you will tell Mr. Percy on behalf of us all here that we are delighted to hear it and wish him all happiness.'

¹ The butler.

If Rawley¹ gives any trouble I will wheel him into line. It will be great fun if I can take a Mrs. Perkins to manœuvres in our motor, as extra A.D.C. to the 3rd Division.

Now for plans :—Mummy and I will bustle up to 44 by the 9.30 Monday, and tell Finlay to have a good luncheon at 1 p.m.

Then I will do whatever you wish. Perhaps it will be best to go back to Leicestershire together Monday evening. Indeed I would like to see what the last phase of your bachelor life was like. I have been getting well for that as quickly as I could. But, of course, if you would like to bring her here Monday instead, that would be delightful, too. In any case I hope she can come here Thursday or Friday. I simply couldn't forego the pleasure of welcoming Diana here on her first visit.

I am sorry she has to go abroad.

I don't know what your idea of a 'short' engagement is, but I suppose you mean April (May is unlucky!).

I am free till Monday 10th March. Then very busy till the 31st in London over Army Estimates. Then from 1st April on I could throw myself into settlements and trousseau.

Mrs. Simnet² has just burst in and wrung me by the hand. She is very proud, as through a maid of Aunt Mary's, she knows the young lady's photograph; a feather in her cap which she flourishes. I don't believe I have ever set eyes on Diana.

I knew there must be something important when you wired me to look out for a letter. I had to tell Mummy it was no use trying to guess. We inclined to think it might mean that you were off with Rawley to the Balkans, or further afield.

Now I must stop. All love till Monday: Leicestershire or not, as you please; and, if you *can*, do bring Diana here Thursday or Friday. You can have the East room to play in, and horses to ride. I must introduce her to Clouds and Wiltshire. Bless you.

590

To his Mother

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 15th February 1913.

I waited to get here to write lots to you about being with you in London, or your coming here.

And now, my dear!!! I have got lots—with a Blessing—of News. Am gasping at it myself. Percy is engaged to marry

¹ General Sir Henry Rawlinson.

² The housekeeper.

Diana Lister, Lord Ribblesdale's daughter. Well—there it is. . . . It is no use being surprised, or thinking of this or that—of course one does think. I had not the remotest inkling. But he is evidently in love; lyrically in love. And you must take risks for love and marriage, of health and fortune. Still it is better to be brave and rather careless than to be cautious and rather selfish. You know my views.

I am astounded; as people always are when their son marries the last person they would have thought of, as they often do.

The fact that she has no money is all to the good. The fact that he was very happy, soldiering and hunting, and not without friends, and happy with us all, proves that he must know what he is about; in so far as anyone can know what they are about when they fall in love.

He has written me sheets—all the old 'consecrated' litany that people smile at and that is so pathetic.

'It's really the most wonderful thing that has ever happened'—so it is. We've never heard that before. 'Yes, I don't think.'

And he goes on 'I can't explain it, but it's just absolutely perfect.—If only I had any command of the English language I might try and tell you, but it's beyond anything I know'—and so on, for pages! You will not be surprised to hear that in his opinion she is 'perfect woman and girl mixed,' that she only wants to help him, that they like being poor, that he only wants an 'uneventful happy home life with a wife'—that he is 'quite calm and collected,' that I have 'only to see her to understand *quite*' 'et toute la lyre.'

Well... well... well, and it shall be well by God's blessing.

Anyway all I have to do is to join in from the start and not croak and suddenly pretend to be the 'Heavy Father,' a part for which I have no aptitude. Let 'em try to be happy and I will help all I can.

Perkins is 25 and she is 20.

We palpitated over our own marriages long ago, and—as you know—I palpitated over Cyncie and Ego and Guy. You talked to me on the 'Riviera' here about Nyncie and Beb and

'argued all about it and about' as Omar Khayyám has it in FitzGerald's verse. And now it has happened to me; but in the shape of our old friend the 'bolt from the blue.' Percy is engaged to Diana Lister.

I tottered here yesterday, with 'sequelae' from Flu, after an exhausting, but successful, speech at Manchester. I had many cares, but no prevision. Sibell and I were alone, old birds in this vast nest. A telegram came from Percy asking me to look out for a letter by first post. With the usual easy omniscience of a husband I told Sibell, more than once, that it was idle and absurd to guess. With the equally normal inconsequence of the male, I queried for all I was worth and never within a hemisphere of the mark. After rejecting, on principle, unpleasant developments of existing anxieties, we both inclined—for Sibell docile—and I led the pace to expecting that Percy was going with his General to the Balkans or to India. Far from that, and far innermostwards, fate spoke. I sent for the letter, and gummy-eyed from Influenza, read it at 8.30 a.m.

'Most darling Pups' (that's me) and 'Bim' (that's Sibell), 'Here is rather a sudden shock for you, but it's all Right!—I am engaged to Diana Lister!!' The rest of his letter is the dear old litany of love, in the old phrases; 'toute la lyre.' Well, darling Mary, I need say no more. You can guess what a funny day of convalescence and vivid imagination I have lived. After wiring a blessing; and writing what occurred to me—I got on a horse and galloped for 1½ hours and felt more like myself.

It was a surprise. I have never seen Diana Lister. I had, and I think Percy had, no reason to suppose that he contemplated matrimony. It is—quâ anticipation—a 'Wild Darrell' Derby winner. Anyway I have been saved thinking about it. And I 'leave it to them.' My job is to utter no whisper of caution, to make no conditions, to put up all the money I can scrape together, to *hope* that Diana will let him follow his calling—for he is a good soldier, and God knows how loudly our Country calls for service, and just to hope that they will consent to belong to this bit of England for which Percy and Sibell and I, and now Diana, are responsible.

As Chaucer remarked 'There n'is no more to say.'

I *know* that they will be happy still 20 years hence if she allows him babies (and the more the better) or no babies (and the greater need) to go on doing well what he does well, and if she allows him a thing denied to me—I mean, to 'take root' in the countryside which, because Papa bought Clouds,

we have to make happy. I *know* that. But they will not believe I know it. My Art must be to let them discover it for themselves and announce it to me as a marvel of modern intelligence.

That they will be poor is the best thing about it. No, not the best thing. Tommy and dear Chartie have for years been friends, and I liked and admired both. I wish that Chartie and dear Papa were still living. I am more than content but still astounded.

592

To his Niece, Lady Cynthia Asquith

THE VICARAGE, LITTLE DALBY,
MELTON MOWBRAY, *Saturday, 22.ii.13.*

It was dear of you to write. I am glad you 'love' Diana as I have a great opinion of your taste and wisdom. I am very fond of her. She rides beautifully. Percy was allowed to come here by the early train, so I had the honour of escorting Dián. We all hunted together yesterday and to-day. It is a glorious country and such fun to be humming along with young people and capering over the perfect fences.

I go to Clouds Monday to prepare a welcome and entertain Hugh Cecil. The happy pair join us on Friday or Saturday. Could you and Beb come too? 28th to 3rd, or 7th to 10th, or both, or for all the time? Do!

Percy has done all I ever asked. I told him *not* to marry an American, or a Jewess, or an heiress, but just an English young lady. So he has conformed.

593

To Mrs. Mackail

THE VICARAGE, LITTLE DALBY,
MELTON MOWBRAY,
23.ii.13.

You wrote me a heavenly letter. It does make one 'feel nice and in love oneself.' Jack has written too, and Angela. That was *good* of her. Of course she remembered my plunging in at her ecstatic moment; but it was *good* to write and say so. She recommends marriage.

It is a 'whack' of Happiness and Spring to me already. I rather wanted one. It has cured a sore throat that had marred me for five weeks; and cured me also of inward in-

visible ungraciousness of which the sore throat was the outward and sensible sign—too inward, all the same.

And now for a time—perhaps for all the Autumn of my days—a long Farewell to dismal shadows; and a Welcome to ‘the newness of Life’ once more. I am 20 years younger. I must come and pump-handle your dear hand. And you must come to the Wedding, already fixed for Thursday, 17th April, in the morning.

Angela still ‘holds the record’ for time; but for complete initiative and independence of action Percy ties with her. He saw Diana for the first time out hunting on January 24th. Made a point of seeing her on foot, on Wednesday following, and was accepted that day fortnight after—as he says—‘trying hard *not* to ask her for days.’ They are wildly in love.

It amuses me that Sibell has always taken the most melancholy view of his coming to hunt here. To her Melton is the haunt of man-eating Delilahs. ‘Instead of which’ we get a *very* early Victorian romance of roseate simplicity; all done ‘By the simplicity of Venus’ doves.’

I came down to examine the scene of action; and know exactly how, when and where everything happened.

This is a bleak little vicarage at the top of a hill, where Percy and a friend, George Drummond, had come to be ostentatious bachelors, living Spartan lives, never dining out, to bed at 10; no hot air and little hot water for the one bath; chops and tapioca pudding for dinner. So Venus smiled and all the birds are singing ‘Ring-a-ding-ding.’

I was wise to turn the Nurseries into a library. I’m glad you spotted that successful challenge to Fortune.

594

To his Mother

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 28th February 1913.

Just before I go to bed, I must write you a little line. Percy and Diana and Tommy Ribblesdale are coming here to-morrow; and I can’t help feeling ‘diddle.’¹ It was that, or some such word, I used when you read to me the ‘Ice Maiden.’ But, all the while, my intention is—if I can—if I could—to deepen your structural imprint on Clouds, so that nobody can alter it.

I have had—just now—a great talk with Sibell and she really does understand what I am driving at.

¹ A family childhood expression for feeling excited.



PERCY LYULPH WYNDHAM, COLDSTREAM GUARDS.
Born December 5, 1887. Killed in Action, September 14, 1914.

I think you would like the library ; and I think Philip Webb would approve. It is good, 'And the evening and the morning were the *first* day.' I have, all the time, seen 'in my mind's eye, Horatio' that when books were put in the shelves of the North wall, the proportion would be apparent. Now, to-day, I filled one section with books and there is the proportion of the attic-Gallery for any Ass to see.

Equally in the Lamp-room-Chapel. There, too, Mallett and I are making straight for a 'grand slam.'

But so also in the Billiard-room. The Billiard *table* is now—quite comfortable—ensconced in the Barrel-room. And the 'Billiard-room' that was assumes once more its original delight.

But I want you badly to help me.

I am at it with Miles, outside. The immediate nut I have to crack is Milton village. I have been round it, cottage by cottage, and tree by tree, with Miles.

I will *not* spoil that village. But I will—without spoiling it—rebuild every house, that gets no sun, on the opposite slope. That is to say I am making a plan which can be followed—if Percy cares to follow—in 10 or 20 or 30 years, as money may, or may *not*, be available.

My plan is to fulfil three objects.

(1) The people must have good houses.

(2) Their houses must be the sort of houses which my neighbours can build.

(3) Milton, in thirty years' time, must be a Wiltshire village, built of stone and chalk ; and more beautiful than it is now, because its owner will have cared to think of every house, and family, and of 'old England' made new : as it was in the days of 'John Ball.'

The real distinction is not between old things and new things ; but between good things and bad things.

I don't want to spend any more money on myself than I have done for the last twenty years. I'm a 'cheap man.' I write that to reassure you.

On the one hand, Percy is my only son. On the other, in launching him, I shall be 'careful.' But he must be launched.

I am glad that Diana is only a child. I am glad that Percy's General likes her. Because that means that Percy will go on with his soldiering and that Diana—prompted by me and Percy's General—will make Percy go to the Staff College.

My part is to smooth over the acerbity of the 'Red House' ¹ by tidying up the garden and putting in some chintzes and china.

¹ A small house near Cholderton where his son lived whilst A.D.C. to General Sir Henry Rawlinson, commanding 3rd Division, Salisbury Plain.

To Philip Hanson

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 2.iii.1913.

Towards the end of the Session I had influenza, and my speech on February 10th at Manchester was an effort that left me exhausted. But it was a good speech and successful. I will send you a copy. You will dissent from it; but it may interest you.

The worst of it is that I have become—in these degenerate days—a ‘popular turn’ on the platform. People come as they would to a good conjurer or cinematograph. Both sides come and pay compliments. But I am under no illusion. A set speech is the respectable dissipation of our urban centres. On the other hand—to be more cheerful—I am getting more and more deeply interested in agriculture and Rural England. Sibell calls me ‘Farmer George.’

It is too late for me to be an English ‘Horace’ (organizer,¹ not Poet), but in a small way I believe I could get a good deal done.

I am entering into correspondence with Landlords of relatively small properties round here, who depend on their estates for a living. The ‘magnates’ are of no use to the smaller landowners, men with 2,000 to 3,000 acres or so, or to anyone else.

But if these smaller men would (1) create for themselves a system of mutual credit, (2) have a housing policy of their own with ‘standardized’ plans and ‘spare parts,’ (3) carry the Farmers with them and convince the Farmers that the whole show is doomed unless the labourers are treated better—why, then a beginning could be made.

Although I have little free money—almost none now that Percy is to marry—I am not ‘tied up’ by settlements and burdened by charges; so I can ‘move and have my being.’

When I dismiss the Magnates I must except Lord Radnor. He is a good man who works hard at his job.

I doubt whether any Government can do much for Agriculture. I am convinced that a great deal must be done and am not without hope that co-operation might do it.

You must come here. The library is finished. I have sorted all the labourers into three categories, so as to know what I spend on elderly and idle men. In the same way I have sorted all the cottages into ‘good, bad and indifferent,’ and have started a mild ‘town-planning’ for the village of Milton.

Upon the whole I incline to the view that public life is only useful as an education for private enterprise.

¹ Sir Horace Plunkett.

596

To Hilaire Belloc

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
12th March 1918.

Prudence—a bitch—counsels that I should go to bed *quam primum*. I wave her away and take notice only of your letter.

You are a fortunate man. You have left the House of Commons.

You have been to Glastonbury and are converted. It was the city of Glass ∴ it stood in a lake. It was Avalon. It glistened and was vitreous and opalescent and enchanted and the source of many fables.

It is not dead like Stonehenge, because Christianity was spliced on to its superstitions.

Now Wiltshire is remarkable because it is just East of the Mystery-line. But its mysteries are dead. Stonehenge is dead. Yarnboro' Castle is dead, White Sheet Castle, Castle ditches, Ogglebury's camp, Quarley Hills, are all gone dead; and a new wonder of Rome in a trance supervenes. Wiltshire is not dead; not mysterious; but Romantic. That's why I love Wiltshire; stand in awe of Glastonbury; and shudder at Stonehenge (in Wiltshire but not of it; any more than the aeroplane station is of it, with flag always at half mast for some brave fellow dashed to death). Wiltshire is a *Belle au bois dormant*—not a sepulchre: a cataleptic, not a skeleton. Wiltshire is living and entranced. But now I must go to bed.

597

To Winston Churchill

CLOUDS, EAST KNOYLE,
SALISBURY, 27.iii.18.

I had to catch the last train to these parts yesterday evening. That obligation, combined with the outburst in the House, prevented me from hearing your speech and so defeated the object for which I had journeyed to London. I wish you to know that I intended, on personal and patriotic grounds, to listen carefully; for I knew that your speech would necessarily be—for good or evil—an historic declaration.

I have read—I may say that I have studied—your speech in the 'Times.' And, again, I wish you to know that in my

deliberate judgment your speech is wholly admirable; that it presents no points for misconception, here, in the Empire, in Germany, or in France; that it is not 'open to criticism': briefly—and I could not say more—that it was worthy of the occasion. You excelled your opportunity and fulfilled the exactions of an epoch.

That is my calm and measured judgment.

I am glad that I had to leave the House. Here, in the country—like myriads the world over—I read and weighed what you said and was grateful.

In terms of the times in which we live, and of Party Politics, this letter is an impertinence. But it is not irrelevant to much that will endure.

It would be an impertinence for which no further consideration could atone to select for special praise where all is so good. I risk it, and say the 'False dilemma' and 'Imperial Service Squadron' were the best of all, the first in thought, the second in imaginative grasp. Nothing could have been 'happier' than the topical exordium. The only doubt that creeps into my mind—amarum aliquid—is whether the men will be forthcoming, and your speech will help mightily to remove the causes of that doubt.

May you often speak as simply and powerfully is my wish for the Navy and the Empire.

598

To his Niece, Lady Cynthia Asquith

44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
10.iv.18.

It was delicious to hear from you. You mustn't bother to answer my letters; at any rate till the Toy arrives. I must hustle it. I dash to Clouds whenever I can and spend happy hours listening to the birds and arranging my books. There is one thrush in the rhododendron who, now and again, between liquid lilt, suddenly emits the imperative of a large steel whistle, with a pea in it. I thought it was Ursula (Bendor's little girl) making fun of me, and ran back to see. As for my books, they come in packing-cases from Saighton and 35 Park Lane, go into the lift, are hoisted to the attics, and dumped on the library floor. Then I take them in armfuls and shove them on to one shelf. Then I think better of it, take them down and shove them into another. It is glorious exercise.

599

*To Wilfrid Scawen Blunt*44 BELGRAVE SQUARE,
16.iv.18.

I ought to have written long ago. Your Wedding Present to Percy is, in fact, a most priceless gift to me. I know, and love, that Ronsard. Percy has been soldiering with his General all over the S.W. of England, so we only met to-day on the eve of his marriage. He had, as I had not, opened the parcel and will thank you. He proposed to put the Ronsard in my Library, and, in time, (I omit 'due') he will write to you, what he said to me, in warm appreciation.

These days have been tense. Rosebery—I don't know why—asked me to dinner yesterday week, the 8th April. He felt then that unless the Emperor of Russia could squash the King of Montenegro, there might be a mobilization here before Percy's wedding.

But those clouds are dispersed.

So we have enjoyed the preliminaries of Percy's nuptials.

We had a display of gifts at Ribblesdale's house this afternoon, and a dinner of both Families at Grosvenor House this evening.

We all feel that Politics are a bore and should be quitted by honest men, and that soldiers are menaced. So—as you won't come to Clouds—*we*—by which I mean Percy, Diana, and myself—hope in the interval of Peace, to invade you at New-buildings in the course of Summer. I would like you to see Percy and Diana in the prime of their mating.

It is just possible that they have 'hit off' an alliance of Heroic Love combined with matrimony. If this should prove to be so, they are lucky. In any case they are happy and exorbitant for the moment.

For the moment they are lovers, and they ought to visit your shrine and lay a wreath at the feet of Proteus.

As a rule people do not know how to love; as an exception they love now here, now there; as a rarity almighty lovers find each other after both are married.

It is extravagant to suppose that Percy and Diana are going to be lovers and, also, husband and wife.

But it is pleasant to contemplate the hypothesis.

In any case I ought to take them, in their youth and delight, to see you.

600

*To the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour*44 BELGRAVE SQUARE, S.W.,
April 16th, 1913.

What a dear letter. Sibell, Percy 'and for the matter of that, Diana, too' all send their love and are as sorry as I am that you cannot be with us, except in thought, to-morrow at 12.15.

But will you look in after dinner to-night at Grosvenor House? Bend Or hopes you will and we shall all be there, Mary and all the family. Diana also hopes that you will look at her presents at 32 Green Street this afternoon as she is very proud of them: any time between 4 and 5 or so.

601

*To Wilfrid Ward*CLOUDS,
SALISBURY, May 8th, 1913.

I had your letter of April 30th typed for better accuracy of interpretation. Then I mislaid the typed copy, so to-night I have tackled the original and I say, cheerily, that I will be your 'man of the world' who 'is *not* a Catholic.' I will read your reminiscences with avidity and answer your question, which is Should they be published in the 'Dublin Review' instead of waiting (as A. J. B. and H. C. advise) to be Chapter I. of a book?

I am off to-morrow to command my Yeomanry in the uttermost parts of Wales. I could not write and you could not read the address. But, if you will send the thing, marked 'to be forwarded' to 44 Belgrave Square, it will be forwarded and I shall read it and reply.

I have just been glancing at W. Morris's socialist lectures, published under the title 'Signs of Change' in 1888, and was arrested by a note in pencil at the end written by my father, a Tory. It runs, 'Pages 188 and 9. Splendid passage, I hope prophetic—Wonderful and impossible as the change in condition, shadowed forth on pages 20 and 21, appears from our present standpoint, it is not more wonderful and impossible than our present standpoint would appear to those who lived thousands of years ago.'

That is an interesting note coming from my father, a Tory.

The young couple—Percy and Diana—are very happy and preoccupied by starting as householders.

For myself—apart from Politics, Finance (how to float the couple and pay Death Duties) and the round of duty—I am absorbed in two subjects: Rural England and my library.

‘We know what we are but we know not what we may be.’ I may—perhaps—take office again. But I doubt it. ‘*Invenit portum.*’ My work, I am almost persuaded, must be to tackle the problem of Rural England, and my play, I am convinced, to finish my library. The two together would give me happy and useful employment for twenty years.

I am attacking ‘Rural England,’ (1) by action; based on study of the past—from Domesday Book onwards—and on modern science—‘so-called.’ I think best in action and experiment. So I have given the go-by to theory and have already pumped water several miles over considerable hills; built cow-sheds; bought a motor-trolley to supersede four cart-horses and done much else; which will—I believe—put back this bit of England to where it stood in the 17th century and afford working models to my neighbours, who lack any capital and imagination. It is jolly work.

(2) But I attack ‘Rural England’ also with my pen and have written a ‘private’ essay that has been ‘highly commended’ by Lansdowne and Milner.

As for my play, you and your wife and Maisie *must* come to see my Library in early June, or late July. (Between June 20 and late July I must shut up to put in a larger water-supply.) I have finished the structure of the Library and nearly filled it with books. There are six desks for people who mean business. It is inspired by Wells, Merton, San Marco at Florence etc. But it will be a place at the top of the house in which you and Hugh Cecil and I and others can read and write.

Party Politics leave me cold. But the country-side of England and the literature of Europe make me glow.

P.S.—Incidentally to the two main purposes of my life I am finishing a chapel in the basement.

It is exhilarating to make things yourself. The carpenter and I, without architect or contract, have made the Library, the Chapel, the new cow-farm and much else. When I told Hugh Cecil a few weeks ago that this would be my work and *not* Party-Politics, he was shocked. But after seeing what I was at he came round to my view.

Some people inherit an estate and go on as if nothing had

happened. I can't do that. My father never told me anything about this place. I lived and worked in Cheshire and Ireland. Suddenly I find myself responsible for farming 2400 acres and for paying sums that stagger me by way of weekly wages and repairs. So I ask myself 'What are you going to do?' I mean to use all my imagination and energy to get something done that shall last and remind.

602

To Hilaire Belloc

CLOUDS,
30th May 1913.

Many thanks for the Cockle-shell. I have noted, and shall indubitably test, its virtue of preserving travellers. It may even be—though this is not certain—that I shall dash over to Paris the 2nd of June, and proceed to Hôtel Lotti—wherever that may be—to join Westminster and take a complete holiday of a few days. You may ask, why a holiday? But I cannot suppose that you would put so foolish a question. Still at the back of your head there may linger a surmise that I have been making holiday since the unspeakable House of Commons closed its doors. It is not so. I have enjoyed myself; but without a moment's relaxation.

The Yeomanry regiment 'which I have the honour to command' belongs—with the Shropshire and Denbigh—to the Welsh Border Mounted Brigade. Furthermore it—the Brigade—is commanded by Colonel Herbert, who believes he is a Welshman (he is undoubtedly a Catholic) and cherishes a misplaced affection for his native hills. It followed that for sixteen days I was marooned on a morass at the foot of a mountain-plateau called in the Welsh outlandish tongue MYNNID EPPYNT, which ranges from 1400 to 1600 feet above the sea and is intersected by bogs. Again—to shore-up the sham of the Territorial Force, our camp was run entirely by amateurs and, owing to the absurd fifteen days' training for all, our supply and transport arrived on the day that I did. To complete; it rained in deluges and the winds roared. We were exposed to the elements; drowned out; obliged to change horse-lines and shift tents. On to this scene of inexperienced effort confronted by unaccustomed difficulties, there descended—(to shore-up the sham) 1. The Inspector General of the Home Forces, (2) The Inspector General of Cavalry, (3) The General Officer Commanding in Chief the Western

Command. (4. 5. 6. 7. etc.) The rag-tag and bobtail of staff officers who pursue Generals on inspection 'just as'—to quote the Homeric simile of General Tucker—'all the dogs in the barrack are tied to a bitch on heat!' I therefore had to work hard for long hours and not without success; prejudiced indeed—but only for a few moments—when I nearly bogged the whole illustrious group in a deep morass and only extricated them by galloping to a stone ford, left by the *Romans*, that I knew of and had missed by 300 yards. The generals were afraid of being bogged. Not so the gallant Yeomen. They galloped cheerily right in and tumbled about with their horses, by sixes and even dozens in the treacherous mire.

I motored back, 51 miles *east* to *Hereford* and then 105 miles *south* to *Clouds*. Since then I have ridden early and answered scores of letters and meditated on agriculture.

Fortunatus et ille deos qui novit agrestes . . .
 Illum non populi fasces, non purpura regum
 Flexit, et infidos agitans discordia fratres . . .

which is as much as to say that I, when here riding about my fields, do not care a damn about (1) a row at Dover over a clock, (2) The King's levee on Monday, (3) The 'differences' in the Unionist Party. I simply am happy in the glory of May. In this mood I get a telegram from Westminster asking me to go to Paris on Saturday. I reply I cannot having guests but will try to do so on Monday.

Consider well whether you would not come here with Mrs. Belloc on Friday June 13th? My brother and sister-in-law the Zetlands will be here: But they are quiet folk. The library is very good. I am in it now.

603

To Hilaire Belloc

HÔTEL LOTTI,
 7 ET 9 RUE DE CASTIGLIONE,
 PARIS, 4th June 1913.

I quite understand. My view you know: for I repeated it—I fear more than twice—last night. But a man's own instinct is the only guide in these matters. It may be even, apart from that, an act to return as you are returning. Showing a front is sometimes an act and not merely a semblance. May it prove to be so in this case.

'*Te absente*' I went book-hunting this morning. The sport

was poor, but I have marked down some quarries for to-morrow. I have harboured—I hope—a stag. I was a ‘*limier*’ to-day. To-morrow I shall be ‘*la meute*’ in full cry. ‘Negative information’—in soldier slang—is often of great value. For example we—you and I—now know that the Restaurant of Henry IV. at St. Germain is unworthy of the *Vert galant* and his renown. To-night, therefore, I ‘cast back’ to the Restaurant *Ledoyen*. Now I would not for the world—a phrase, but let it pass—have missed revisiting with you the woods that were a part of your boyhood and, therefore—*à ma guise*—an index to Man’s Immortality. But—again—I would not for the world—let us pass the phrase once more—have missed the dinner I ate and the wine I drank at *Ledoyen*: Potage St. Germain. A Barbe—*le* whole of him with a sauce that was Maître d’Hôtel sublimated with mushrooms. A cold quail, stuffed with truffles and garnished with aspic and parsley, and supported by a salad.

Hot Asperges vertes, as big as the white ones, with sauce mousseline.

A cold salade Russe—without ham—but with a perfect mayonnaise. And then the best strawberries I can remember. For wine a Richebourg of 1890 which stood to other wines—and stands—in the relation of Homer and Shakespeare to other poets. It was a miracle of the Earth’s entrails searched by the sun and responding with all the ethereal perfumes of a hot day in Summer tempered by the whispering and cool shadows of a breeze. No Jew was there. No American. No Englishman but myself. The French were dining under a sapphire sky, by an old willow-tree, a fountain and a nymph in bronze. I had struck an oasis of civilization. There were few women, and that was fit. For how few women understand?

The service was traditional. One man—human and experienced—took the order and *reminded me* that I had forgotten the Asparagus. Another man human and zealous set the meats before me. Both rejoiced in my content and took their tips in the spirit of gentlemen knighted on the field of battle.

And the whole show for three persons—with 6 francs to the waiter and 5 francs to the head-waiter—cost less than last night’s ghetto. There was no band.

You shall dine with me there after a walk of three days.

604

To his Wife

HÔTEL LOTTI, PARIS,
June 7th, 1913.

I got a dear letter last night, quite entering into the spirit of my 'outing'! The weather has changed, but not badly. Sun shone all day, but wind colder and just one sprinkle of rain.

I took Gay and Phyllis to Fontainebleau and had quite a walk by the map, so as they were tired, and I too, sent them off to their hotel, and had a light repast by myself. I had two commissions to execute for Benny to-day; and return to-morrow, Sunday. I cannot tell you what the commissions were as they may amuse you as surprises later on.

You seem to be sight-seeing with Edith as vigorously as I am. I feel sure Benny would love to see you Monday. Monday or Tuesday come up for the sale of horses. I hope Bridget won't be sold. I hate parting with friends.

Meanwhile I am still wondering what Mr. Hyde can have meant about Guy. It cannot have been, what I hoped—a C.B.—for it is incredible you should not have told me such a piece of good news; beside which all else is as nothing. I must 'write it off'!

Meanwhile love to Mamma and all love to you.

APPENDIX A

CORRESPONDENCE RELATING TO THE EVENTS WHICH LED UP TO GEORGE WYNDHAM'S RESIGNATION OF THE IRISH CHIEF SECRETARYSHIP IN 1905; AND MEMORANDA DEALING WITH THE SUBJECT BY SIR ANTONY MACDONNELL AND MR. MURRAY HORNIBROOK.

1

Mr. A. J. Balfour to George Wyndham

WHITTINGHAME,
PRESTONKIRK, N.B.
August 26th, 1902.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I have heard nothing but good of Sir A. MacDonnell as a man and as an administrator:—*but* is he not a Home Ruler? If not his reputation belies him: and his friends have done him grievous injustice.

Now for most offices under Government an academic preference for this or that form of government for Ireland need be no disqualification. But for the person who, next to yourself, is chiefly responsible for actually governing that country, is it not rather important? It might no doubt be argued that a Home Ruler, if a genuine law-and-order man, would so far as the Nationalists are concerned be the fittest person to act as your lieutenant. Without disputing this proposition, is it not also true that he would excite the most violent suspicion among your friends: that everything you did against the Orange Extremists would be put down to his advice: while even the most vigorous action you might take against the Nationalists would, on his account, be regarded as mere tinkering and compromise?

I think you ought to consider well before you take a step which most of your colleagues in the Cabinet and most of your friends in Ireland would regard with the gravest misgiving. I wish, at all events, before you go further you would consult Lansdowne, who, himself an Irish landlord, must know all about MacDonnell from his Indian experience. I am very sorry to seem difficult about this: for I know what a loss Harrel is and how hard it will be to replace him. But I think you should move cautiously. Please remember me to Harrel, and tell him how sorry I am to hear that he is leaving us. Let me know your further thoughts, and Believe—yrs. ever,

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

2

Lord Lansdowne to George Wyndham

DERREEN, KENMARE,
CO. KERRY, *August 31st, 1902.*

MY DEAR GEORGE,—The MacDonnell conundrum is very difficult. I should imagine that his sympathies were with some form of Home Rule, but I have never pressed him upon this point. He is Irish to the back-bone, and I should imagine that all his home connections were of a nationalist complexion. On the other hand I know that on his return from India he was approached by the Irish leaders, and discussed matters with them, with the result that he refused to have anything to say to them, and that he was convinced that they were rotten.

He thinks that we have been working on the wrong lines in our land legislation but that having gone as far as we have we cannot turn back and that the game is to promote purchase.

Personally I should have confided in him : he is fearless and just and would not truckle to the Nationalists. There is no doubt however that, as Balfour says, the appointment would be regarded with consternation in certain quarters. The landlord party is intolerant and suspicious and you would have to expect a howl.

Upon the whole I should be inclined to take him, his Indian record is so good that no one would really have a right to cavil merely because his brother was a H. Rule M.P. But before deciding I should, if I were you, make it my business to ascertain his views as to Home Rule, and whether he has ever declared himself in favour of it. He is so straightforward that he would tell you without hesitation whether he was committed to such an extent as to impair his usefulness.

Could you not contrive to meet him—or would you like me to move in the matter? I could sound him as from myself, and ask him whether he would like me to put his name forward, and whether there are any drawbacks of the kind suspected.

Are you coming our way in your steamer? Let us know in good time—we could give you a bed here, but we must have notice as our house is small.—Yours sincerely, LANSDOWNE.

3

Mr. A. J. Balfour to George Wyndham

NORTH BERWICK.
September 3rd, 1902.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—Thanks for your very interesting letter. I wish I were with you fighting the Irish Nationalists instead

of the English Nonconformists. The former is a much more congenial employment. However, these things are settled for us.

By all means sound MacDonnell either directly or through Lansdowne. The position is a difficult one : and I quite agree with you in thinking that it would, from many points of view, be a pity to re-appoint Ridgeway. I doubt, indeed, whether he would take it.—Yours ever, ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

4

Lord Lansdowne to George Wyndham

DERREEN, KENMARE,
Co. KERRY, *September 11th, 1902.*

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I have had a long talk to MacDonnell. Here is the result.

He refused to join the H. R. party, altho' they offered him a seat. He considers an Irish Parliament out of the question, and objects to the tactics which have led to the obstruction of useful measures in the hope that such obstruction would eventually bring about H. Rule.

But he thinks something of the nature of a 'convention' for the transaction of purely Local business, might in time be permitted, and he has evidently expressed himself sympathetically upon this point to Dillon, Redmond and Co. (He mentioned having dined with these two and Blake and his own brother.)

He is afraid that were he appointed he would be 'between the devil and the deep sea.' The landlords would regard him with distrust, and his Irish friends would consider him a traitor. He fears he could not under such circumstances be really useful to us, altho' he would like to help us. Besides this he is under the impression that the Under-Secretary has little to do except Police work, for which he has no special aptitude. He has been told that most of the Government work is done by Boards, of which the Chief Secretary is a member, and that it therefore does not find its way into the U.S.'s office. He would not care for mere routine work, dissociated from higher questions of policy. The conclusion we came to was therefore that I should not mention his name.

He added however that if we had any idea of revising the system with a view to more 'co-ordination' and wanted some one to help us for this purpose, he would like to be employed,

as 'a non-party man,' with some experience. He was very friendly and would I am sure be glad to be of use in discussing land measures or other kindred subjects.

His decision is, upon the whole, I am pretty sure, a wise one.—Yours sincerely,

LANSDOWNE.

5

George Wyndham to Lord Lansdowne

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
DUBLIN, *September 12th, 1902.*

MY DEAR LANSDOWNE,—First, let me thank you for your kind offices with Sir A. MacDonnell. I had been building somewhat unduly on the chances of his eligibility and willingness to serve and am proportionately disappointed.

Personally I hold that he is eligible. A man who rejects an Irish Parliament; obstruction in the Imperial Parliament; and—I doubtless may add—agrarian agitation as means to that rejected end, is sufficiently in touch with the policy of the Unionist Party to serve in an administrative post.

The fact that he looks to the possibility of co-ordinating Castle 'bureaux' and contemplates (not now, but under favourable conditions) the further possibility of calling a 'convention' into being with, I suppose, either advisory powers or a veto on the selection of objects to which public funds may properly be devoted, does not, in my judgment, disqualify him.

The first idea, viz. co-ordination of boards, ought to be attempted. We cannot rest satisfied for ever with the National Board of Education! nor, I think, with the L.G.B.; the New Department; the C.D.B.; the Public Works as an outpost of the Treasury; all as separate entities.

On that point I may say that I took counsel with Harrel on every question of policy represented by each of these departments and that I am trying to draw them closer; so far only by the modest device of getting their chiefs to lunch or dine with me together. Harrel acted as my Premier in an informal Cabinet. That is why I deplore his loss and why I looked to Sir A. M. as a possible substitute who might help me further on the road of 'co-ordination.'

2. With respect to '*Public Funds.*'

I should be glad if you would glance, confidentially, at a copy of a letter which I wrote to Ritchie at his request after a short conversation. I would specially direct your attention to section 2. marked with a red line.

I may say that Beach and A. J. B. both held that at least £100,000 will have to be allocated to Ireland as a 'set-off' to the new English Education grant. And that I sketched the further developments suggested in section 2. to them in conversation. They were both—without committing themselves to approval—somewhat taken by the plan. Now, if the Cabinet accepts something of the kind, it is clear that Harrel's successor would have interesting work before him, and that no ordinary 'routine' official could fill the place.

Sir A. M. is mistaken in supposing that 'Police' work would be the staple, or even the larger part, of his employment. The policy of the Government has been laid down, viz. to prosecute for breaches of the law and to proclaim districts where (a) the law is broken and (b) juries cannot be trusted to convict.

In carrying out this policy, the police under Neville Chamberlain report the facts and the Law Officers advise on the question of illegality. So that the Under-Secretary intervenes mainly only as one who knows the character and abilities of the various Resident Magistrates and executive officers and advises on their allocation to different fields of activity. Harrel, having been a police officer, took a keen interest in Crime and Intelligence work; all the more, since until recently the nominal head of that branch in my office was not particularly competent. I now have a good man there and Harrel has been on leave for a fortnight and is to be on leave till October. This proves that the Under-Secretary is not essential to police work of which I have a good deal just now on my hands.

I fear, however, that your letter means that the matter is closed so far as Sir A. M. is concerned. I regret it. Had it been otherwise he would, in any case, not have been appointed until after the agitators had been convinced that I am the 'villain of the piece.'

Your phrase—'He added, however, that if we had any idea of revising the system with a view to more "co-ordination" and wanted someone to help us . . . he would like to be employed "as a non-party man" with some experience'—is not quite clear to me. Does it mean that under such circumstances he would accept the post? or only that he would like to be called in as an adviser, or chairman of a commission?—

Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

George Wyndham to Lord Lansdowne

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
DUBLIN, September 13th, 1902.

Private.

MY DEAR LANSDOWNE,—‘Write of the Devil etc.’! To my surprise Sir A. MacDonnell was suddenly announced yesterday morning. He stayed to lunch and well on into the afternoon. I did not mention your letter to me or mine to you. But I conversed frankly—on the basis of both being P.C.’s—on Land, Education and Castle Government. Somehow we both dropped into discussing the vacancy and his eligibility and willingness. He said to me precisely what you reported in your letter. It was easy to speak to him in consequence of his complete sincerity and absence of all self-seeking. He supplied the answer to the question I put in my last letter. He would like to help us as U.S. in co-ordinating our Government of detached and semi-detached boards, if, on reflection, he thinks he can be of use. I made an equally direct statement to the effect that I should value his assistance in that capacity if, on reflection and after conferring with Arthur Balfour, I thought that his appointment could be made without injury.

I think it could and shall say so to Arthur B.

It was left clear that each was in no way committed and that our conversation was without prejudice either to my offering or his accepting the post.—Yours ever, GEORGE WYNDHAM.

George Wyndham to Mr. A. J. Balfour

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
DUBLIN, September 14th, 1902.

Confidential.

MY DEAR ARTHUR,—1. *Under-Secretaryship and Sir A. MacDonnell.*

Sir A. M. has been staying with Lansdowne at Derreen. L. sounded him and reported as follows:—

‘Sir A. M. refused to join the H. R. party although they offered him a seat. He considers an Irish parliament out of the question and objects to the tactics which have led to the obstruction of useful measures in the hopes that such obstruction would eventually bring about Home Rule. But he thinks something of the nature of a Convention for the transaction of purely local business might in time be permitted.’ On his

return from India he dined with Redmond, Blake and Dillon. I will develop this later. To continue with L.'s letter. Sir A. M. felt he might be 'between the devil and the deep sea,' *i.e.* the landlords and the Irish party—(so are we all)! 'Besides this he is under the impression that the U.S. has little to do except Police work.' 'He would not care for mere routine work dissociated from questions of Policy.' On the other hand 'he added however that if we had any idea of revising the system with a view to more "co-ordination" and wanted someone to help us for this purpose he would like to be employed as a "non-party man" with some experience.' I replied to L. that this seemed to amount to a refusal but that I was in doubt whether the last paragraph meant that if we meant to 'co-ordinate' he would like the post, or only that he would be glad to give advice or serve on a commission.

The next day—yesterday—Sir A. M. called on me without previous notice. To save repetition I enclose a copy of a letter which I have just written to L. (marked A). It sums up the situation.

In his talk Sir A. M. impressed me very favourably. He is all for enforcing the law as it stands; for a land policy which will allow the Landlords (he is one himself in Mayo) to 'get out' with the minimum reduction of their income; and he is evidently 'itching' to help in administrative reform.

When—as in L.'s letter—that is called 'co-ordination' it sounds formidable. But as a matter of sheer necessity, I must have some one of sufficient experience and calibre to pull the office together and, if not to co-ordinate, at least to correlate it with the Boards. This is necessary on another ground, namely, of the Financial Relations of the Irish Government with the Treasury. Austen Chamberlain was convinced of this before he left the Treasury. Now in addition to the Local Government Board, the Board of National Education—and *that* is a nut to crack—the Prisons Board; the Inspector of Reformatories etc.—we have the Congested Districts Board administering larger funds and overlapping with Horace Plunkett's Department which administers £170,000 a year.

When Ridgeway was here he drew the strings tighter together and made the L.G.B., at least, work through him. Harrel abandoned that as Robinson made difficulties.

But now the problem is larger and more complex. The L.G.B. is running the new Local Government Act well, but all the schemes for Labourers' Cottages, drainage, etc. are assuming proportions that call for constant attention and a 'policy.' And this, again, is beginning to interact with

questions of Local Taxation that cannot long be deferred in view of Balfour of Burleigh's report (Royal Commission).

I need a first-rate man with large administrative experience. I believe I have got him in Sir A. M. He is a landlord. He repudiates a Parliament for Ireland. The 'convention' referred to in L.'s letter I found to be in his mind no more than the Scotch Private Bill Legislation.

He is sound on law and order and contemptuous of the methods as well as of the aims of Redmond's Party.

He is fearless and as straight as a dart.

I am ready to 'stand the racket' on the simple ground that I wanted an administrator and, luckily, found one of the best available.

But, as my reply to L. shows, he is free to refuse and I am free not to offer.

8

George Wyndham to Lord Lansdowne

Private.

BARONSCOURT,
September 17th, 1902.

MY DEAR LANSDOWNE,—Many thanks for letting me see our friend's interesting letter. His perfect candour confirms my own wish to secure his services. Let me take the points which you have marked :—

1. The 'conduit pipe.' That is what I wish to change. In fact with the increased importance of the L.G.B., new Department, and C.D.B.; the certainty that we shall have to face 'co-ordination of Education' in Ireland; and my own wish for an 'Irish Grant' as an equipoise against the English Education Grant plus large Imperial expenditure—with all this before me, I must have either Sir A. M. or some one holding the same view and with similar experience. But is there any one? I search the pages of 'Who's Who' in vain. In respect of strengthening his staff, I may say, that I offered to fight that battle with the Treasury for Harrel. He felt that he had been too long in the habit of doing the 'drudgery' himself to change at his time of life. I approached the Treasury and found no disposition on Beach's part to cavil at additional staff provided the addition was 'temporary.' There is therefore the making of an arrangement which would fit in with a policy of 'tuning up' and co-ordinating the Boards under Sir A. M. When Ridgeway was U.S. he effected something of the kind with the L.G.B. But this was allowed

to lapse when Morley came in and appointed Harrel. It has never been resuscitated but it ought to be.

2. '*Alloofness from the H.R. party but benevolence towards gradual growth of Local Government in Ireland.*'

This does not alarm me and the less when I take with it :—

3. '*Questions of High Policy . . . should not enter into the discharge of his duty by the U.S.*' More than that ; when he sees what Local Government is in some places in respect of appointments and contracts, he will place a very liberal interpretation on the epithet 'gradual.'

4. '*We both reserve complete freedom.*' That confirms my account of the interview. But for my part I am ready to 'stand the racket' if A. J. B. permits.

5. '*Appointment non-party.*' This, of course, would be the case. Morley appointed Harrel and we kept him on. But in this instance I should contrive a communiqué to the Press indicating that in consequence of the development of subordinate and semi-detached Boards and Departments the first necessity was to secure an Administrator and that, fortunately, one of the best was available in Sir A. M.

6. Of the 8 M.P.'s, excluding his brother, whom he names, one, Blake, is an academic constitutionalist, and three, Esmonde, Carew, M'Cann are sick of Redmond and hostile to O'Brien. T. P. is a journalist and Dillon an Ass.—Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

9

Sir Antony MacDonnell to George Wyndham

LYNSTED LODGE,

SITTINGBOURNE, September 22nd, 1902.

DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—I told you that I had been offered and had accepted a nomination to a seat in the Council of India, and that it would be necessary for me to consult Lord George Hamilton before anything was settled regarding the Irish appointment. I have now seen Lord George, and understand from him that there would probably be no difficulty in allowing me to retain a lien on the India Council and lending my services to the Irish Government. This procedure would be in accordance with my own wishes : whilst it would I think strengthen my position in Ireland.

But if, through Lord George Hamilton's considerateness, the matter is thus simplified in one direction, there still remains

the difficulty to which I alluded when I saw you. I have been anxiously thinking over this difficulty. I am an Irishman, a Roman Catholic and a Liberal in politics. I have strong Irish sympathies; I do not see eye to eye with you on all matters of Irish administration or policy: and I think there is no likelihood of good coming from such a régime of Coercion as the 'Times' has recently outlined. On the other hand from the exposition of your views, which you were good enough to give me, and from the appreciation I formed of your aims and general policy I find there is a substantial measure of agreement between us, moreover I should be glad to do some service to Ireland. Therefore it seems to me the situation goes beyond the sphere of mere party politics: and I should be willing to take office under you provided there is some chance of my succeeding. I think there is a chance on this condition—that I am given adequate opportunities of influencing the action and policy of the Irish Government and (subject of course to your control) am allowed freedom of action within the law.

For many years in India I directed administration on the largest scale: and I know that the opportunity of mere secretarial criticism would fall far short of the requirements of my position in Ireland.

If I held office in Ireland my chief aims would be the maintenance of order: assisting you in the solution of the land question on the basis of voluntary sale: and where sale fails to operate on the basis of fixing rents on a self acting principle, excluding local enquiries: the co-ordination, direction and control of Boards and other Administrative Agencies: the settlement of the Education question in the general spirit of Mr. Balfour's views: and Administrative Conciliation.

I am sure you will not misinterpret this letter. I am attracted by the prospect of doing some good for Ireland; but my best friends tell me that I delude myself, that I should be abused by extreme Orangemen as a Roman Catholic and a Home Ruler, and by extreme Home Rulers denounced as a renegade; that I could do no good and should retire from the attempt, disgusted, within a year. Still I am willing to try under the colours and conditions I have described. It is for you to decide whether the trial is worth making. In any event I shall be your debtor for having thought of me in connexion with a great work.—Yours sincerely,

A. P. MACDONNELL.

George Wyndham to Sir Antony Macdonnell

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
September 25th, 1902.

MY DEAR SIR ANTONY,—Your letter was most welcome. I accept your offer to serve in the Irish Government with gratitude to you and confidence that your action will be for the good of your country.

When Sir David Harrel resigns I shall, accordingly, nominate you as his successor and it is understood between us that I make, and that you accept, this appointment on the lines and under the conditions laid down in your letter and with a view to compassing the objects which you hold to be of primary importance, viz. the maintenance of order; a solution of the Land Question on the basis of voluntary sale and, where that proves impossible, on the basis of substituting some simple, automatic system of revising Rents in place of the existing costly processes of perpetual litigation; the co-ordination of the detached and semi-detached Boards and Departments; settlement of Education in such a way as to provide Higher Education in a form acceptable to the majority of the inhabitants, and administrative conciliation.

To these I add (1) the consolidation and increase of existing grants for Irish local purposes with a view to reducing the rates where they are prohibitive to enterprise, and (2) if we are spared long enough the development of transit for agricultural and other products, possibly, by guarantees to Railways on Canadian model. But this is far off.

We have each of us terminated our 'option' in the sense which I have all along desired. I 'ciphered' the purport of your letter to the Prime Minister and received his concurrence by letter to-day.

It is understood that you accept a seat on the India Council and are to be transferred when the vacancy occurs. I shall ask Lord George Hamilton to see that the Press understands and insists on your administrative achievements in India. This will prepare the public for the further move. I can only thank you once again and with all my heart for coming to my assistance,—Yours very sincerely,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

11

George Wyndham to Lord George Hamilton

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
October 27th, 1902.

MY DEAR HAMILTON,—You will remember a conversation we had one day last summer on the possible advantage of looking to an Indian Civil Servant of trained ability and marked administrative achievement in the event of a vacancy occurring among the more important posts in the Irish Government.

You then instanced Sir Antony MacDonnell as an administrator second to none even in the Indian Civil Service.

At later dates I informed you that Sir David Harrel, whose sagacity and experience have been invaluable to the Irish Government, contemplated retiring at the end of a long period of service as exacting as it has been distinguished. I asked whether Sir Antony MacDonnell would be available should Sir David Harrel find himself unable to reconsider a resignation which I was most reluctant to accept. That contingency has now occurred, but Sir A. MacDonnell's appointment to the Indian Council has also been approved. I wish, therefore, to ask whether, in view of the exigencies of the public service in Ireland, you would be willing to transfer Sir A. MacDonnell and place him at the disposal of the Irish Government for appointment to the post of Under-Secretary.—Yours very sincerely,
GEORGE WYNDHAM.

12

George Wyndham to Mr. A. J. Balfour

Confidential.

FOREIGN OFFICE,
July 27th, 1903.

MY DEAR ARTHUR,—Herewith two letters from Sir A. MacDonnell. The features of the situation which distinguish it from the case of a civil servant at the head of a great Department are:—

(1) Sir A. MacDonnell was 'borrowed' by the Irish Government from the Indian Council at the end of a long and distinguished career in India in recognition of which he had, in addition to other honours, been made a member of the Privy Council.

(2) He came to Ireland at my express invitation to assist me in carrying out certain administrative reforms tending to

draw the various Departments of the Irish Government into closer touch with one another. This work remains to be done during the Autumn, in addition to the laborious work of launching and supervising the administration of the Land Bill and to the prosecution of enquiries into the most economic and expedient allocation of the balance of the Irish Development Grant.

(3) He is aware that Lord George Hamilton contemplated recommending him for the Governorship of Bombay although, at my instance and the King's, he has put all thought of such promotion and a salary of £10,000 on one side.—Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

13

Sir Antony MacDonnell to George Wyndham

[*Note.* This letter was found by me in the autumn of 1912. I was searching for a paper on the Newry Tynan Railway Bill for P. Hanson, when a bound copy of the C. D. B. fell on the ground and this fell out. I think G. W. had the C. D. B. report with him on his holiday in August 1904, and this must have slipped in between the pages.

MURRAY HORNIBROOK.]

DUBLIN CASTLE,
September 10th, 1904.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—I have already thanked you by telegram for your most kind letter of the 6th and I now wish to repeat my thanks. I shall be glad of some days rest. There is a special meeting of the Congested Dist. Bd. on the 16th which I ought to attend. I hope to get away the following day for 10 or 12 days. My wife has not been well for some time and is going to Harrogate. If my presence there is not necessary I am thinking of going to Switzerland or to Florence.

I have not written to you for several weeks because I thought that you ought to be quite free from official work. But indeed, nothing occurred requiring your interposition. The settlement of the Dunsandle business has been most fortunate: it has had a powerful effect in the West: and my expectation now is that things will arrange themselves there. The settlement has suggested a way of dealing with trouble of the kind that may be usefully followed in future cases. First there was the negotiation with the clergy, then there was the confidential

invitation to the M.P. to intervene, this cannot always be practised. When these proved ineffectual there was the careful Police arrangements ; and lastly, when both parties were ready for the fight, but each loth to begin owing to the fear on the one side of consequences, on the other of the Police, the Estates Commission were asked to look into the matter. The action of the E. Commission was crowned with success and Daly wrote me a very pleasant letter thanking me for the attitude the Government had maintained. This is very gratifying.

The progress which the Act is making is thoroughly satisfactory. Those who talk of failure are merely laughed at, and the Estates Commission are fast becoming the trusted referees of both landlords and tenants. It is becoming clear to the landlords that they will get the fullest measure of fair play : and the tenants' and the priests' ideas of Ashbourne prices are being quietly but firmly discountenanced. I think that Finucane and Bailey are doing yeoman's service to the Government and justifying their selection.

You are mistaken in thinking that the Estates Commission are not in session. Wrench, it is true, is absent now and then, but Bailey and Finucane are at office when they are not making local enquiries, and the work is in full swing. I do not approve of the practice of closing an Executive office. The officers can each have their leave without putting up the shutters and suspending work.

In the Irish Reform Association Manifesto I fancy you have recognized the trace of conversations we have had. I have helped and am helping Dunraven in this business which has for many a day seemed to me to offer the best hope of an unravelling of the tangled skein of English and Irish relations. Poor Dunraven is laid up with gout and won't be about for a good fortnight.

I took occasion of a lull in the work here to visit the West Coast with Green in the *Granuaile*. We spent the end of August and first few days of September in seeing Inishtyre, Inishkea, Inishturk, Inishbofin (all of which islands the C. D. Bd. think of buying), Cleggan, Aran, Liscanor, Valentia, (Bantry Bay) and the Kenmare River : a delightful tour but all too short.

The work we had to do was however done before a stormy sea drove *me* on shore.

With my best compliments to Lady Grosvenor.—I am, yours
sincerely,
A. P. MACDONNELL,

Copy made by George Wyndham, May 11th, 1905, of note on conversation with Sir A. MacDonnell, Oct. 1st, 1904

Conclusions established to which he and I assent.

1. (on my initiative). I do not know and I do not wish to know, whether, or to what extent, Lord Dunraven has ever discussed Irish Policy with Sir A. M.

2. *General Political position.* My first, and absorbing, duty in common with other colleagues of the P.M. is to avoid, even in private, starting 'hares.' There can be no legislation of magnitude. To discuss any such is to give rise to false hopes or false fears.

I must concentrate on P.M.'s 'lead' to be given on 3rd at Edinburgh.

Persons intimately associated with me, *e.g.* my U.S., or chief of the Staff, should observe—I suggest—same attitude. Sir A. M. concurs.

3. *Particular Irish Position.* State of Politics, state of Exchequer, conduct of Redmond, hostility of Ulster; demand

(a) All administrative questions which can conceivably become matter of Parliamentary Debate or criticism or enquiry, must come before me and be decided by me.

(b) My business is to 'wind up' the Finance of Land Stock and Development Grant, Building Grant etc. No time for more. Therefore, even in private, refrain from raising expectations by discussing further schemes.

The very outside is to propose something for Secondary Education. To that, and that only, have I the assent of P.M. Sir A. M. concurs.

4. During October I must give mornings to address. We had a frank and friendly talk. I have great regard and even affection for Sir A. M.

George Wyndham to Mr. A. J. Balfour

Confidential.

35 PARK LANE, W.,
November 24th, 1904.

MY DEAR ARTHUR,—*In re* Sir A. MacDonnell St. John writes, 'so far as I.O. is concerned, I think, Sir A. M. must make a decision one way or the other before Parliament meets.'

MacDonnell in a conversation I had with him *after* our talk,

of which he knows nothing, suggested that he should take a decision next September and, in the meantime, keep in touch with Indian questions by reading the papers before the Council and even attending it occasionally, if such a course were agreeable to the S. of S. and his colleagues. I cannot press him to leave Ireland now. To do so would injure me in my own eyes to such a point that I should almost cease to be useful as a Minister. If, therefore, the I.O. presses for an early decision I incline to think that MacDonnell would resign his seat on the Council, so that St. John could appoint some one else in his place.

I do not believe that such a course would moderate Ulster criticism. It would be resented by many persons who know and admire MacDonnell, and it would, I believe, create an unfortunate impression among Public servants with distinguished records.

MacDonnell was lent by George Hamilton, and he raised no one of these stipulations for an early return.

Take the alternative :—viz. that MacDonnell stays till September and then definitely resigns one or other of the offices. I believe that under these circumstances—if properly defended by me from unjust attacks—MacDonnell would prefer his Indian work.

Nor do I think that St. John would be criticized in the House. He would be at liberty to say that he had asked for MacDonnell. I should say that I had not seen my way to dispense with his services at present but that the matter would be settled in September. It seems to me that I should be attacked and not St. John.

I could not move MacDonnell. It would be unjust to do so. Lansdowne, I believe, agrees with me in this. But, after all, it is a question which a man must decide for himself, at his own risk.

I have never denied that Political Expediency and Party interests are important and in no way sordid.

But, even on that score, inferior as it is to the question of Justice, I doubt the expediency of removing MacDonnell, or pressing him to resign the Irish Under-Secretaryship. Comparisons would be drawn between MacDonnell and Young-husband. I could not be silent in a Debate on his removal, and, if I spoke, I could not say that he had ever disobeyed my instructions or acted disloyally to me.

In waiving my well-known views on the question of Higher Education for Catholics I have cheerfully made a considerable sacrifice of my convictions. I lay no stress on that, for Legislation must to a great extent turn on the necessity of keeping the

Party together. But administration is another matter. In that a Minister is far more personally responsible; above all in respect of retaining an official in his post. If I failed to justify the retention of MacDonnell I should, of course, resign. I should accept the decision of a majority of my own side and decline to retain office on Nationalist votes. I would support you and your policy from the outside through thick and thin. But such considerations are rather far-fetched and high-flown, I do not believe that more than 30 or 40 of our men at the outside would vote against me for retaining a distinguished Public Servant.—Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

16

George Wyndham to Lord Lansdowne

Private.

35 PARK LANE, W.,
December 11th, 1904.

MY DEAR L.,—I had a long talk with Sir Antony MacDonnell this morning. Fortunately he was in London, and as the P.M. had authorized me to communicate with him, I was at liberty to do so.

As a result of our discussion in the Cabinet and my talk with Sir A. P. I feel that the situation created by his collaboration with Dunraven can be considered most conveniently under two heads :—

(1) Sir A. P.'s action; (2) the consequent position of the Government.

(1) *Sir A. P.'s action.* MacDonnell absolutely repudiates the suggestion—if it is made—that he had any intention of 'edging' me forward into a position beyond the lines of orthodox Unionism, or into a position which I was unwilling to occupy, or slow to occupy.

I told him that I, that you, that the P.M. (on our representation) were completely satisfied of his absolute loyalty.

That question did not arise.

He made, to the best of my recollection, the following statements :—

He, although technically the Permanent U.S. to the Lord Lieutenant, does not, for a moment, wish to depart from the 'honourable understanding' that his Irish appointment was temporary. He did not, however, go to Ireland in the ordinary course as an ordinary U.S. He went to Ireland on my invitation and your recommendation, both of which were based on

the exceptional administrative experience which he had acquired in India.

From the nature of that Indian experience and the tenour of our communications with him prior to his appointment, he regarded Irish problems and their possible solutions—as in the case of India—from a wider political point of view than would be proper on the part of an ordinary U.S. He did so in a spirit of absolute loyalty to myself and with the express intention of assisting me in the Government of Ireland.

All this I accepted unreservedly, adding that it was my own view of his attitude towards myself and his duties. He mentioned that on, or just prior to his appointment, he had written a letter to you in which he declared his opposition to the establishment of an independent legislative Assembly for Ireland. He added that his experience in Ireland had confirmed that opposition. But in the same letter he had advocated some decentralization of Finance on Indian lines.

In respect of the Land Act, of Education, and of other matters, he had uniformly sought to help me loyally. He had only made two speeches—one at my request—and they were delivered long ago. In neither of them did he put forward a policy. There had been no error on his part and no misunderstanding between us prior to the Dunraven proposals.

I now come to those proposals. Dunraven was eager to see him and urgent in demanding his help to formulate something in addition to Poor Law and Educational reforms.

Sir A. P. was on the point of starting for a holiday abroad. Dunraven was laid up with gout or rheumatism. Sir A. P. was inclined to demur, but in all good faith and unaware that his action would bear the political construction placed upon it, and with no thought of exceeding Unionist limits, or pushing me—as his Chief—towards a position I was unprepared to occupy, he acceded to Dunraven's urgent request.

All this is, I am certain, quite true.

(2) *The Consequent Position of the Government.* Accepting his account of his action, I explained that we could not defend it; that we objected to much, if not all of Dunraven's proposals, but also, and apart from the demerits of those proposals, that we objected to a Civil Servant, no matter what were the circumstances of his previous services or the condition of his present appointment, collaborating in a propaganda which a Cabinet Minister would not have been justified in stimulating unless after sanction from his colleagues.

Since we could not defend his action it would be incumbent on us, as a Government, whether in speeches delivered when

attacked or in a communication previously addressed to him, to express our disapproval of his action. I added that it was useless for me, in a conversation of the kind in which we were engaged, not to be frank, and even blunt. I therefore pointed out that any such speech, or previous communication, must be a 'censure' upon his action.

Sir A. P. replied that he must consider his position and would communicate his decision to me in a few days. He made it clear, as I anticipated, that he would not resign the Under-Secretaryship and, at the same time, accept a post on the Indian Council. To adopt such a course would, in his opinion, confirm the charge that he had acted disloyally to his Chief.

I repeated that neither I, nor you, who had worked with him, nor the P.M., advised by us, entertained any doubt of his loyalty, or of the fact that he had acted under a misconception due to his long service in India and consequent unfamiliarity with the bearings of our Party and Cabinet system. I said that I was not in a position to state the form of words in which our censure would be embodied; but that it was not possible for us to make light of Dunraven's proposals or to leave our objection to them in doubt, or to defend his collaboration with Dunraven apart from the demerits of the proposals. I did not discuss their demerits in detail. My point was, rather, that since a Cabinet Minister cannot air his views irrespective of Parliamentary opportunity and considerations of Party homogeneity, still less can an Under-Secretary ventilate, or foster, a policy without the knowledge and sanction of his ministerial chief. Briefly, I made it quite plain that we could not defend his action and, consequently, must censure it. At the same time I conveyed that I—and in this I believe that you and the P.M. agree with me—understood how he came to take that action and were confident of his loyalty. I desire now to put to you, and through you to the P.M. and my Colleagues, a point more personal to myself. I submit that any form of words adopted for the above purpose ought to be accompanied by an equally explicit and positive statement that Sir A. P. had not acted disloyally to his Chief or sought to 'edge' me towards a position which I was unwilling to occupy. My deliberate objection to much in the Dunraven proposals does not, in any degree, prevent me from holding that Sir A. P.'s collaboration with Dunraven was absolutely free from any intention of disloyalty, and that it was given without any idea of the difficulties it might place in our path.

To some such concomitant declaration of our belief in his loyalty, and our readiness to attribute his action to an

intelligible misconception, both Sir A. P. and I attach essential importance.

Since we cannot defend his action I admit that we must censure it. But, personally, I deprecate the use of harsh language in that censure.

Sir A. P. is sensitive and deeply wrought by recent criticism of his conduct. He is, legitimately, jealous of his Indian reputation and, I would add, of the esteem of those who, like you and me, have worked with him.

The use of words which would force such a man, with such a record, to resign would be unjust to him. A censure conveyed in terms which demanded, or suggested, his resignation would render my own retention of Office impossible. It would entail, indirectly, dismissal and, as I explained at the Cabinet, I cannot associate myself with his dismissal. On the other hand I owe much to my Colleagues for the generous consideration which they extended to me last Friday.

I, therefore, conclude that any statements made by us in Parliament, or any communication previously addressed by us to Sir A. P., ought to consist of two parts to which equal prominence should be given: first, objection to the course which he took, couched in terms unmistakeable but not harsh; and, secondly, a positive and explicit statement of our absolute confidence in his loyalty.

The latter must, I think, be accompanied by an explanation of his Indian position and of the conditions under which he undertook his work in Ireland. For that will make the misconception under which he acted intelligible and compatible with the loyalty of which I, and you, have no doubt.

There should be added a reference to his distinguished career in India and to the obligation under which he placed his Chief by refusing Bombay.—Yours ever,

G. W.

P.S.—My clerical staff is in Ireland and I am detained here to settle 'Irish Distress' with the Treasury. If you think that this letter may assist the P.M. in grasping the 'MacDonnell' situation, will you kindly communicate it to him?

17

Sir Antony MacDonnell to George Wyndham

UNDER-SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN, *December 14th, 1904.*

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—I am not sure whether after our conversation of Sunday you are expecting a letter from me; but perhaps no harm will come from my writing this.

I understand the broad results of our conversation to be these—

(1) Mr. Brodrick will settle the case in its Indian aspects.

(2) There is no question of my resigning the Under-Secretaryship at present, still less of my being removed.

(3) Any statement which Government may have to make in Parliament touching me will not imply a censure on me: for I cannot possibly admit that I am justly open to censure. Such a statement would, in justice to me, explain that (a) the complaints made against me outside the 'Devolution' business are, to use your own words, 'without foundation, justification or even excuse.' (b) I did not obtrude my ideas as to 'Devolution' on Lord Dunraven. I responded to his call for help in a movement which I honestly believed with him and many other Unionists to be well within Unionist principles. I thought myself fully justified in giving him that help unofficially. (c) I have been loyal to you and have had no dealings unknown to you in Irish politics. (d) On the appearance of your letter in the 'Times' I at once, of my own initiative, informed Lord Dunraven that in view of your letter I could not, while I remained Under-Secretary, give further help to the Irish Reform Association. (e) The conditions of my appointment as Under-Secretary gave me a wider discretion than ordinarily attaches to the Under-Secretary. I have not abused that freedom.

In conclusion I would submit that the 'Devolution' scheme is not the real ground of attack on me. The real ground is religion and dates from our efforts to do justice to Irish Catholics in the matter of University Education. It has been dishonestly and venomously continued ever since.—Yours sincerely,

A. P. MACDONNELL.

18

George Wyndham to Sir Antony MacDonnell

Private and Confidential.

IRISH OFFICE,
OLD QUEEN STREET, S.W.,
December 19th, 1904.

MY DEAR SIR ANTONY,—Before replying to your letter of the 14th I waited, first, for the decision of the Cabinet and, then, to consider it in the light of what you said to me in our confidential conversation. I did not expect a letter as, pending the decision of the Cabinet, I could add nothing to my speculations on the course they would probably follow. Those I imparted to you confidentially. They have been substantially confirmed.

Your letter rehearses the 'broad results' of our conversation in respect of *your action*, very much as they remain in my memory. But it omits the other, primary, feature of the situation, namely the *position of the Government*.

My best plan will be to give you my recollections of our conversation which I noted on the same day.

You absolutely repudiated the idea that you had any intention, or thought, of 'pushing' me towards a position which I was unwilling to occupy. I assured you that I had not the slightest doubt of your complete loyalty.

You said that, although your appointment was technically permanent, you did not wish to part from the 'honourable understanding' that it was temporary; you could not resign now in view of the attacks made on you and the construction that would be placed on your resignation; you went to Ireland to assist me out of the store of experience gained during your occupation of important posts in India; the nature of these past services, the character of my invitation, and the terms of Lord Lansdowne's recommendation, led you to take a 'wider' view of political questions than would have been proper in ordinary circumstances; in respect of the Land Act, of Education, and all other matters, you had at all times sought to assist me loyally; you had made only two speeches, one at my request; both were delivered long ago and neither put forward a policy of your own; during our official connexion you had made no mistake and, until the Dunraven proposals were published with your assistance, there had been no misunderstanding between us; Dunraven was eager to see you and urgent in requesting your help to formulate something in addition to Poor Law, and Educational Reforms; you were about to start on a holiday; you had two minds about helping but, in all good faith, unaware that your action could embarrass me, without any thought of exceeding Unionist limits, or the slightest intention of pressing me towards a position which I was loth to occupy, you acceded to Dunraven's request. All the above I unreservedly accepted and believe to be absolutely true. I, then, touched on what—in this letter—I have called the other, primary, feature of the situation; viz. *the Government's position*. I prefaced what I had to say with some such phrase as, that it would be useless to engage in a conversation of the kind unless I were perfectly 'frank and even blunt.' I want, if I can, to make this feature even more clear than I did. I remember saying that my familiarity with the workings of our Parliamentary and Cabinet system entitled me to speak with authority upon this aspect

of the question. And that is so. Let me put it in this way : The whole Cabinet are responsible, collectively and individually, for anything of political importance which any member of the Cabinet does or omits to do.

The Cabinet do, as a matter of fact, object to much, if not all, in Dunraven's proposals.

The Cabinet, apart from the merits or demerits of any such proposals, consider that the time chosen for putting forward a scheme involving important changes in the Irish administration and its relation to the Treasury was inopportune and embarrassing.

The Cabinet hold that neither I, nor any other Cabinet Minister, would have been justified in assisting the publication of such proposals without the previous consultation of Colleagues.

That being so, the Cabinet cannot say that they approve of your assent to the proposals and assistance of their publication.

This, as I pointed out in our conversation, amounts to the Government's inability to defend your action. They support me in my unqualified declaration of absolute belief in your loyalty but, in this one matter, they do not, as a matter of fact, approve of your action and consequently cannot, if challenged in the House, say that they do approve of it. When I pointed this out, though more briefly, in our conversation you, at first, said that you must consider your position and would communicate with me in a few days. I then put to you, with some earnestness, that resignation on your part because of this or that phrase in any expression of the Government's inability to defend the assistance you gave to Lord Dunraven would place me *in a false position*. You met me fairly.

I said in conclusion that any form of words in which the Government's disapproval might be couched should, if I had my way, be accompanied by an equally explicit statement of our confidence in your loyalty.

With that you said you were satisfied.

I need not—I am certain—assure you of my earnest desire that no words should be used—even in the stress of Debate and turmoil of interruption—which could wound a distinguished Public Servant of whose loyalty we were convinced. I would only add that it is necessary to remember the conditions under which a Debate takes place. For example I believe that the hostility displayed against you during last summer is traceable to the assistance you gave me, acting on my instructions, in seeking a solution of the University question.

But to say so in a Debate confined—as this may be—to the

Dunraven proposals would throw away 40 or 50 votes. If they repeat unfounded charges well and good. They will assist my reply. But I cannot count on my antagonists' delivering an awkward attack. They may prove adroit. They may simply ask 3 questions:—

(1) Do the Government approve of Lord Dunraven's proposals?

(2) Do they think the moment of publication opportune?

Obviously the reply must, in each case, be in the negative.

(3) Do the Government approve of a permanent Under-Secretary's doing that which they would not have considered themselves entitled to do? Again, the reply can only be in the negative. But the Government will also say in Debate that which they say in the decision which I am directed to communicate to you, viz.—that they have absolute confidence in your loyalty.—Yours very sincerely,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

P.S.—Your *a* to *e* inclusive supply valuable material for reply. But the 'handling' of them and specially of *a* and *e* must depend on the nature of the Debate—if there is one.

19

Sir Antony MacDonnell to George Wyndham

UNDER-SECRETARY'S LODGE,
December 27th, 1904.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—In the few minutes given me before our last conversation to read your letter of the 19th inst. I failed to grasp its full meaning. I have had ample time during these Xmas holidays to understand it and I now beg to send you my reply. You divide your letter into two parts—(1) My position, (2) the Position of the Government. (1) My position may be dealt with for the purpose in hand under three heads: (*a*) my official status, (*b*) my functions, (*c*) my connexion with the Devolution scheme. On (*a*) I need add nothing to what I wrote you on Dec. 8th, except in respect of the 'honourable understanding' (my phrase) to which you allude. It was my intention and the expectation of the India Office that I should join the India Council when my work in Ireland was done. But the option of remaining for good as Under-Secretary or joining the India Council lay with me. I need not go over ground already traversed, and will only say that the outrageous attacks made on me had for their object my expulsion

from Office and that I refused to be expelled. That was the reason why I declined to comply with Mr. Brodrick's call to join the India Council, and why in self defence I resigned my reversion of the seat as I was entitled to do. But by asking for the reversion of the vacancy due to occur next September I showed my wish to keep to my original intention, when I could do so with self respect. It is now for Mr. Brodrick to adhere to or finally depart from the 'honourable understanding.' Now as to my functions (b). I am I regret to say quite unable to accept your genesis of the 'wider views' I have taken since I came to Ireland. I did not take these views because of any of the considerations that you mention. I took them because I came to Ireland with the distinct purpose of taking them.

If you will refer to our correspondence of Sept. 22nd and 25th 1902, you will see that I agreed with you to come to Ireland in order to carry these views into effect. The opportunity for doing so was the inducement which brought me here.

You can realize that the work of 'Dublin Castle' apart from the 'wider views' would have repelled not attracted me. This matter has an important bearing on the Cabinet's minute. From the constitutional point of view an Under-Secretary would doubtless not be within his rights in acting as I have done; but from the outset I have dealt with political questions with your knowledge and approval: it was very well understood that I was not to be regarded as a 'mere Under-Secretary' but as a sort of colleague though altogether *subordinate* and my position should be differentiated from that of an ordinary Civil Servant. On this head the Cabinet's Minute requires qualification. There are a few expressions in this part of your letter which require some annotation. For example the phrase 'you had two minds about helping' should not be taken to mean that I had any doubts about the propriety of helping, whatever I may have thought of the strength of Lord Dunraven's backing. The phrase 'pressing me towards a position I was loth to occupy' should not imply that I did not believe you to have an open mind. I may be mistaken, but this part of your letter seems to attribute to me an apologetic spirit, to which, as I have done nothing to be ashamed of, I am unable to confess.

I now come to (c) the Dunraven scheme; and as the Cabinet's Minute here suggests that I acted wrongly, although they admit that I was blameless in intention, I must at a little length explain my connexion with the scheme. You have always looked with favour upon the growth of a moderate party in Ireland. Lord Dunraven had spoken to you on the

subject and on one occasion he asked me in your presence to get together a nucleus of suitable men for him to speak to. The project fell through at the time, but it was revived by Lord Dunraven last August in a letter to me. Thereupon I wrote and asked you if you had seen Lord Dunraven on the subject; you replied that you 'had seen him and would see him again.' When then Lord Dunraven in the end of August asked me to help him in making out a programme for his moderate party, I felt myself free to speak to him and to develop these ideas of Finance and decentralization which I had so often stated to you. Neither Lord Dunraven nor I had the remotest notion of going beyond Unionist Principles: and it did not occur to us that Financial decentralization which as applied by Lord Esher to the army was laudable, could as applied to Ireland become rank blasphemy. The ideas I communicated to Lord Dunraven were to a large extent reproduced in the Irish Reform Association Manifesto of August 31st. It contained the germ of everything which subsequently appeared in the detailed scheme of Sept. 26th.

The Manifesto elicited no condemnation from you and when subsequently you did not answer my letter telling you that I was helping Lord Dunraven on the basis of local financial control I made sure that you were content to let things develop while keeping yourself free to pronounce on the development.

When I add that I told the Lord Lieutenant what I was doing at the time and that on seeing your letter to the 'Times' I at once and of my own motion withdrew from connexion with the I. Reform Association, it must be admitted that my action was above board and not concealed from my official superior.

This brings me to the second part of your letter; the position of the Government. I have no comment to make on the negative answers you propose to give to the first two questions on the last page of your letter, but to the answer proposed to question (3) I have something to say. The Cabinet's Minute exonerates me from blame as far as *intention* goes, but that is not enough. No assertion of faith in the loyalty of my *intentions* will save me from the charge of having behaved disloyally in fact. Unscrupulous journalists and politicians (who even still accuse me of having plotted with Father O'Hara) will say that placed in a position of special trust I did as a matter of fact betray the trust, and concealed the betrayal as long as I could. The charge would be widely believed and the discredit attaching to me would have evil effects in Ireland far beyond my personality. People would

say, changing the text, 'If this happens in the dry then what will happen in the green.' It is not a position I can accept.

I have most anxiously striven to place myself in the position of the Government; and to realize your exposition of what will take place in Parliament; and with every desire to meet the Cabinet's wishes I feel bound to ask for an amplification of the Minute on one point and an alteration on another.

(1) I pray that it may be made clear that I came to Ireland not as an ordinary Under-Secretary but in a higher though undefined capacity, in order to assist you in the solution of the large political problems enumerated in our correspondence of Sept. 1902. In such capacity I was justified in taking a wider view of my duty than it would have been proper for an Under-Secretary to take in ordinary circumstances.

(2) The alteration I ask for is the substitution of the following for the last sentence of the Minute—'But they are thoroughly satisfied that not the smallest suspicion of disloyalty attaches to Sir Antony MacDonnell of having behaved disloyally to his official superiors.'—Yours sincerely, A. P. MACDONNELL.

20

George Wyndham to Sir Antony MacDonnell

Private.

CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHŒNIX PARK, DUBLIN, *December 28th, 1904.*

MY DEAR SIR ANTONY,—I did not expect to hear from you till early next week and anticipated that you would speak to me on the decision of the Cabinet. But, as you have written, I am writing in reply; although experience has led me to believe that conference is preferable to correspondence in seeking a clear understanding. The business of this country is conducted by private conversation in the Cabinet, and public conversation in Parliament. And what we write to each other will have little or no effect on either body.

The decision of the Cabinet was embodied in the 'aide-mémoire' which I enclosed in my letter of the 19th instant, as a basis for our talk. It would be useless to repeat to the Cabinet that I regarded you as a colleague rather than an Under-Secretary, or that the decentralization of Finance was recommended for Army Commands by the Esher Committee; for all this, and much more, has been said several times by Lord Lansdowne and myself. It is, also, unnecessary to urge these considerations again because it was precisely these statements, and others of a like purport, which induced the Cabinet

to decide that they were thoroughly satisfied of your loyalty to your official superiors.

I regard that decision as tantamount to what you ask for in the second of the two definite suggestions with which you conclude your letter.

I will now deal with those two definite suggestions :—

I. *That you did not come to Ireland as an ordinary U.S. and were justified in taking a wider view of your duty than would have been proper under ordinary circumstances.* I have said so, and shall say so again. But I cannot say so in such a way as to imply that the Cabinet approve either of the Dunraven proposals or of the assistance which you gave to their formulation. The Cabinet disapproves of both and, if challenged, will say so in Debate. But what were the 'wider views' discussed by us prior to your appointment? I do not keep copies of my private correspondence but, to the best of my recollection, in the early Autumn of 1902 I told you and, no doubt, wrote to you, that I should attempt four objects :—

(1) *Land Purchase*; (2) *Education*, embracing Higher Education acceptable to Catholics; (3) *Finance*, of which the main feature, then, was to obtain an Equivalent Grant and place it under the Chief Secretary, ultimately for Education and, pending a solution of Educational problems, for reproductive schemes; and a subsidiary feature, the transfer of savings on Administrative services to such a Grant; (4) *The Correlation of Public Departments* to avoid overlapping and assist economy.

A good deal has happened since. We got the Equivalent Grant; but it was largely hypothecated to losses on flotation of Purchase Stock. We got a qualified and conditional assent to the appropriation of savings in excess of £250,000 promised to the Treasury; but in view of losses on Stock, the prospective demands for Land Purchase Staff, Education, etc., that has become somewhat academic. On the other hand, Education has been postponed and we have been told that, whatever the future might have in store, we were not now to supersede the various Boards but only to receive the clerical assistance necessary to keep me in touch with the heads of the various Departments and to facilitate the co-ordination of their work. That is where we were at the beginning of last Session.

I mention all this only to make it clear that I see no connexion between my programme of 1902—to which the assent of my Colleagues had, of course, to be obtained—and (a) the institution of a partially elected Financial Board or (b) the delegation of undefined powers at an unstated period to that Board or any other National body.

So, too, with my desire to see more activity and some positive work among Unionists in the centre and south of Ireland. I did, and I do, desire that. I did not (and I told Dunraven so in August or September 1903) wish him to take up Local Government.

At the end of last Session I had no idea that he intended to do so or that you thought that I should regard such a step with approval.

You were undoubtedly free to speak to Dunraven. But I did not, on that ground, expect that a complicated scheme of Finance—even apart from the devolution of other duties—would be published in the Press.

You write of ‘ideas of Financial Decentralization which you had so often stated to me.’ I recollect our early conversations, they did not so far as I was concerned go beyond Equivalent Grant, Savings and Correlation. In any case they were subject to securing the consent of the Treasury and the Cabinet and, in view of the state of Public Finance and Party Difficulties, I had specifically postponed pressing for any drastic change in Irish Finance. You did begin to speak to me in my room at the House of Commons, at the very end of last Session, of some new plan for giving the Irish Government greater liberty in dealing with Finance. I was too preoccupied to grasp the plan, and imagined that we should talk it over in the autumn after the holidays. Preoccupied though I was, I am absolutely confident that I heard nothing of a semi-elected Financial Board to which I was to submit my Financial proposals in addition to the Treasury and the House of Commons. I am equally confident that nothing was said of delegating other duties to that, or any other, body.

Nor have I any recollection of your having written to me to that effect. And yet that is the kernel of the whole matter.

There is, however, one fact in your letter which I had not apprehended, and the full bearing of which I do not now apprehend; namely that ‘you told the Lord Lieutenant what you were doing at the time.’ That raises a point of some importance and difficulty; though not of great importance or insuperable difficulty.

There are only four points of importance and nothing that I can say or write can modify their character, they are :—

(1) The Government are opposed to submitting the allocation of Irish Estimates to the decision of any Board in addition to submitting such allocation to the Treasury and Parliament.

(2) The Government are opposed to any encouragement of the view that powers, at present undefined, may be delegated at

an unstated period to any form of National Assembly or Central and partially elected Board.

(3) The Government therefore disapprove of your having assisted Lord Dunraven in formulating proposals which include purposes falling under the description given in (1) and (2).

(4) The Government believe that you assisted Lord Dunraven in ignorance of the view which we take of such proposals and are convinced that you acted without disloyalty to your official superiors.

These are the central facts of the situation. They cast no reflection on your integrity and candour. They do expose the Government to the risk of defeat and the certain displeasure of its supporters.—Yours very sincerely, GEORGE WYNDHAM.

21

Sir Antony MacDonnell to George Wyndham

UNDER-SECRETARY'S LODGE,
December 31st, 1904.

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—Your letter of the 28th only reached me yesterday. I admit that in ordinary circumstances conversation leads to more satisfactory results than correspondence; but as there have been misunderstandings and as the business may profoundly affect my future, I deemed it absolutely necessary to give a written reply to your important letter of the 19th.

Referring to the four points at the end of your present letter, permit me to say that I took your letter to the 'Times' as the Government's final decision on the Dunraven scheme: and that I have never sought to procure from any quarter whatsoever an alteration of that decision; I seek for no change in it now. My efforts have been exclusively directed to showing (1) that I had reason for believing myself to be justified in helping Lord Dunraven; (2) that my help to him was above-board and not concealed from my official Superiors; and (3) that I did nothing disloyal to the Government.

I have written to you and to Lord Lansdowne in order to make these points clear; and not in order to raise the least objection to any course you or the Government might desire to take regarding the scheme itself, either inside Parliament or outside.

The qualification of the Cabinet's *aide-mémoire* which I ventured to suggest in my letter of the 27th is met by your

present letter. It covers point (1) above and I now thank you for promising to make the matter clear in Debate. The *alteration* in the *aide-mémoire* for which I prayed is met by your present statements that 'the Government are convinced that you acted without disloyalty to your official superiors' and that the 'central facts of the situation cast no reflection on your integrity and candour.' This exoneration, brought out in Parliament as you can bring it out, will give me what I ask for: and here again I thank you for enabling me to await with quiet mind the attacks of my opponents in Parliament and the vindication of my conduct and motives by my friends.

Referring to your allusion to the Lord Lieutenant I may say that he knew of my reference to him in my letter of the 27th, and he has desired me to say that he takes all responsibility and will explain his action when necessary.—Yours sincerely,

A. P. MACDONNELL.

22

Sir Antony MacDonnell to George Wyndham

UNDER-SECRETARY'S LODGE,
PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN, *February 10th, 1905.*

MY DEAR MR. WYNDHAM,—There was in your letter of Dec. 28th much more of disputable matter than I noticed in my reply; but I did not wish, at the time, to prolong an unpleasant controversy. In view, however, of what may happen I have thought it right to put my case in a connected shape for use: and I send you a copy of the paper I have written. Please remember that the points that I have all along insisted upon are

(1) That I was justified in the circumstances of my employment in Ireland in helping Lord Dunraven.

(2) That I was loyal to the Government.

(3) That I acted above board and without concealment from my official superiors.

You told me on Sunday night that you would announce to the House of Commons that the Secretary of State for India would give me the vacancy on his Council which will occur next September. I have thought over that matter: and it seems to me that such an announcement will be taken by my enemies either as an assurance by the Government that, if in office in Sept. they will turn me out of the Under-Secretaryship or at all events as ground for hope that this will be the result. Of course such an ending to my fight with bigotry and intolerance would be a lame one; and if you will pardon me, I do

not think that it should be even remotely suggested by Government. I think it would be better to make no announcement : but to leave the matter where it stands between me and the Secretary of State for India. That is my respectful request. But if you insist on making the announcement then in justice to myself I must ask you to make it clear that I shall, in Sept., be quite free to accept the Seat in Council or retain my present office just as I please.—Yours sincerely,

A. P. MACDONNELL.

I hope to see you on Monday or Tuesday at latest.

Memorandum by Sir Antony MacDonnell.

(This Memorandum formed an enclosure to the above letter.)

1. An effort will, I understand, be made in Parliament to censure me for having helped Lord Dunraven in preparing his Devolution Scheme. The attack on me will, it is suggested to me, be directed to showing :

(a) That I exceeded my functions in giving Lord Dunraven my assistance ;

(b) That I failed to inform my official superiors of what I was doing ;

(c) That generally my participation in such a scheme was inconsistent with my duty to the present Government.

All these propositions are incorrect, as I proceed to show.

2. I did not take office in Ireland as an ordinary Under-Secretary. Before accepting the offer made to me of this office, I inquired into the system of Irish Government ; and my acceptance of the Under-Secretaryship was conditional on opportunities being given to me to devise reforms. The conditions under which I accepted this office are stated in the following extract from a letter dated September 22, 1902, which I wrote to Mr. Wyndham with reference to the offer of the appointment :

“ But there still remains the difficulty to which I alluded when I saw you. I have been anxiously thinking over this difficulty. I am an Irishman, a Roman Catholic, and a Liberal in politics ; I have strong Irish sympathies ; I do not see eye to eye with you all in matters of Irish administration, and I think there is no likelihood of good coming from such a régime of coercion as *The Times* has recently outlined. On the other hand, from the exposition you were good enough to give me of your views, and from the estimate I formed of your aims and

objects, I find there is a substantial measure of agreement between us. Moreover, I should be glad to do some service to Ireland. Therefore, it seems to me the situation goes beyond the sphere of mere party politics, and I should be willing to take office under you provided there is some chance of my succeeding. I think there is a chance of success on this condition—that I should have adequate opportunities of influencing the policy and acts of the Irish Administration, and (subject, of course, to your control) freedom of action in executive matters. For many years in India I directed administration on the largest scale, and I know that if you send me to Ireland the opportunity of mere secretarial criticism would fall short of the requirements of my position.

“If I were installed in office in Ireland my aims, broadly stated, would be—the maintenance of order; the solution of the Land Question on the basis of voluntary sale; where sale does not operate, the fixation of rents on some self-acting principle whereby local inquiries would be obviated; the co-ordination, control, and direction of Boards and other administrative agencies; the settlement of the Education Question in the general spirit of Mr. Balfour’s views; and generally the promotion of material improvement, and administrative conciliation.

“I am sure you will not misinterpret this letter. I am greatly attracted by the chance of doing some good for Ireland. My best friends tell me that I am deluding myself; that I shall be abused by Orangemen as a Roman Catholic and a Home Ruler, and denounced by Home Rulers as a renegade; that I shall do no good; and shall retire disgusted within the year. But I am willing to try the business under the colours and conditions I mention.”

3. Mr. Wyndham, in his reply of September 25, 1902, accepted my terms unconditionally. He writes;

“When Sir David Harrel resigns I shall accordingly nominate you as his successor, and it is understood between us that I make, and that you accept, this appointment on the lines and under the conditions laid down in your letter and with a view to compassing the objects which you hold to be of primary importance, viz., the maintenance of order; a solution of the Land Question on the basis of voluntary sale, and, where that proves impossible, on the basis of substituting some simple, automatic system of revising rents in place of the existing costly process of perpetual litigation; the co-ordination of the detached and semi-detached Boards and Departments; settlement of Education in such a way as to provide Higher Education

in a form acceptable to the majority of the inhabitants; and administrative conciliation.

“To these I add (a) the consolidation and increase of existing grants for Irish local purposes, with a view to reducing the rates where they are prohibitive to enterprise, and (b) if we are spared long enough, the development of transit for agricultural and other products, possibly, by guarantees to railways on the Canadian model. But this is far off.”

4. It is therefore clear that when Mr. Wyndham asked for, and when I promised, my assistance in the Government of Ireland, we both understood that my functions were to be a good deal wider than those ordinarily appertaining to the Under-Secretary. It was understood that while I was to discharge the Under-Secretary's duties with more than the usual authority and freedom, I was also to assist in solving the various political questions, namely, Land, Education, Irish Administration, and the reconciliation of the people to the Government.

5. Acting on this conception of my duties, I have from the very outset taken the initiative in matters beyond the sphere of the Under-Secretary's ordinary duties, and have carried on negotiations of a political nature. If examples are wanted, I point to Lord Dunraven's Land Conference, the Land Purchase Bill, and the University negotiations. In all these matters I acted on my own initiative, but in accordance with my perceptions of the general drift of the Chief Secretary's policy as indicated in the correspondence of September 1902, and in my communications with him. Up till now I succeeded in gaining the Chief Secretary's ultimate approval. For example, I have before me as I write a letter dated March 7, 1904, in which Mr. Wyndham says “had you not seen your way to work with me, the Land Act could never have been passed or even initiated.”

6. In this “Devolution” I acted in the same way and spirit. Before I took office I had been impressed with the want of efficiency resulting from the uncontrolled and divergent action of the numerous Irish “Boards.” But when I had gained experience (from within) on the working of the Irish Government I clearly saw that the root of Irish maladministration lay in the financial arrangements between the two countries.

7. For the last eighteen months I have not ceased to urge on the Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary the necessity of securing to Ireland an alteration of these arrangements and an effective voice over the allocation and expenditure of Irish Funds. The system of Provincial Contracts which prevailed in India seemed to me, with some adjustments to local peculiarities, eminently suitable to Ireland. That system pro-

ceeds on the principle of delegated (and therefore revocable) authority. It postulates a supreme controlling power (which here means the maintenance of one Parliament). My representations on this point always found Lord Dudley a sympathetic and, I came to believe, an approving listener. In the Chief Secretary I thought I had made a convert, for on October 11, 1903, he wrote to me: "An Irish Budget on the lines of the Indian Budget is the first step towards sound government in Ireland and a due recognition of her claims here (*i.e.*, Whitehall)."

8. The winter of 1903-4 was, in Ireland, occupied with the launching of the Land Purchase Act, and with the once promising and now abortive attempt to settle the University Question. There was no time, even if there were opportunity, to touch the real question of Irish Finance, and the Chief Secretary's energies were directed to making the best of the Development Grant. But in that Grant, as a permanent remedy for Ireland's financial troubles, I had myself no faith. It seemed to me an immediate diversion of funds from their legitimate and exigent objects, while in it there lurked the danger of possible defeat in the future of Irish claims. A true solution lay in my judgement in the creation of an Irish Budget on the Indian plan, and Irish Financial Control (subject to Parliament) which will enable the Irish Government to enforce economy and promote these material improvements through want of which the country is languishing. At the last conversation which, toward the end of the Session, I had with Mr. Wyndham on this subject, I asked him not to take the matter from me alone, but to consult Sir David Barbour, who is not only a first-rate authority on Indian Finance, but is specially acquainted with the Irish case, having been a member of the Financial Relations Commission.

9. Thus far have I written with the object of showing how and why the idea of Financial Decentralisation or Devolution for Ireland grew up in my mind, and how that idea was received by my official superiors when I urged it upon them. I now proceed to state how and why the idea was embodied in the "Dunraven Scheme."

10. In the beginning of 1904 a conversation took place between Mr. Wyndham, Lord Dunraven, and myself on Irish Politics. Lord Dunraven was particularly interested in the creation of a moderate Irish Party, of which he had at the time hopes from the temperament of a section of Irish Unionists and of the Nationalist wing which drew its inspiration from Mr. William O'Brien. It was agreed between us three that I should invite to dinner, to meet Lord Dunraven, the more prominent Unionists likely to form the nucleus of such a party.

But on reflecting on the business I did not think the time opportune, as the Land Purchase Act had only begun to work, and besides, I felt that I could not intervene, as proposed, without involving (or shall I say compromising?) Mr. Wyndham. On stating my doubts to him Mr. Wyndham agreed with me, and the matter dropped for a time.

11. Lord Dunraven revived it last August in a letter to me. My doubts as to the opportuneness of the time had now disappeared, and I consequently wrote to Mr. Wyndham and asked him if he had seen Lord Dunraven on the subject. Mr. Wyndham replied on August 17: "I have seen Lord Dunraven, and hope to see him again." When, therefore, Lord Dunraven in the end of August consulted me personally about a Programme for his Third Party, I felt myself at liberty to speak freely to him, to explain to him my idea of an Irish Budget, and to assist him in preparing the Irish Reform Association's Programme, which was published on August 31. I think that Lord Dunraven's mind had been running on pretty much the same lines as my own in reference to Irish Administrative Reform, for we had no difficulty in agreeing on a common basis of action.

12. In this paper I am in no way concerned with defending the Programme (though I cannot help wondering why Financial Decentralisation, which is laudable in connection with the Army, should be rank blasphemy in connection with Ireland). I am here concerned only with explaining my own part in its preparation and showing that I had reasons for my action. The Programme presents two main features: (a) Financial Control in Ireland; (b) Devolution of certain legislative functions. Clearly I had grounds for thinking that on (a) Mr. Wyndham would not be hostile to discussion, while I knew that the Lord Lieutenant would be sympathetic. On (b) successive Chief Secretaries had approved of the principle of Devolution as it concerned Private Bill Legislation, while the further extension proposed in the detailed scheme was altogether a matter for the House of Commons. I may add that the whole business was no more than a project of Reform put forward by a body of Unionist gentlemen for public discussion, and pretended to no official inspiration.

13. When the programme had been before the public for a few days demands for a more detailed statement of policy were made on the Association, and I agreed to prepare the draft of such a statement. While engaged in preparing it I wrote to Mr. Wyndham telling him what I was doing. I did not keep a copy of my letter; it was not my practice to keep copies of my correspondence with the Chief Secretary. But the letter

dealt with the condition of the country and the working of the Land Purchase Act, and ended with a paragraph to the effect that I was helping Lord Dunraven on the lines of the Local Control of Irish Finance, which I had so often urged on Mr. Wyndham himself. I made sure that, having before him the Programme of August 31, to which I think, but I am not sure, that my letter drew his attention, Mr. Wyndham could have no doubt as to the main features of the help I was giving. I reminded Mr. Wyndham of that letter at the first interview I had with him after the publication of his letter in *The Times*. He remarked, in reply, that he could not have attached to it the importance that I did.

14. The Lord Lieutenant happened to be in Dublin during the period to which I am referring, and I was therefore able, in conversation with His Excellency, to explain to him fully what I was doing in communication with Lord Dunraven. I did this more than once, going into the details of the Scheme; and this fact of itself must relieve me of all suspicion of having concealed the business from my official superiors.

15. Had Mr. Wyndham been in Ireland, I should have been equally full with him, as was my practice in the other negotiations I have referred to.

16. I was much surprised and disappointed when I saw Mr. Wyndham's letter to *The Times* condemning the "Devolution Scheme." It had not occurred to me that official notice would be taken of what, at that stage, was only a project of Reform put forward for public discussion by a body of private gentlemen. But Mr. Wyndham's letter made it impossible for me to assist the Irish Reform Association any further, and I, therefore, at once withdrew from connection with it.

17. I am now told that Lord Dunraven's Scheme appeared inopportunately from the Party point of view. But in helping Lord Dunraven I was not concerned with Party Politics. My concern lay in the improvement of the Irish Administration, and in the reconciliation of the Irish people to it. These were the objects which brought me to Dublin Castle, and while I was permitted to work them out I was not concerned with the distinctions between Liberal and Unionist. The Devolution Scheme was not a party move. My share in it was inspired by my perception of the administrative needs of the country, and it is idle to suggest that, in helping Lord Dunraven to prepare it, I was influenced by improper motives, or concealed matters, or failed in my duty to my official superiors.

A. P. MACDONNELL.

February 8, 1905.

George Wyndham to Sir Antony MacDonnell

Private.

35 PARK LANE, W.,
February 13th, 1905.

MY DEAR SIR ANTONY,—I must tell you frankly that your letter and enclosure of February 10th seem to me to go back somewhat on your acceptance of my letter of December 28th in which I pointed out that the facts of the situation cast no reflection on your integrity and candour. It may be that I am misled by the argumentative form of the communication. I hope this is so; for with the 3 points which you consider of most importance I agree—*i.e.* (1) you were justified in seeing Lord Dunraven and discussing possible reforms with him; (2) you acted loyally, (3) you acted without concealment. But you did not in any letter which I ever received or in any verbal communication ever lead me to suppose that you contemplated—(1) a partially elected Board of Finance, (2) the delegation of duties other than Private Bill legislation to some Central Board also partially elected. I quite understand that you did not realize or expect any objection to these proposals, but as a matter of fact I never had an opportunity of stating my objections since the proposals were never before me. I may add that I was surprised by the first publication of the Reform Association—of which body I had never heard—and astonished by the second publication. It is one thing to discuss possible reforms and the chances of moderate Unionists in the South and another thing to publish a Manifesto in the Press.

Again there is a marked distinction between proposals for (1) a partly elected Finance Board and (2) delegation of powers other than for Private Bill legislation on the one hand, and on the other (3) Land Purchase and (4) University Education. The distinction is that I had no cognizance of the first two projects whilst the second two had engaged my attention before you became Under-Secretary.

I do not wish to draw that distinction and I shall make the three points to which you attach importance quite clear.—
Yours sincerely,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

P.S.—My statement which you quote, ‘An Irish Budget on the lines of the Indian Budget is the first step towards sound government in Ireland and a due recognition of her claims here’—was made in ignorance of the fact—if it be a fact—that the Indian Budget is subject to the control of a semi-elective Financial Board. I know nothing of Indian affairs and had no

business to refer to them. That statement which you date October 11th, 1903, reflects the views which I put in a confidential printed memo. to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. At his request I did not press that memo. It records my views. But I am not at liberty to advocate views unless and until I am member of a Cabinet which agrees with them and thinks the time opportune for their publication.

24

George Wyndham to Lord Lansdowne

35 PARK LANE, W.,
February 13th, 1905.

MY DEAR L.—I am sorry to trouble you at such a moment but Dudley has sent me a copy of a letter addressed by him to you.

I take the gravest exception to this passage :—

‘3. I did not think it my duty to prevent the action of the U.S. because Sir Antony told me he had written to Mr. Wyndham telling him what he was doing.’

I can best explain the grounds of my objections to this passage by enclosing a copy of a letter I am writing to Sir Antony.

I have no recollection of receiving a letter.

I was taking a complete holiday and advised Sir Antony to do the same.

I have stated to Sir Antony by word of mouth and in writing that I never at any time have heard from him, in any letter or any conversation, any suggestion pointing to (1) a Financial Board ; (2) Delegation of any Board of any powers other than for Private Bill Legislation. He does not controvert that statement.—Yrs.

G. W.

P.S.—He told me that these proposals were ‘in germ’ in the first publication of the Reform Association and that, as I did not repudiate that document he inferred my assent. I did not detect the ‘Germ’ and deny the obligation of a Minister to repudiate rubbish during the Recess.

25

Lord Lansdowne to George Wyndham

February 14th, 1905.

MY DEAR G.,—I think your letter to A. P. M. puts the point very clearly. I tried to put the same point to him yesterday. It is clear that he fell into the mistake owing to his inability to

understand that there was a difference *in kind* between his proposal for an *elective* financial Board and those which he had reason to think you supported, and because he did not realize the difference between private discussion and published manifestoes which (pace Lord Spencer) should not be lightly handled.—Yours,

L.

Note by Mr. Murray Hornibrook, July 1924

After George Wyndham's death in 1913, while my memory was fresh, I wrote out for his son Percy my recollections of my late Chief during the years 1903 to 1905, and as some of these concern the so-called 'MacDonnell Incident,' I have gone through them afresh and extracted whatever material appears to throw any light on the incident.

I had already been 5 years in the Irish Office when the Session of 1904 drew to a close, first as Private Secretary to the Attorney General (John Atkinson), then as Assistant Private Secretary to George Wyndham, then in 1903, on the promotion of Sir Philip Hanson, I succeeded to the Principal Private Secretaryship, in which capacity I remained with Wyndham until his resignation in 1905. During the period leading up to and succeeding the incidents of 1904 to 1905, I was in almost daily contact with both Wyndham and Sir Antony MacDonnell; I am therefore possibly in a better position than anyone else to describe what occurred.

In August 1904 it was obvious to anyone with Parliamentary experience that with the Conservative party torn with dissension and tottering to its fall the coming Session would be its last, and there would be little opportunity for fresh legislation and certainly none for matters of contention. It was just as well, for we were all worn out and were looking forward to a well-earned rest. Wyndham, instead of coming direct to Ireland as he usually did, was to pay a few visits in England and then go to Germany with Percy, and he told Sir Antony, and he told me, not to forward any papers that could await his return; I was going to fish in Connemara, and Sir Antony was going to take a cure at Contrexeville or some such place. This was in August 1904 just after the House rose. But before we approach the events which took place in this and the following months, it is necessary, in order that one may appreciate and understand them, to go back a little and seek for the genesis of 'Devolution.' For this purpose I will first refer to Lord Dunraven's speech in the House of Lords (February 17, 1905), and to his pamphlet

entitled 'The Crisis in Ireland,' particularly pp. 33, 35, 36. In these he gives the reader the impression that not only was Devolution a practical policy originated as far back as March 1903, but that the Cabinet and Mr. Wyndham were determined to undertake some such policy. He goes on to say that while he never propounded any Devolution Scheme or programme to Mr. Wyndham, his impression from conversations was that Sir Antony did not share his views, but that Mr. Wyndham 'saw no particular objection to a general scheme of administrative reform put forward by private individuals for discussion.' This is misleading. The 'conversations' he mentions took place in 1903. Mr. Wyndham always denied that he had any with Lord Dunraven in 1904, and there is no correspondence in existence referring to any of that date (for that matter Lord Dunraven does not say so, he only leaves it to be inferred).

What then was the birth of Devolution in 1903 ?

In March 1903 a private circular was issued calling upon moderate men to form an independent party, and proposing the appointment of a standing committee to further the objects of the party. The circular states that owing to the strain of public business on the House and the aspirations of Ireland for some definite form of self-government the solution is to be found in a 'reasonable system of devolution of legislative powers.' It then goes on to say that powers for Private Bill legislation, as in Scotland, might be one of the first measures introduced ; others tending to the development of the country would follow in due course. 'Ultimately when present asperities, mistrust and suspicion have been by such means mitigated, *or wholly extinguished*, it may be found possible to establish an extended system of local government.'

This circular Lord Dunraven forwarded to Wyndham, but said in a covering letter that he would try and prevent its issue as it might be misunderstood and therefore injurious. The real extent therefore to which Devolution had progressed in 1903 was (1) a call for immediate Private Bill powers, (2) other development bills to follow, and (3) a pious wish that further Local Government powers might possibly be conferred '*when* party and religious feelings had died away'; a consummation devoutly to be desired, but even by the most sanguine hardly to be anticipated within a few months of the issue of the circular.

These proposals, tentative as they were, were suppressed by Lord Dunraven in 1903. In the interval between this circular and the issue of the Devolution proposals in 1904 I neither saw nor heard anything of these proposals or anything like them. Wyndham talked freely with everyone and anyone upon any

subject that might interest them, art, religion, science, politics ; he was an interested talker upon any subject ; but it would be just as logical to suggest that by talking upon them he meant to legislate upon them all as upon any one of them.

Again as there is a reference in Treasury correspondence to the system of finance proposed about this time by Wyndham, and as this system has in ignorance been erroneously accepted by his critics as the groundwork for Sir Antony's devolution financial proposals—I have heard them claimed to be ' the same thing under another name '—I will here shortly explain them.

When the finance of the Land Bill was under consideration, the Chief Secretary agreed, as a ' set off ' to the finance of the Act, to endeavour to institute reforms in administration to effect savings which, it was calculated, would eventually amount to £250,000 annually. The Irish Government had already received from Parliament a grant to be expended yearly, as the Chief Secretary desired, upon Irish development, called the ' Development Grant.' This amounted to some £185,000 and was an equivalent grant to that expended upon the new English Education proposals. This ' development grant,' however, was now hypothecated to meet any contingent losses on flotation of Land Stock, and was thus unavailable for development.

The Chief Secretary discussed the matter with Sir Antony, and it was then proposed that *if* the Irish Government succeeded in effecting savings beyond the anticipated £250,000, such extra savings should be removed from the Treasury control and *handed over to the Chief Secretary* to be used for Irish purposes, subject to Treasury sanction, in a manner similar to the ' Development ' grant. This was ' decentralizing finance ' (from the Treasury) to some extent, but it was carrying on Unionist principles whilst the Devolution ' Financial Control ' was not.

Wyndham's plan was to place in the control of the Chief Secretary, subject to the ultimate control of Parliament, sums of money for Irish development. It was not a new proposal, the principle having been already conceded in the existing ' Development Grant.'

On the other hand the Devolution Financial Decentralization proposal was *to take away* from Parliament and the Chief Secretary the control over Irish monies and place them in the control of *a partly elected and partly nominated Council in Ireland*—a very different matter.

Beyond this discussion as to the allocation of savings over £250,000 already referred to, the only other financial question discussed was the report on the Financial Relations Royal

Commission, but I never heard any discussion on the possibility of forming an Elective Financial body, and late in the correspondence of 1904-1905 Sir Antony definitely confirms this. So much for this point.

Now to come to the facts of the Reform Association meetings in August and September 1904.

I had left London after the rising of the House for a holiday in Connemara. I stayed, *en route*, a couple of days in Dublin and went to the Castle to see Sir Antony and discuss matters of interest arising out of the late session (I had not seen him for a short time). In the course of conversation he told me that Dunraven was in town, that the members of the Land Conference Committee, he understood, were to hold their last meeting in Horse Show week, that they had done good work in helping to bring about the Land Conference and that Dunraven thought that it was a pity that they should disperse without some ideas for the future, as, once disbanded, it might not be easy to get them together again, but that he (Dunraven) *could not think what to give them to discuss* and had come to Sir Antony for advice as to whether they should (1) disband or (2) continue, and if the latter, what plans should they discuss for the future. Sir Antony informed me that he also was of the opinion that it would be a pity if this band of moderate men disbanded, and he was wondering if he could give them something to 'keep them going' or words to that effect. He did not go into any details. I asked him who else besides Dunraven was to be at the meeting and he said he thought Talbot Crosbie, Col. Everard, Col. Poë and Shawe Taylor.

Now it was still fresh in my memory how, when the Education question was under consideration, Shawe Taylor (who had been instrumental in summoning the Land Conference) had been allowed to intervene. The Chief and Under Secretaries had interviewed all creeds, lay and clerical, to ascertain whether there was a general demand for the settlement of the Education question, and in addition to his own efforts the Chief Secretary allowed Shawe Taylor to try his hand, and Shawe Taylor had made a mess of the business. So bearing this in mind I recalled the circumstances to Sir Antony's recollection and said to him—'If you take my advice you will have nothing more to do with Shawe Taylor, he is more than likely to make another mess of it.' Sir Antony said he agreed, and after a few minutes I left him and went off on my holiday under the impression that he would have nothing further to say to Dunraven's meeting when it came off. (I should mention that previous to that conversation Sir Antony had written the letter

of 14th August to Mr. Wyndham; I will refer to this later). Here then was the actual situation before the meeting.

(1) The Dunraven Committee about to dissolve altogether as they apparently had nothing further to do.

(2) George Wyndham after five years' strenuous work taking his first holiday.

(3) Sir Antony apparently convinced that it was better to let the Committee dissolve unless they themselves could find something for discussion. Sir Antony preparing to go for his holiday.

Compare this actual situation with that which a section of the Unionist party believe to have existed (which belief was fostered by Dunraven's speech and pamphlet).

(1) The Prime Minister, Lord Lansdowne and Wyndham having carefully considered and drawn up a scheme of Devolution, long prepared and often discussed with the Irish Reform Association, instruct Sir Antony and the Lord Lieutenant to (2) launch it through the Reform Association. (3) The Reform Association to be the buttress between the Government and the people as in the Land Conference!

To continue; having nothing further to detain me in Dublin I proceeded on my own holiday—long overdue—and was under the impression that Sir Antony had gone abroad to take the waters. I heard no more from or of him. I am not sure that I ever saw the report of the first meeting of Dunraven's Association of August 30th until a day or two after it appeared. I was fishing in Connemara and was not anticipating any news in the papers beyond accounts of the Horse Show festivities. When I saw the report it conveyed nothing to my mind, it struck me, just as it struck the editor of the *Irish Times*, as a vague resolution full of pious hopes, and I came to the conclusion that the Committee, unwilling to disperse and unable to find a programme, were marking time more or less in the same strain as that of the suppressed circular of March 1903.

My impression is that the *Irish Times* saw nothing unorthodox in this report, and said so in a leader more or less blessing it, whilst asking for further information. Then there was a pause; and eventually the second report of the meeting of the 25th (published on September 26th, 1904) was issued to the Press and the fat was in the fire.

The Unionist press went for it and Wyndham condemned it as soon as he saw it, in a letter to *The Times*.

When I saw this second manifesto my impression was that Dunraven, being pressed to go further into details, had endeavoured to frame a policy, upon which he had possibly attempted to graft hazy recollections of former conversations

he may have had with Sir Antony on Indian laws and customs. I did not believe that Sir Antony was actually implicated in the matter. In the first place, after our conversation in Dublin I did not think he would lend his countenance to the Association, and in the second place, the proposals were politically so unpractical and so controversial that I credited him with too much appreciation of the political situation and the limits prescribed to a Unionist Government to countenance the putting forward of such proposals, even for discussion. It appears from Sir Antony's subsequent conversations (mentioned in Wyndham's letter to Lord Lansdowne of December 11th, 1904) that he at first carried out his intention as expressed to me and refused to help Dunraven, but that upon being further pressed, he had given way and talked over with Dunraven a few lines to put forward for discussion.

I am not able to recollect whether my next statement came to me direct from Sir Antony or through Wyndham, but I was told by one or the other that this 'talk over possible lines of discussion' was all the help Sir Antony had intended to give, and that he did for the time stop there.

The Reform Association, through Dunraven, attempted to put these ideas into words and issued them as the innocuous manifesto of August 30th. The *Irish Times* leader was a pretty fair indication of the view of the country generally.

In the interval between the two manifestoes Sir Antony wrote to Mr. Wyndham the second letter, of September 10th, 1904.

Urged by the Press for more definite particulars Dunraven and his friends went to Sir Antony. They were asked for explanations, and, judging by the difference between the two manifestoes, they did not quite know what they meant.

Sir Antony was asked for further help and gave it.

If the two manifestoes be compared it will be realized at once that the second one goes much further.

Into Sir Antony's reasons for embarking on this undertaking I will not enter; he has stated them fully in the correspondence which passed previous to the Cabinet Meeting on the subject. The incident itself was not of primary importance, but was made to appear so by the more or less artificial campaign which was waged unremittingly by certain sections of the Unionist Party against the Irish Administration, until Wyndham resigned in 1905, and the very fact that the incident was not of great importance increased the difficulty of meeting charges every detail of which was magnified out of all proportion. Take, for instance, the incident of the missing letters. Wyndham, it will be remembered, had just gone off on his holiday,

leaving instructions that he was not to be bothered with letters except in cases of urgent necessity. Notwithstanding this prohibition Sir Antony sends him two long letters, each of them in four sheets of closely written long hand. The first, that of August 14th, starts by saying that the Chief Secretary might safely take six weeks' complete holiday and that he would write again if any pressing matters arose; and the second, that of September 10th, commences about the progress of the Land Act and states that Sir Antony had refrained from writing for several weeks 'because I thought you ought to be quite free from official work.' It is quite obvious that Wyndham, having opened them while he was travelling about, and having gathered from a glance that they were principally concerned with administrative details with which he never should have been bothered at the time, simply tossed them aside to be digested at leisure, and they got mixed up with other papers and mislaid. The loss of number one was never noticed, and the question of the existence of number two did not arise till nearly six months later, when, although Wyndham, while saying that he had no recollection of the letter, stated that he accepted Sir Antony's description of its contents, its non-production was deemed to have a deep and sinister meaning. Number two was subsequently found by me in 1912 in the circumstances related by me in the note attached to the letter.

George Wyndham's critics were and are chiefly of two kinds: (A) Those who suggest that he was engaged, possibly together with the Prime Minister and Lord Lansdowne, in a conspiracy to undermine Unionism with the aid of Sir Antony—these critics are his unfriends. (B) Those who suggest that his 'wide national sympathies' were encouraged by the Prime Minister and the Cabinet, who threw him to the wolves when the Unionists disapproved—these critics are mostly his friends. Both sets believe him to have been in whole or in part the author or father of the Devolution proposals. His unfriends suggest that Dunraven and his co-signatories put forward these proposals at his instigation, or at least with his connivance, and that he disowned them to save his own skin. Some of his friends suggest that party considerations compelled him to disown them contrary to his convictions. They have never accepted his statement that he knew nothing of these proposals and that they were wholly unpractical. His supposed association with Devolution is, for these friendly critics, one of the chief supports to their belief in his 'wide national sympathies,' and they do not realize that all they succeed in doing by their insistence is to suggest that he was a fool—his unfriends only

suggest that he was a knave. It is extraordinary how few of his friends realize what his 'wide sympathies' meant. Wyndham used to state his position as follows: 'Anything outside the Union is not practical politics.' 'It is our contention that Ireland can get what she wants just as easily from a British Government as she could from an Irish one—within these limits I will help to the best of my ability provided that Nationalist and Unionist criticism are constructive rather than destructive, and that there be a practically unanimous demand for any proposed legislation.' This was a position from which Wyndham never budged. The Irish availed themselves of it in the Land Bill. They failed to agree over the University business and it was dropped. Both these were long outstanding problems concerning which there was a general agreement that something should be done. Within the limits he had set Wyndham's sympathies were as wide as possible. But some of his friends, in their anxiety to lay stress upon his sympathies, do not realize that the Devolution proposals were not in the same category; apart from inherent defects, they were highly contentious matters for whose adjustment there was no universal demand. The impracticability of these proposals does not impress these critics. For them, his possession of 'wide sympathies' implies, as a matter of course, his approval of any wild-cat scheme provided that it were of Irish origin. I would like to draw their attention to his comment (in his letter to Lord Lansdowne of 13th February 1905) on the oft-repeated inquiry why he had not rushed into print to denounce the proposal immediately after the publication of the first Manifesto in August, 'I deny the obligation of a Minister to repudiate rubbish during the Recess.'

Wyndham's final actions, his resignation, and his defence of Sir Antony I will not dwell upon. Posterity I am convinced will do him justice, and on reading the correspondence there are few, I think, who will not feel that Wyndham went much further than most of us, in the circumstances, would feel inclined to go, in the defence of a subordinate. Personally I did and do bitterly regret his resignation, which to many implied, not that he was sacrificing himself for his party and Sir Antony, but that he was chiefly to blame. At the same time the line of conduct that he had marked out for himself from the moment the Devolution incident came to his notice, and the sacrifice so unhesitatingly made, were both so characteristic of the man, that perhaps I should have felt disappointed if he had acted otherwise. But there was no fear of that; he was a man incapable of a mean thought or a mean action.

APPENDIX B

A SERIES OF LETTERS WRITTEN BY GEORGE WYNDHAM TO HIS SISTER, PAMELA TENNANT, ON RECEIVING FROM HER A COPY OF HER POEM, 'FLOWERS AND WEEDS : A GARDEN SEQUENCE.'

35 PARK LANE, W.,
27th March 1908.

I praise your visual phrases—as 'in grey-leaved cluster'; that is admirable. But you—or anybody—would have to work for three months at three hours a day on this theme to finish it. Work there must be on two separate lines.

You must state separate grammatical propositions—or aspirations—at least in each sonnet.

You must finish each sonnet in the form with which you begin. I would add that you cannot have—dawn, own, lawn, shown—as alternating rhymes. They are too like each other, they have no difference beyond the difference of vowel intonation. My difficulty is that you get some visual sentences, and some ethical, or æsthetical feelings. You get them, I can't get them. But then, you waste them. I feel pretty sure that this poem—for it is poetry and not verse—had better not affect the sonnet form. I am quite sure that if you keep to the sonnet form, the poem must be re-written. But—Great Heavens—if I had that amount of truly poetical material, I should not bother about Politics or anything else.

In this desperate business of writing English in verse it is necessary to do two things.

You must say what you mean, without overlapping or obscurity.

You must conform to a known type of verse, or invent a new type and conform to that. In this case I should not affect the sonnet form. I should call the whole thing 'My Garden,' and give the world 84 lines of good verse, exalted by rhyme. Such lines as

'This Garden has a soul, it has its moods
As any sentient mind from hour to hour'

are perfect. They ought not to be cramped in a sonnet sequence.

This is only a first impression; it amounts to my sure knowledge that you have got in these 84 lines, the pure ore of Poetry.

But that you have not yet smelted that ore, so as to exclude all dross ; and that when you have done this you must mint it into current coinage. You may be right. I am a mere politician.

35 PARK LANE, W.,
27th March 1908.

I am so impressed by the beauty, freshness and truth of your Garden Verses, that I must write again. Perhaps you have invented a new form of verse, you certainly have not written sonnets in *the strictest sense*. But you have gone much nearer than Owen Meredith to importing the joy, without the restrictions, of rhyme-forms into English ten-syllabled lines. Your sequence cannot be made into sonnets, it is a sequence of lines, haunted by the memory of sonnets. But, now, for sense.

What is the sense of the poem ? The liveliness and fragrance of flowers, of course ; but the new things, and true things, which you say are (1) certain flowers please me, because they are in my garden. (2) But why is my garden mine ; not by private possession but by peculiar joy. (3) Because it has no boundaries. There is the paradox, which inspired and justifies the poem. (4) My garden is *à mon gré*—because it merges into the high chalk Down and into the water-meadows by the Avon. But drop the sonnet form. Do not cramp the lovely poetry of your decisive epithets in the iron mould of 17th century sonnets.

35 PARK LANE, W.,
30th March 1908.

Your letter made me happy. Before it came, I had concluded that I was right to put my views. But I balanced and swayed, backwards and forwards, in my mind. And as I am very scrupulous about art, I felt that I had, perhaps, overstated the case against the sonnet form, when I said that it would take 10 months' work to make your poem, a poem in 6 sonnets.

For a penance I attacked it myself, for many hours, just as if it had been mine. I found that I could make something of it that pleased me. There are two main things to be done to this poem. The first is to group the ideas which are scattered through it. The second is to reject anything that 'won't do' in respect of form. Group your ideas, and establish a sequence

between them that can be followed. Observe a form which fulfils the expectations it creates. In another and lower plane it is necessary to observe the two rules laid down by Keats.

(1) We must be misers of sound and syllable.

(2) We must fill every rift with ore.

For example in your VI—in some ways the best of all—there are two faults which must be amended. You make ‘flower-cups’ rhyme with ‘buttercups.’ That is not an English rhyme because the sound is identical, and it is not a French rhyme because the sense of cups is identical.

P.S.—Of all that I have said, by far the most important is that you must group your ideas, you have at least three main ideas that are new and true: (1) the moods of the Garden at different hours; (2) the fact that the Garden has no boundary but merges into meadow and the Downs; (3) and that within it there are vagrants—such tramps as Ragged Robin and Docks. All these three ideas are worth stating. There are subsidiary sentiments, of these two are worth preferring—(1) the Crown Imperial’s tears; with the child’s momentary attention and the world’s unheeding dance; (2) the Hemlock’s screen, veiling the sun-filled, unclouded, delight of Tulips in the sun. From all this, the under-current of personal emotion will emerge with greater force, if the general ideas and sentiments are presented in a sequence of thought, instead of being suggested by sensation.

35 PARK LANE, W.,
6th April 1908.

In answer to questions.

I think all the octaves should be in one model, and for choice a b a b / c d c d /. Then the sextet can be e f / e f e f—or e f e f g g /. But, if you have a b b a / you must go on a b b a / or, at least, a c c a /. If you start a Petrarchian octave the 1st, 4th, 5th and 8th lines must have the same rhyme. Otherwise you disappoint an expectation which is engrained in the modern mind.

I mourn bitterly for ‘the sunlight pulsing in the flower-cups.’ But ‘sups’ is the only rhyme to ‘cups.’ If you keep ‘flower-cups’ you must have ‘sups’ instead of ‘butter-cups.’

Now I must do my work.

35 PARK LANE,
Afternoon, 6th April 1908.

Just an after-thought to save your 'flower-cups.'

'Gardens have souls, and this one has its moods,
 I love the leafy stillness of its woods.'

4.

'And yet I love its glory of mid-day !
 The sunlight pulses in the flower-cups,
 The whole world swoons to the sweet scent of May
 Round ^{golden}
 or
 glittering fields where the bee drones and sups.'

It is not necessary to say butter-cups. For if you say golden or glittering we shall see butter-cups all right.

But—lordy me ! I must work at Tariff Reform.

35 PARK LANE, W.,
6th April 1908.

I am delighted with your letters about the sonnets. And now, I have a breathing space to write a less breathless answer to your last letter. I have mapped out my big speech for Thursday, attended the House, and welcomed its adjournment for 3 weeks. I feel like a man on his financial beam-ends who has suddenly been left a legacy of £5000. I have two whole days in hand ! Everybody I could play with has gone away. Bendor and Perf went to France, par exemple, this morning. And but for the Leeds speeches I should now be on their track in the night mail, wearing a panama hat, like Chamberlain, as a note of defiant recuperation. I have two days in hand ; in which I can ride for exercise, sleep for rest and work for duty. I am a Cræsus of leisure. Nothing like this has happened to me since I had the influenza.

So, for joy, and to prevent relapsing into that accursed speech on applied economics, I will infest you with more words on Poetry. It is well to remember that Poetry means 'making' in the language of the Greeks, who understood how to tell the heart of things in words. Poetry is this business of making. I shall write from memory, for I have posted to you my little sketch of how to make your material. It was only an illustration, not by any means an achievement.

I take, as my point of departure, the line which we both long to preserve :

‘ The sunlight pulses in the flower-cups.’

(Sibell came in, and I declaimed to her all the heads of my ‘applied economics.’ She has now gone to bed, amazed. I resume. . . .) I put the sunlit quatrain, sharp, against the Hemlock—which ends ‘ I love the leafy stillness of its woods.’

I, originally, proceeded :—

‘ But yet I love its glory of mid-day,
When sunlight pulses in the dew it sups
And all the world swoons to the scent of May
In flower round fields of glittering buttercups.’

On reflection, I point out that the effect is very poor.

Take the first line :—

‘ But yet I love its glory of mid-day,’

that is deplorable. I will tell you why.

‘ But ’ and ‘ yet ’ and ‘ its ’ are, all three, built on the same plan of a monosyllable, confined by a ‘ t.’ Consonantly, that is impossible. ‘ Its ’ and ‘ mid ’ are, by vowel-sound, identical. Assonantly, that is wretched. Keats said that his music was born from the rich variety of vowel-sounds. I say—bowing to his grave—yes, with this to be added. Have the same vowel-sound to support the greater stresses of rhythm and, so, link your quatrain together, apart from the rhymes. I bow to Keats’ precept, and cite the example of Shakespeare ; who always supported his quatrains, deliberately, by that device.

But you must not have the impoverishment of identical, or closely similar, effects, either in consonantal framework, or vowel-sounds, unless you have it on purpose. So I change the line

‘ But yet I love its glory of mid-day ’

into

‘ And yet I love its glory of noon-day.’

Thus I get 8 different vowel-sounds in one line. I would say ‘ the glory ’ instead of ‘ its glory,’ but for the fact that I mean to end the line with a note of exclamation and go on with the line we cherish :

‘ The sunlight pulses in the flower-cups.’

I should like to put ‘ the ’ or anything else, instead of ‘ it ’ or ‘ its.’ Because thinking—very properly—of the Garden—

you have 'it' and 'its' multiplied incredibly throughout the sequence. Pausing here, I see that I need not have 'the sunlight.' I might say—more largely—

'And yet I love the glory of noon-day'—

(that line is approaching perfection)—and go on,

'Hot sunlight pulses in the flower-cups'

or—avoiding the 't' sound—(it, its, yet) and avoiding two 'the-s' in one line:—

Why not

'Gold sunlight pulses in the flower-cups'?

That gives me a useful, purposeful, alliteration from the stress on glory, in line 1, to the stress on gold, in line 2. It also suggests the gold colour motif, so that I need not say golden later on. My readers are seized of the gold colour idea. And if I help them by saying glittering later on, the alliteration will not only clamp the quatrain together by sustaining its major stresses of rhythm, it will, also, make them expect the colour gold, and read it into the resplendence of 'buttercups.' This helps us not to say buttercups. In poetry we suggest by selection of sense and sound.

So, after the gloomy, quiet caverns, beneath beech-trees, usurped by Hemlock, that show the first green and the first serenity; after reverting to that mood of sombre reticence—

'I love the leafy stillness of the woods'

you explode into—

'And yet I love the glory of noon-day !

Gold sunlight pulses in the flower-cups.

The whole world swoons to the sweet scent of May

Round glittering fields where the bee drones and sups.'

Darling, I could go on for ever in this vein. I have been thinking on paper with my pen of your poem, partly to please you, partly to escape the problems of Direct Taxation on the assessment of mutual credits.

'But that way madness lies.'

I shall not have lived in vain if we preserve

'The sunlight pulsing in the flower-cups.'

Your devoted brother,

GEORGE.

FLOWERS AND WEEDS¹

(AS ORIGINALLY WRITTEN)

Lilies and Pansies, and the Pink that grows
 In grey-leaved clusters by the garden's edge,
 Sweet scented Choisia, and the Vine that throws
 Her trails and tendrils by the window ledge,
 The rose called Celeste, and the one named Dawn,
 These have I knowledge of, these are my own ;
 And where lush water-meadows meet the lawn
 Within my Garden, are their blossoms shown.
 I love this Garden ; and when most the fret
 And noise of living would destroy my ease,
 I seek its precincts, and my foot is set
 Within its sunlight and its silences.
 I take my spirit's road, and cool and wet,
 The rain falls suddenly for thirsty trees.

The Crown Imperial holds herself apart,
 She droops her petals from the shining skies,
 Men say she has a deeply wounded heart,
 For there are always tears within her eyes.
 Sometimes the children running from their play,
 Uplift her blossoms, as it seems them best,
 And ' Crown Imperial's crying,' they will say,
 And straight forget it on some further quest.
 Life scrapes his fiddle for the world to dance,
 We take our places in the motley rout,
 Or grave or gay, or now with radiant glance,
 The world must foot the measure, in and out.
 And Crown Imperial dances with her peers,
 Only the wise or simple guess her tears.

This Garden has a soul, it has its moods,
 As any sentient mind from hour to hour,
 I know the leafy silence of its woods
 That are so thickly grown with Hemlock flower.
 The Hemlock, with her world of slender lace,
 Whose leaf is earliest green of all the year,
 Beneath the beeches, in sequestered place
 She spreads the forest of her presence here ;
 And draws a veil, as if to hide the slopes
 Of the more sunlit of the Garden spaces,
 Where Tulips blaze, and later Heliotropes
 Are set with Poppies, in their several places.
 And here the Bindweeds knot their twisted ropes
 To star the twilight with their milk-white faces.

¹ Some of these verses were published in a volume called 'Windlestraw,' by Pamela Tennant. The same poem, as corrected by G. W., is given overpage.

The Bees may revel in the uncut hay,
 Bending the clover blooms unnumbered times,
 Through the bright ardour of the noon may pay
 Their countless murmuring visits to the limes,
 But I consider this great Bumble Bee
 Has more luxurious knowledge of delight,
 Under the hoods of flowers, cumbrously
 Drawing his warmth and velvet out of sight.
 Look how he holds the blossoms he selects,
 He throbs and drowzes at their starry eyes,
 He ponders murmuring, while he collects
 From blue Campanula the honey prize ;
 He swings on slender Fox-glove, and effects
 A lumbering entrance, with his golden thighs.

Listen, I know this Garden at the dawn,
 When day is breaking and the world is new,
 When all the cobwebs drenched upon the lawn,
 Are silver meshes that have caught the dew.
 Before the birds awake, before the sun
 Has led the misty vapours to arise,
 I know this Garden when night's sands have run,
 And yet no daylight shows upon the skies.
 No movement is there in the quiet trees,
 The very universe is robed in grey,
 It is an hour of waking silences,
 As if the leaves upon each slender spray
 Were listening, waiting for the little breeze
 That says, '*the dawn, the dawn,*' and dies away.

Yet more I love it in the heat of noon !
 The sun-light pulsing in the flower cups,
 The air a-stream with the warm scents of June,
 The tall grass glittering with Buttercups.
 Gorgeous Magnolia ! and the trellises
 Of Rose Evangeline of woodland smell,
 Blossom, and bud, and thorn, in all one sees
 More beauty and more joy than I can tell ;
 A Spirit burning in the Balsam trees,
 And dreaming, in the Balm and Asphodel.

And it shall be this Garden's crown of crowns
 That it should be encompassed by no hedge.
 It finds a shelter in the high chalk Downs,
 And takes its own way to the river's edge.
 And in this homeliness finds to my seeing,
 For its red Roses a supreme retreat,
 Since it is wholesome for their pride of being
 To be so neighbourly with Meadow-sweet.
 And here is Ragged Robin, and the Dock,
 Whose seeds you draw into your passing hand ;
 This Garden hears the sheep-bells of the flock,
 That browses, wattled, on its further strand.
 I love these meadows, pale with Lady's-smock,
 These willows, leaning to the marshy land.

The Verses as corrected by G. W.

Lilies and Pansies, and the Pink that grows
 In grey-leav'd clusters by the garden's edge,
 Sweet-scented Arabis, the climbing Rose,
 Coil'd Honeysuckle ramping the great hedge,
 The Rose named Celeste and Rose named Dawn :
 These have I knowledge of because I love them.
 Where lush-green water-meadows meet a lawn
 They lift their rapture to the sky above them.

I love this garden. When the noise and fret
 Of living saps the citadel of ease,
 I court its precincts, only to forget
 All but the sunlight of its silences.
 I take my spirit's road. At last, the wet
 Cool rain falls suddenly for thirsty trees.

Rare Crown-Imperial holds herself apart ;
 She droops her petals from the shining skies (or, ardent) ;
 'Tis said she has a deeply wounded heart
 Since tears are ever spangled in her eyes.
 At whiles a child, abandoning his play,
 Peeps in her blossom, touch'd to interest :
 ' O, Crown-Imperial's crying ! ' he will say,
 And so forget her for another quest.

Life scrapes a fiddle for the world to dance,
 Swung in the cadence of a roundabout.
 The grave, the gay, the few with radiant glance,
 All, trace a figure in the motley rout.
 And Crown-Imperial dances with her peers :
 Only the wise, or simple, guess her tears.

This garden has a soul and, so, its moods
 As any sentient mind from hour to hour.
 I know the leafy silence of its woods,
 Vast quiet harbours of the Hemlock-flower.
 The Hemlock, with her maze of delicate lace,
 Whose leaf's the first green leaf of all the year,
 Usurps the beech-trees' overshadowed space
 To spread her forest that shall first be sere.

She weaves a veil, as if to dim the slopes
 Of sun-kist joy too unabash'd to hide,
 Where Tulips blaze and, later, Heliotropes
 Are set with Poppies, hectic in their pride.
 Gardens have souls ; and this one has its moods :
 I love the leafy stillness of its woods.

But yet I love its glory of mid-day
 When sunlight pulses in the dew it sups (or, where
 the great bee sups)
 And all the world swoons to the scent of May
 In flower round fields of glittering Butter-cups.
 For is it not this garden's crown of crowns
 To be encompass'd by no narrowing hedge ?
 It wanders to the freedom of the Downs
 And takes its own way to the water's edge.

Gay Ragged Robin and the vagrant Dock
 —Whose seeds you draw into your passing hand—
 Camp in the waste made pale with Ladies' Smock
 Where Pollards lean across the marshy land.
 All gardens please, but this one's crown of crowns
 Is to be merged in meadow and the Downs.

Listen ! I know this garden at the dawn :
 Before the day breaks on a world made new,
 When cobwebs drench'd upon the grey-green lawn
 Are meshes that have caught the silver dew ;
 Before the birds sing ; long before the sun
 Summons the swathes of vapour to arise—
 Just when the night is overpast and done,
 And yet no daylight quickens in the skies :—

Then, there's no murmur from the idle trees.
 The voiceless Universe is robed in grey
 And tranced to hear expectant ecstasies ;
 As if each leaf upon each separate spray
 Were listening, waiting, till a little breeze
 Whispers ' the Dawn, the Dawn ' and dies away.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

THE published works of George Wyndham, apart from a number of articles contributed to periodicals such as *The Contemporary Review*, *The New Review*, and *The Outlook*, are :

North's Plutarch : an Introduction to the reprint of North's translation of Plutarch's Lives, in the *Tudor Translations* series : 1895.

The Poems of Shakespeare, edited with an Introduction and Notes : 1898.

The Development of the State : an Address delivered to the students of the University of Glasgow : 1904.

Ronsard and La Pléiade : with selections from their poetry and some translations : 1906.

Sir Walter Scott : an Address to the Edinburgh Sir Walter Scott Club at their annual dinner on 29 November, 1907 : 1908.

The Springs of Romance in the Literature of Europe : an Address delivered to the students of the University of Edinburgh : 1910.

Essays in Romantic Literature : published posthumously, with an Introduction by Charles Whibley : 1919.

This volume contains the Introductory Essays and the Addresses named above, with the exception of the Address on The Development of the State ; and two other Essays, The Poetry of the Prison, and Elizabethan Adventure in Elizabethan Literature, which had originally appeared in the *New Review* of March 1895 and the *Fortnightly Review* of November 1898.

INDEX

TO THE SUBJECT MATTER OF THE LETTERS

A Roman numeral indicates the Section of the Letters.

A small numeral indicates the Letter number.

A

- ABU KLEA, BATTLE OF, I. 12.
 ACTIVE SERVICE, I. 13-36.
 ACTON, LORD, VI. 364.
 ALDERSHOT REVIEW, I. 45.
 ALEXANDRIA, I. 30-33.
 AMERY, LEOPOLD, VII. 386, 566.
 ANDERSON, MISS MARY, II. 73, 74.
 ANSTEY, F., III. 192, 202.
 APPOINTMENT TO UNDER-SECRETARYSHIP FOR WAR, IV. 213.
 ARMY MANŒUVRES, VII. 505.
 ARMY TUTORS, I. 2-4, 10.
 ASHBOURNE, LORD, II. 81.
 ASQUITH, THE RT. HON. H., VII. 517.
 'AUBREY DE VERE,' VI. 368.

B

- BALFOUR, THE RT. HON. A., I. 57, 58, II. 71, 72, 81, 92, 104, 108, 109, 113, III. 148, 154, 155, 171, 191, 208, IV. 229, 285, 287, V. 295, 307, 308, 310, 319, 331, 337, 345, 347, 349, 352, VI. 358, 363, 380, 383, 384, VII. 386, 388, 397, 399, 403, 436, 479, 532, 568, 600.
 'BALLAD OF THE WHITE HORSE,' VII. 563, 576.
 BELLOC, HILAIRE, VII. 478, 515, 525, 526, 538, 540, 541, 547, 553, 563, 567, 571, 572, 575, 580-582, 596, 602, 603.
 BERESFORD, LORD CHARLES, III. 206.
 BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL, II. 78.
 BIRRELL, THE RT. HON. A., VII. 577.
 BLOW, DETMAR, VII. 569, 570.
 BLUNT, WILFRID SCAWEN, II. 66, 70, 71, 84, 88, 91, 93, 95, 96, 105, III. 123, 152, 158, 164, 174, 175, 202, 206, 210, VI. 362, VII. 394, 427, 584, 587, 599.
 BONAR LAW, THE RT. HON. A., VII. 586.
 'BOOK OF PEACE, THE,' IV. 289.
 BOTTOMLEY, HORATIO, VII. 507.
 BOYD, CHARLES, III. 207, IV. 253, 286, V. 296, 318, VII. 395, 463, 476, 495, 523, 568, 578.
 BROCKLEHURST, COLONEL, IV. 227.
 BROOKE, GEOFFREY, V. 317.
 BROWNING, ROBERT, II. 100, III. 127, VII. 432.
 BUDGET (1902), V. 324.
 BURNE-JONES, SIR EDWARD, III. 207, IV. 217.
 BYRON, LORD, II. 78.

C

- CALDEY ISLAND MONASTERY, VII. 458.
 CAMPBELL, MRS. PATRICK, III. 187, 206.
 CAPETOWN, 1896, POLITICAL SITUATION IN, III. 171.
 'CARMINA GADELICA,' VII. 474.
 CARSON, SIR EDWARD, VII. 585, 586.
 CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, V. 349, 350, 352, VII. 419.
 CAVALRY MANŒUVRES, VII. 482.
 CECIL, LORD HUGH, VI. 384, VII. 390, 520.
 CHAMBERLAIN, THE RT. HON. AUSTEN, VII. 586.
 CHAMBERLAIN, THE RT. HON. JOSEPH, VII. 402, 460.
 CHARTERIS, THE HON. EVAN, I. 38, 47.
 CHESTER, BISHOP OF, VII. 426.
 CHESTERTON, G. K., VII. 422, 506, 525, 563, 576.
 CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE, LIFE AT, II. 66, 71, 72, 77, 81, 87, 108, 109,
 119, V. 292-294, 296, 298, 299, 301, 304, VI. 369-371, VII. 391.
 'CHILDREN AND THE PICTURES, THE,' VII. 449, 466.
 CHINESE RAILWAY CONCESSIONS, III. 208.
 CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, VII. 394.
 CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS, II. 117, 118.
 CHURCHILL, THE RT. HON. WINSTON, VII. 597.
 CLIFFORD, EDWARD, III. 153.
 CLOUDS, II. 85, 86, 116, VII. 563, 564, 567, 569-572, 574, 584, 594, 598.
 COCKERELL, SIDNEY C., V. 341.
 COLENZO, BATTLE OF, IV. 256, 257.
 COSMOPOLITAN FINANCE, VII. 476, 495.
 COUNTRY INN, A, VII. 501.
 CRABBET, II. 105, III. 123, 139.
 CREWE, LORD, III. 191.
 CURZON, THE RT. HON. GEORGE, II. 75, VII. 478.
 CYPRUS, I. 34-36.
 'CYRANO DE BERGERAC,' III. 204.

D

- DAMPIERRE, III. 211.
 DEATH DUTIES, VII. 435.
 DEATH OF HIS FATHER, VII. 543, 544, 546.
 DECLARATION OF LONDON, VII. 536, 549.
 DEMOCRACY, VII. 540.
 'DEVELOPMENT OF THE STATE,' VI. 364, 365, 367.
 DEVOLUTION, VI. 364, VII. 430.
 DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, FANCY DRESS BALL, III. 178.
 DICKENS, CHARLES, VII. 433.
 DILLON, JOHN, VII. 577.
 DISRAELI, VII. 519.
 DOGMA AND RELIGION, III. 209.
 DOVER PAGEANT, VII. 481.
 DRAMATIC CONVENTIONS, III. 198.
 DREW, MRS., III. 127, 165, IV. 214, V. 320, 322, 332, 333, 335, 339, 350,
 VI. 364, 373, VII. 404, 433, 438, 453, 529, 532, 533.
 DRUMLANRIG, LORD, III. 144, 145.
 DUBLIN HORSE SHOW, V. 338.
 DUNRAVEN, LORD, V. 333, 337.

E

EDUCATION BILLS, II. 92, VII. 420-423, 426, 436, 479, 491.
 ELLIS, MRS., II. 112.
 EMPIRE AND SOCIAL REFORM, VII. 470, 495, 496, 512.
 ENCYCLICAL, THE, VII. 462.
 ENGAGEMENT AND MARRIAGE, I. 46-48, 51-53, 55.
 ETON COLLEGE, I. 1, V. 342, 343.
 EXPEDITIONARY FORCE, VII. 575.

F

FISCAL POLICY, V. 355, VI. 383, 384, VII. 386, 397-399, 401, 402, 441,
 454, 467-469, 490, 498, 500.
 'FITZGERALD, LETTERS OF,' II. 89.
 FITZGERALD, LORD EDWARD, III. 194, V. 328.
 FORBES-ROBERTSON, II. 74, III. 187, 207.
 FREWEN, LIEUT.-COL. STEPHEN, VII. 455.
 FREWEN, MORETON, VI. 353, VII. 430.
 FRIPP, ALFRED, IV. 287.
 FURSE, CHARLES, III. 206.

G

GATTY, CHARLES, II. 93, 97, 98, 99, 101, 105, III. 131, 143, 156, 157, 159,
 181, 182, 183, V. 292, 340, VII. 390, 464, 474, 521, 522, 543, 547.
 GENERAL ELECTIONS, II. 93, 97-99, 101, III. 131, 181, VII. 407-413,
 415-417, 510-515.
 GERMAN PRINCE, DESCRIPTION OF A, II. 77.
 GLADSTONE, THE RT. HON. W. E., II. 79, V. 350.
 GLASTONBURY, VII. 596.
 GORDON, ARCHIBALD, VII. 511.
 GROSVENOR, LADY URSULA, VII. 473.

H

HAMLET, III. 187.
 HANSON, PHILIP, VII. 391, 402, 454, 460, 467, 469, 470, 486, 507, 516,
 542, 545, 595.
 HARREL, SIR DAVID, V. 334.
 HARRINGTON, T., II. 77.
 HENLEY, W. E., III. 154, 163, 191, 194, 201, 206, VII. 452, 453, 472, 537.
 'HOBY'S COURTIER,' III. 181, 185.
 HOME RULE BILL, III. 137.
 HOUSE OF COMMONS, II. 90, 101, 122, III. 137, 138, 148, IV. 273, VII.
 443, 520, 580.
 HOUSE OF LORDS, REFORM OF, VII. 507.
 HOUSMAN, A. E., VII. 523.
 HURD, PERCY, III. 186, 195, 198, 200, 205.

I

IMPERIAL DEFENCE, VI. 380, VII. 395.
 IMPERIAL YEOMANRY, IV. 258, 259.
 'IN NEWNESS OF LIFE,' DEC. 31, 1899, IV. 263, 264.
 IRISH OFFICE, II. 73, 83.
 IRISH POLITICS, V. 295, 307-310, 312, 314, 317, 319, 331, 333, 353, 345,
 VII. 392, 396, 404, 414.

J

JAMESON, DR., III. 162, 166.

JEANNE D'ARC, II. 103.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS, II. 192, 193.

JOURNEYS—

BAYREUTH, II. 114, 115, III. 124.

FRANCE, I. 5-9, 56, II. 76, 103, III. 179, 211, 212, VI. 360, 361, VII. 502, 526, 603, 604.

ITALY, I. 56-63, II. 78, 104, VI. 376-379, VII. 483, 486.

SOUTH AFRICA, III. 167-174.

SWITZERLAND, VI. 375.

K

KATHERINE TYNAN (MRS. HINKSON), VI. 381, VII. 406, 494, 546, 565, 573.

KER, PROFESSOR W. P., VII. 534.

KIPLING, RUDYARD, III. 191, V. 333, VII. 431, 433.

KITCHENER, LORD, III. 205.

KÖPENICK, BURGOMASTER OF, VII. 433.

L

LABOURERS BILL, VI. 358

LADYSMITH, ATTACK ON, JAN. 6, 1900, IV. 265-269 ; RELIEF OF, 274-280.

LAND ACT, V. 353, VII. 577.

LAND CONFERENCE, V. 321, 327, 328.

LANSDOWNE, MARQUIS OF, IV. 261.

LISTER, THE HON. DIANA, VII. 589-593.

LITERARY STYLE, III. 194, 201.

LITERATURE, I. 39, 40, II. 64, 84, 89, 91, 93-96, 110, III. 123, 181-183, 185, 192-194, 199, 201, IV. 217, 289.

LITTLE MINISTRY, THE, V. 351.

LLOYD GEORGE, THE RT. HON. D., VII. 517.

LODGE, SIR OLIVER, IV. 224, VI. 364.

LONDONDERRY, MARQUIS OF, II. 77.

LORD RECTORSHIP, EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY, VII. 488.

LUMLEY, SIR JOHN, I. 56.

LYTTELTON, THE HON. ALFRED, III. 126.

M

MACDONNELL, SIR ANTONY, V. 335.

MACKAIL, J. W., III. 161, 206, 207, VII. 459.

MACKAIL, MRS., III. 161, VII. 536, 544, 593.

MAHAFFY, PROFESSOR, II. 71, VII. 508.

'MARTIN EDEN,' VII. 532.

MAXSE, LEO, VII. 524.

MEDICAL SERVICES IN SOUTH AFRICA, IV. 286, 287.

METERNICH, COUNT, VII. 484.

MILLAR, J. HEPBURN, VII. 531, 533.

MINIMUM WAGE, VII. 578, 581.

MONASTERIES, DESTRUCTION OF, III. 126.

MORLEY'S 'GLADSTONE,' V. 355.

MORRIS, WILLIAM, II. 71, 94, III. 164, 189.

MOTIER, DESCRIPTION OF THE CHARACTER OF HIS, III. 153.

N

NAVAL ESTIMATES, VII. 442, 597.
 NEWMAN, CARDINAL, III. 201, VII. 551.
 NICOLSON'S NEK, BATTLE OF, IV. 238-240.

O

'OUTLOOK, THE,' III. 186, 191, 195, 198, 200.

P

PAGET, LADY, VI. 377-379.
 PARLIAMENT BILL AND DIEHARDS, VII. 555-560.
 PARRY, HUBERT, II. 78.
 PAUL, HERBERT, III. 196.
 PELLÉAS ET MÉLISANDE, III. 206.
 PEMBROKE, GEORGE EARL OF, III. 151.
 PERCY, EARL, VII. 511.
 PETWORTH LIBRARY, III. 210.
 PLUTARCH, III. 147, 149, 150, 152.
 POEMS OF SHAKESPEARE, III. 157-159.
 POETRY, ESSAYS ON, VII. 483.
 POET LAUREATESHIP, III. 127, 155.
 PRINCESS LOUISE, III. 196.
 'PUCK OF POOK'S HILL,' VII. 431-433.

R

RALEIGH, WALTER, III. 154, 185, VII. 449-451.
 RECTORIAL ADDRESS, EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY, VII. 531, 533.
 RECTORIAL ADDRESS, GLASGOW UNIVERSITY, VI. 366.
 REDMOND, J., VII. 517.
 RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY, III. 180, 209.
 REVELATION, VII. 571.
 RHODES, CECIL, III. 170, 174, 204, V. 318, 322.
 RICHMOND, W. B., II. 80.
 RODIN, VI. 360, 361, VII. 452, 453.
 ROMAN ROADS, VII. 582.
 RONSARD, VII. 391, 394, 425.
 ROSMEAD, LORD AND LADY, III. 170, 171.
 ROYAL VISITS TO IRELAND, V. 345-347, VI. 359.
 RURAL ENGLAND, VII. 575, 595, 601.
 RUSKIN, I. 44, III. 127, 145, V. 320, VII. 540, 578, 581.

S

SAIGHTON, LIFE AT, II. 65, 67-70, 75, 81, 95, 97-99, 101, 104, 106, 107,
 III. 125, 129, 132-136, 142, 143, 147, 156, 157, 177, VII. 440, 446,
 456, 472, 473, 476, 485, 508, 529.
 SALISBURY, MARQUIS OF, II. 122, IV. 213, V. 329.
 SANDERS, J., VII. 398, 401, 465, 520.
 SCOTT, SIR WALTER, VII. 457, 459, 460.
 'SHAKESPEARE' (RALEIGH), VII. 449-451.
 SHELLEY, II. 64, III. 145, VII. 483.
 'SHROPSHIRE LAD, THE,' VII. 523.
 SIMON, J., VII. 454, 520.
 SOCIALISM, VII. 463, 465.

SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE, III. 159, 182, 183, VII. 521, 522.
 SMITH, F. E., VII. 519.
 SOUTH AFRICAN WAR, IV. 220-262, 265-271, 274-288, 290.
 SPION KOP, BATTLE OF, IV. 271, 276. DESPATCHES, IV. 282, 283.
 SPORT, I. 37, 39, 41, II. 87, III. 142, 190, 196, 197, V. 336, VI. 372, VII. 400, 405, 437, 439, 471, 518.
 'SPRINGS OF ROMANCE, THE,' VII. 475, 478, 516, 527, 528, 534.
 STEPHEN, HERBERT, III. 199.
 STEVENSON, R. L., III. 201, VII. 398.
 STONEHENGE, VII. 501.
 STREET, GEORGE, V. 338.
 SUAKIM EXPEDITION, I. 13-29.
 SWINBURNE, III. 127.
 SYKES, MARK, VII. 478.
 SYMONS, GENERAL, IV. 230.

T

TALBOT, LORD EDMUND, II. 97.
 TARIFFS, II. 122. *See also under* FISCALS.
 TENNANT, MISS MARGOT, I. 38.
 TERRY, MISS ELLEN, VII. 492.
 THOMPSON, FRANCIS, VII. 483.
 THOMSON, J. J., IV. 224.
 TOURS IN IRELAND, II. 108, 109, V. 302, 305, 306, 330, 332, VII. 585.
 TRADITION AND THE CANONICAL BOOKS, VII. 434.
 TRANSLATIONS FROM FRENCH POETS, II. 106, 107, 112, III. 129, 134.
 'TREMENDOUS TRIFLES,' VII. 506.
 'TROIUS AND CRESSIDA,' III. 204.
 TROUBETSKOY, PRINCE, III. 147.
 TURRET ROOM, THE, VII. 390, 432.

U

UNIONISM, VII. 542, 566, 575.
 'UNTO THIS LAST,' VII. 540.
 UPWEY, HIS BROTHER'S RETURN, V. 325, 327.

V

VISITS—

BABRAHAM, VII. 405.
 BELVOIR CASTLE, VI. 357.
 COCKERMOUTH CASTLE, VII. 584.
 EATON HALL, I. 12, V. 321.
 HALKYN CASTLE, I. 53, IV. 218.
 HAWARDEN CASTLE, II. 79.
 IRELAND, I. 37, 42, 43.
 LUMLEY CASTLE, I. 54.
 MADRESFIELD, VI. 364.
 PANSHANGER, III. 128.
 RED HOUSE, ASCOT, I. 44, 45.
 ST. FAGAN'S CASTLE, VII. 458, 503, 557, 559.
 ST. GILES, IV. 219, VII. 504.
 SANDBECK PARK, II. 120.
 SCOTLAND, I. 11, III. 140.

VISITS (*continued*)—

STANWAY, I. 38, VII. 480.
 VICE-REGAL LODGE, II. 77.
 WESTON, VII. 424.
 WHITTINGHAME, VII. 531, 532, 533.
 WILSFORD, VII. 428, 429.
 WYNYARD, VII. 484.

W

WALSTON, CHARLES, II. 67, 82, 83, IV. 272, VI. 382.
 WARD, WILFRID, III. 180, 193, 209, IV. 215, 264, VI. 368, VII. 385, 392,
 416, 419, 421, 423, 434, 448, 462, 483, 491, 540, 551, 554, 555, 558,
 601.
 WEBB, PHILIP, VII. 570, 574.
 WEBB, SIDNEY, VII. 516, 525, 531.
 WESTMINSTER, 1ST DUKE OF, IV. 259, 260, 264.
 WESTMINSTER, 2ND DUKE OF, IV. 291, VII. 491, 493, 517, 541.
 WEST OF ENGLAND, TOUR IN, VII. 547, 548.
 'WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WORLD?' VII. 525.
 WHIBLEY, CHARLES, III. 204, VII. 461, 537.
 WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, LORD, VII. 528.
 WILTSHIRE, VII. 596.
 WINCHESTER, MARQUIS OF, VII. 541.
 WINDLE, BERTRAM, VII. 389, 396, 414.
 WINDSOR CASTLE GUARD, I. 49.
 'WINTER'S TALE, THE,' II. 73, 74.
 WOLSELEY, LORD, I. 43.
 WOMAN SUFFRAGE, VII. 489, 524.
 WOOKEY HOLE, VII. 547.
 WYNDHAM, PERCY LYULPH. BIRTH, II. 69. ACCIDENT, III. 156, 157.
 FIRST SCHOOL, III. 177. ENGAGEMENT, VII. 589-593.
 WYNKYN DE WORDE, II. 110.

Y

YEOMANRY TRAINING, VII. 387, 560, 561, 602.

Z

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, VII. 477.



